BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

# REVOLUTION

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ISSUE
1

# REVOLUTION

## CHAPTER ONE: CONCORDE HYMN

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### ACTION MAN

ACTION MAN

SALMONS

### G.I. JOE

BIG BEN

PRESIDENT

JOE COLTON

SCARLETT

ROCK N' ROLL

GRUNT

ROADBLOCK

MAYDAY

BEACH HEAD

MAINFRAME

### TRANSFORMERS

OPTIMUS PRIME

SOUNDWAVE

WINDBLADE

KUP

ARCEE

JAZZ

VICTORION

### ROM

ROM

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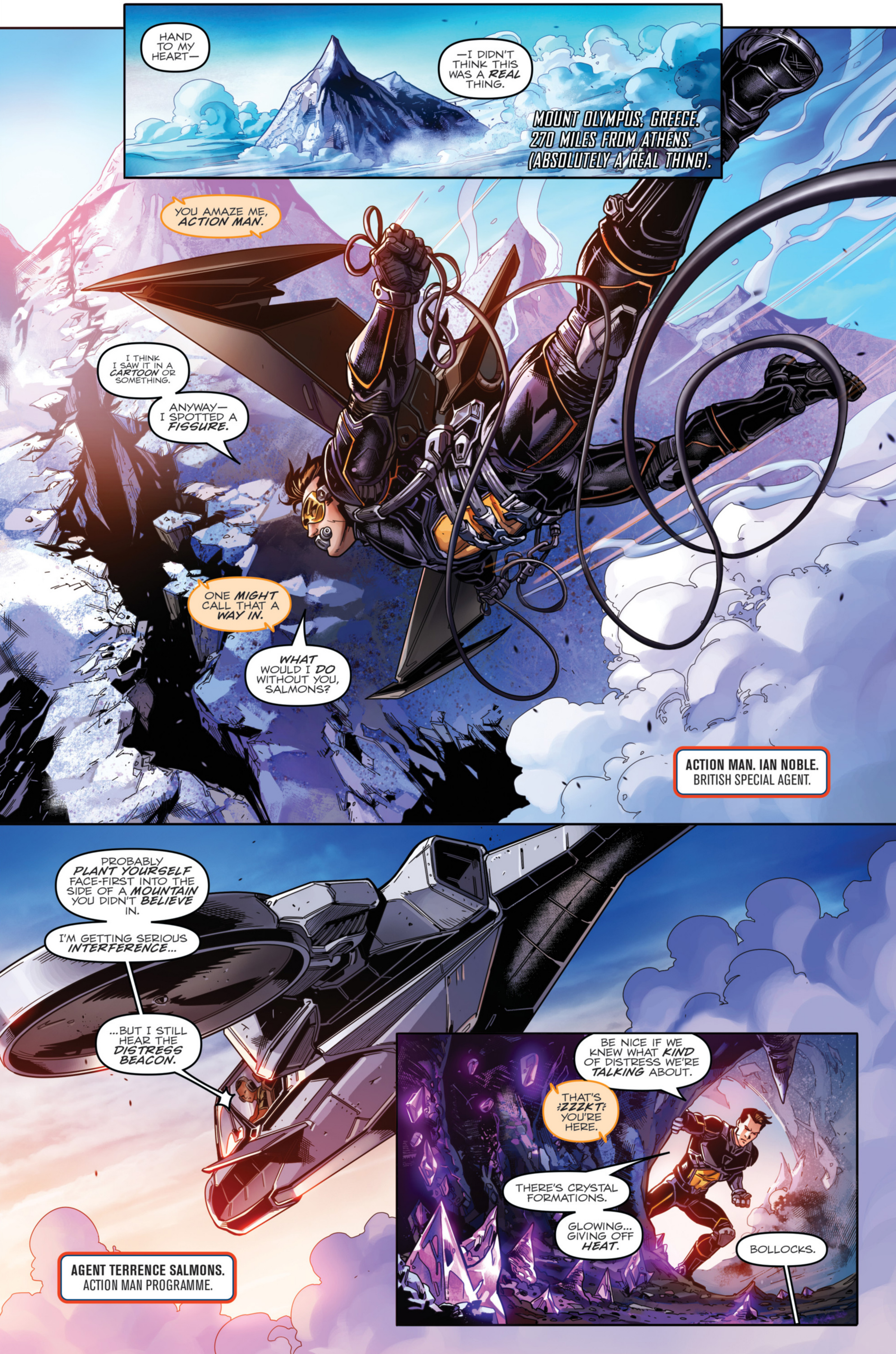
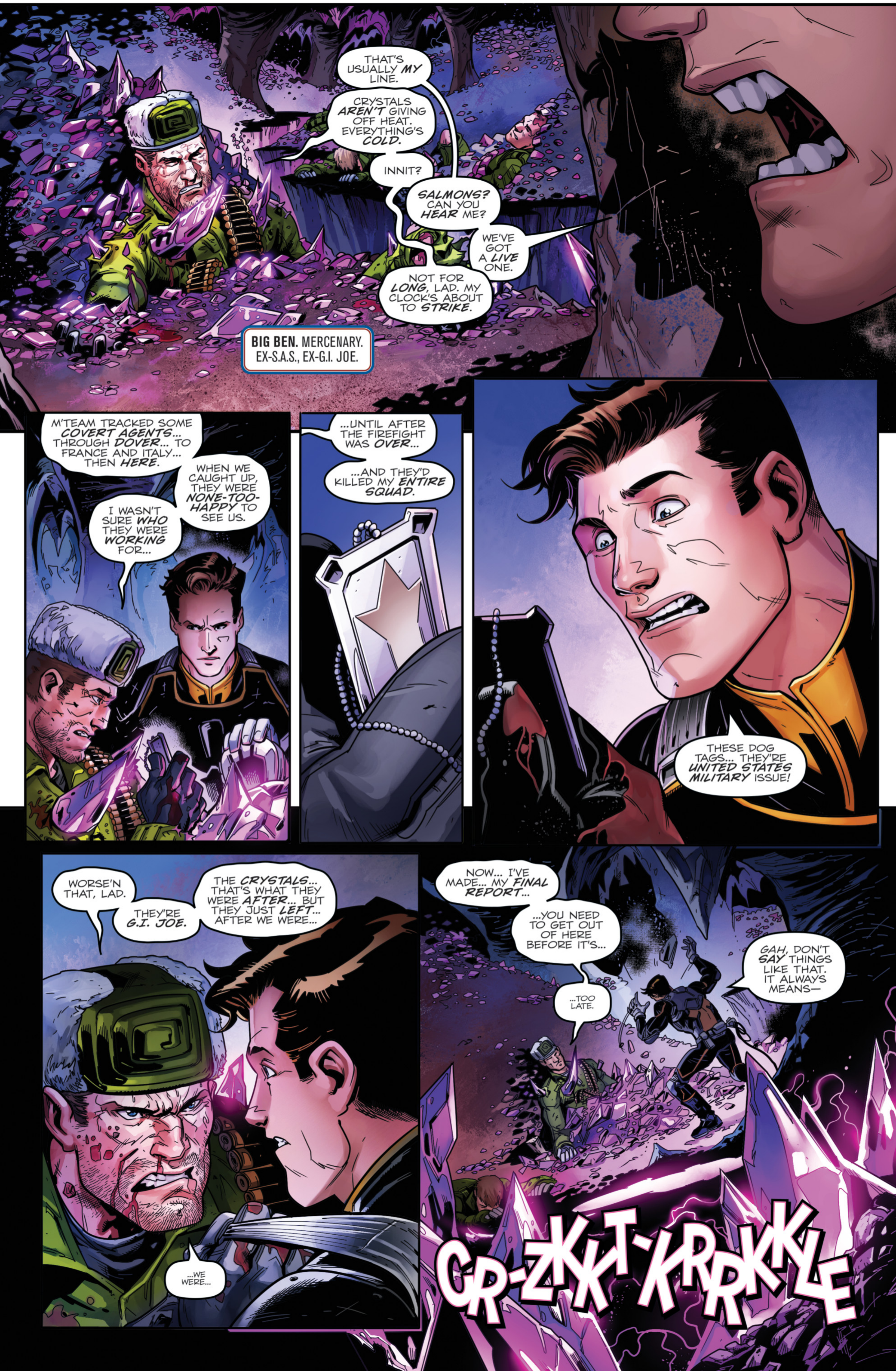
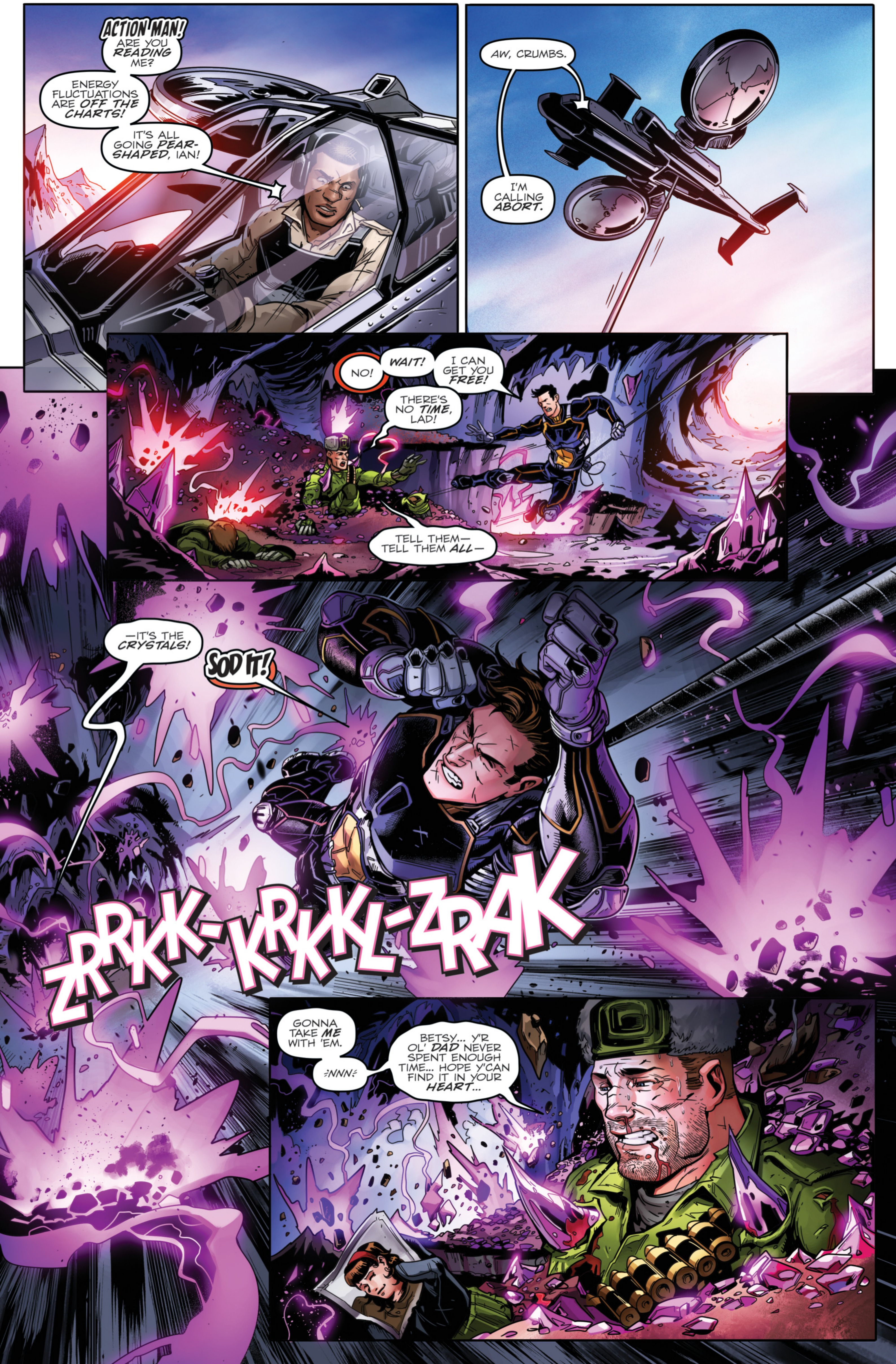
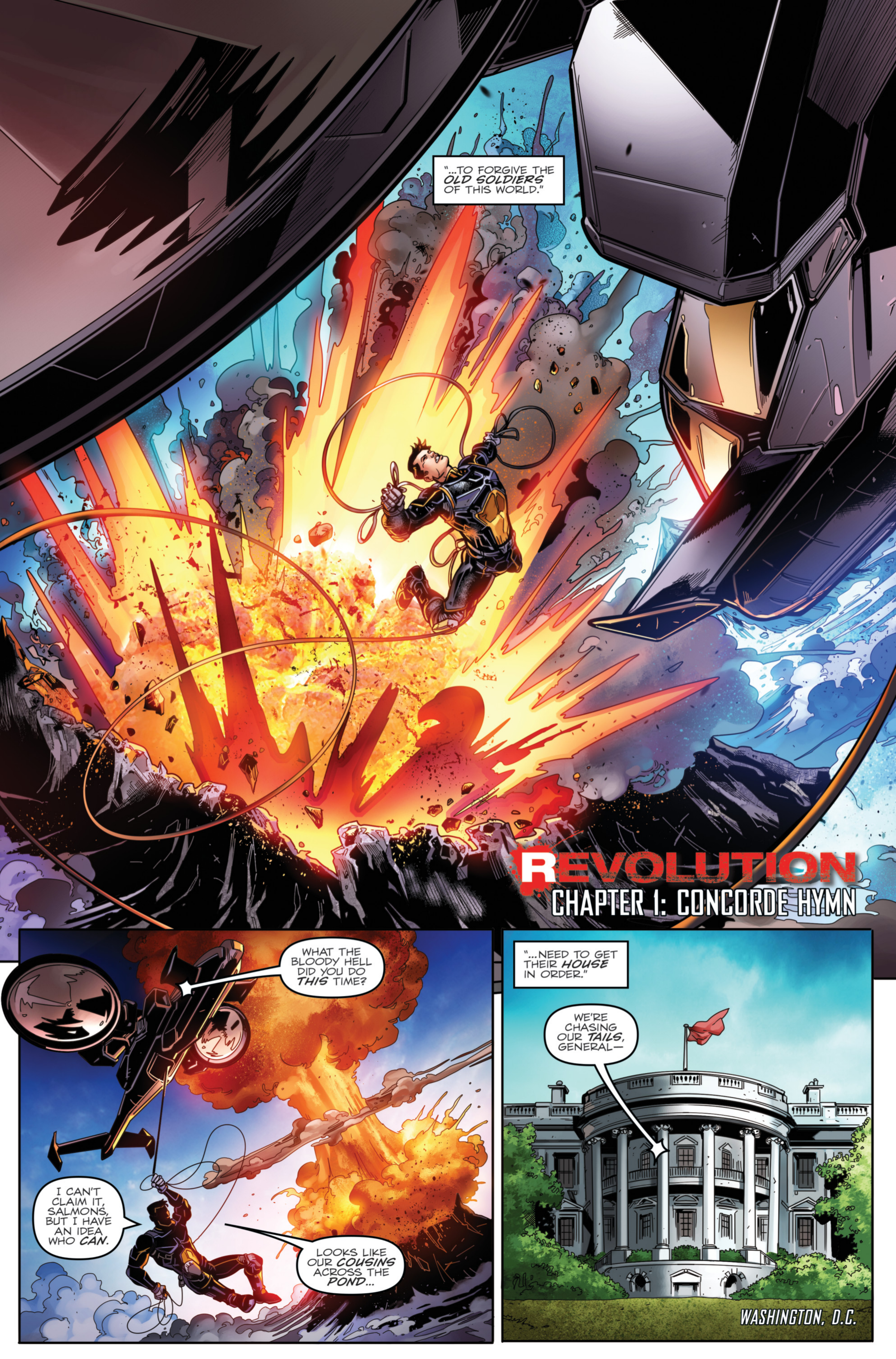
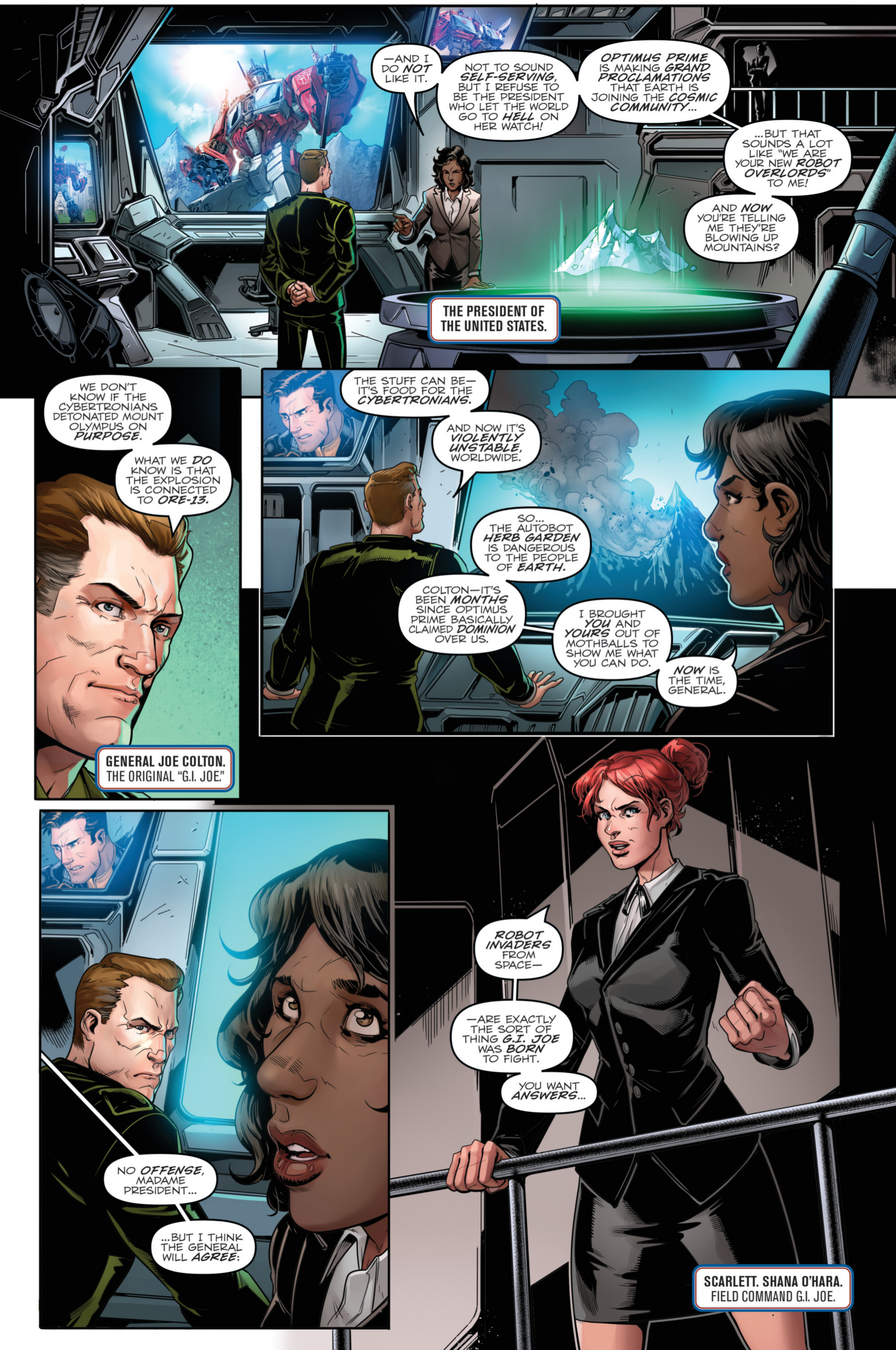
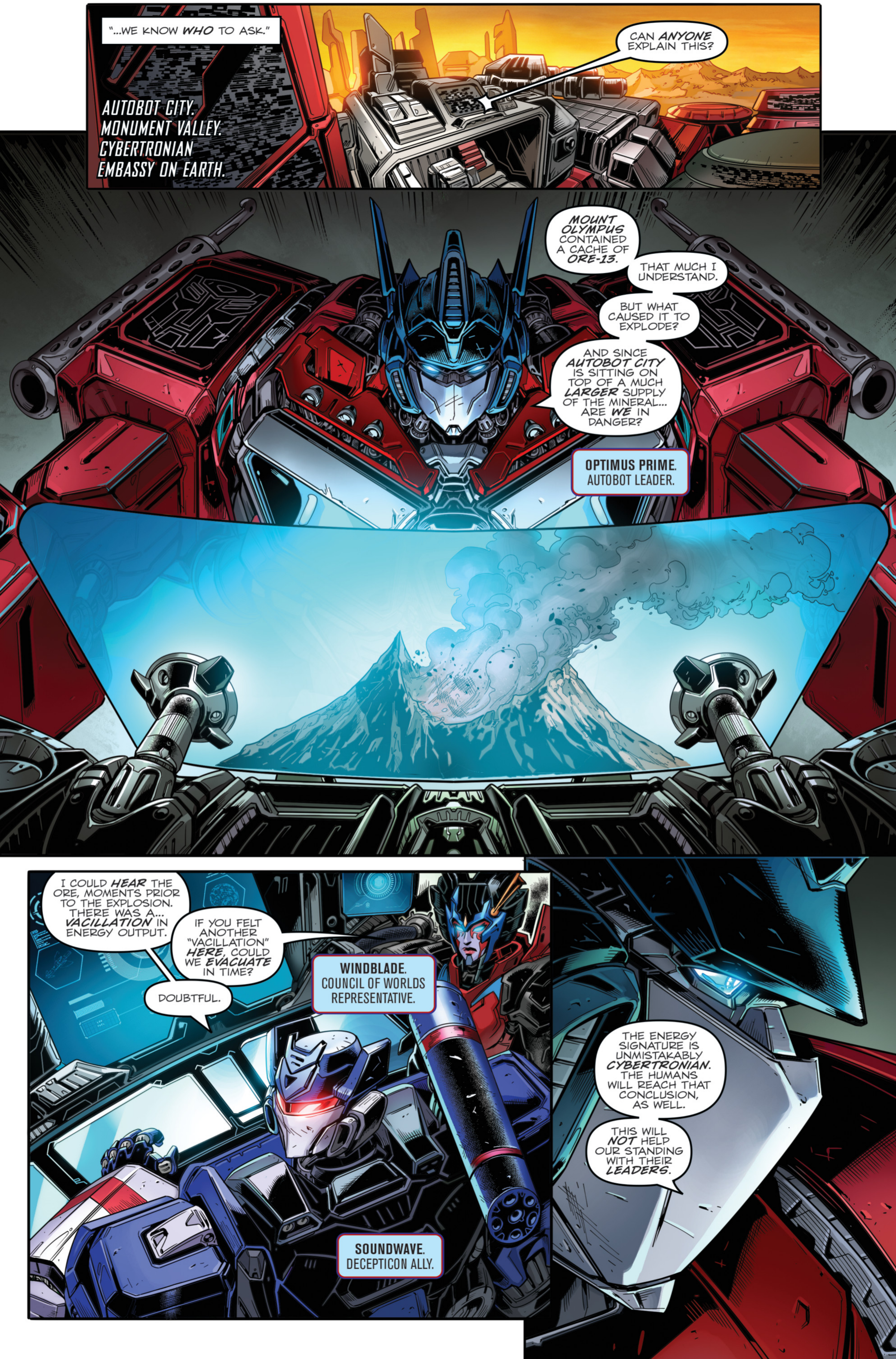

HAND TO MY HEART—
—I DIDN'T THINK THIS WAS A *REAL* THING.
MOUNT OLYMPUS, GREECE. 270 MILES FROM ATHENS. (ABSOLUTELY A REAL THING).
YOU AMAZE ME, *ACTION MAN*.
I THINK I SAW IT IN A *CARTOON* OR SOMETHING.
ANYWAY— I SPOTTED A *FISSURE*.
ONE *MIGHT* CALL THAT A *WAY IN*.
*WHAT* WOULD I *DO* WITHOUT YOU, SALMONS?
**ACTION MAN. IAN NOBLE.** BRITISH SPECIAL AGENT.
PROBABLY *PLANT YOURSELF* FACE-FIRST INTO THE SIDE OF A *MOUNTAIN* YOU DIDN'T *BELIEVE* IN.
I'M GETTING SERIOUS *INTERFERENCE*...
...BUT I STILL HEAR THE *DISTRESS BEACON*.
**AGENT TERRENCE SALMONS.** ACTION MAN PROGRAMME.
BE NICE IF WE KNEW WHAT *KIND* OF DISTRESS WE'RE *TALKING* ABOUT.
THAT'S *ZZZKT* YOU'RE HERE.
THERE'S CRYSTAL FORMATIONS.
GLOWING... GIVING OFF *HEAT*.
BOLLOCKS.

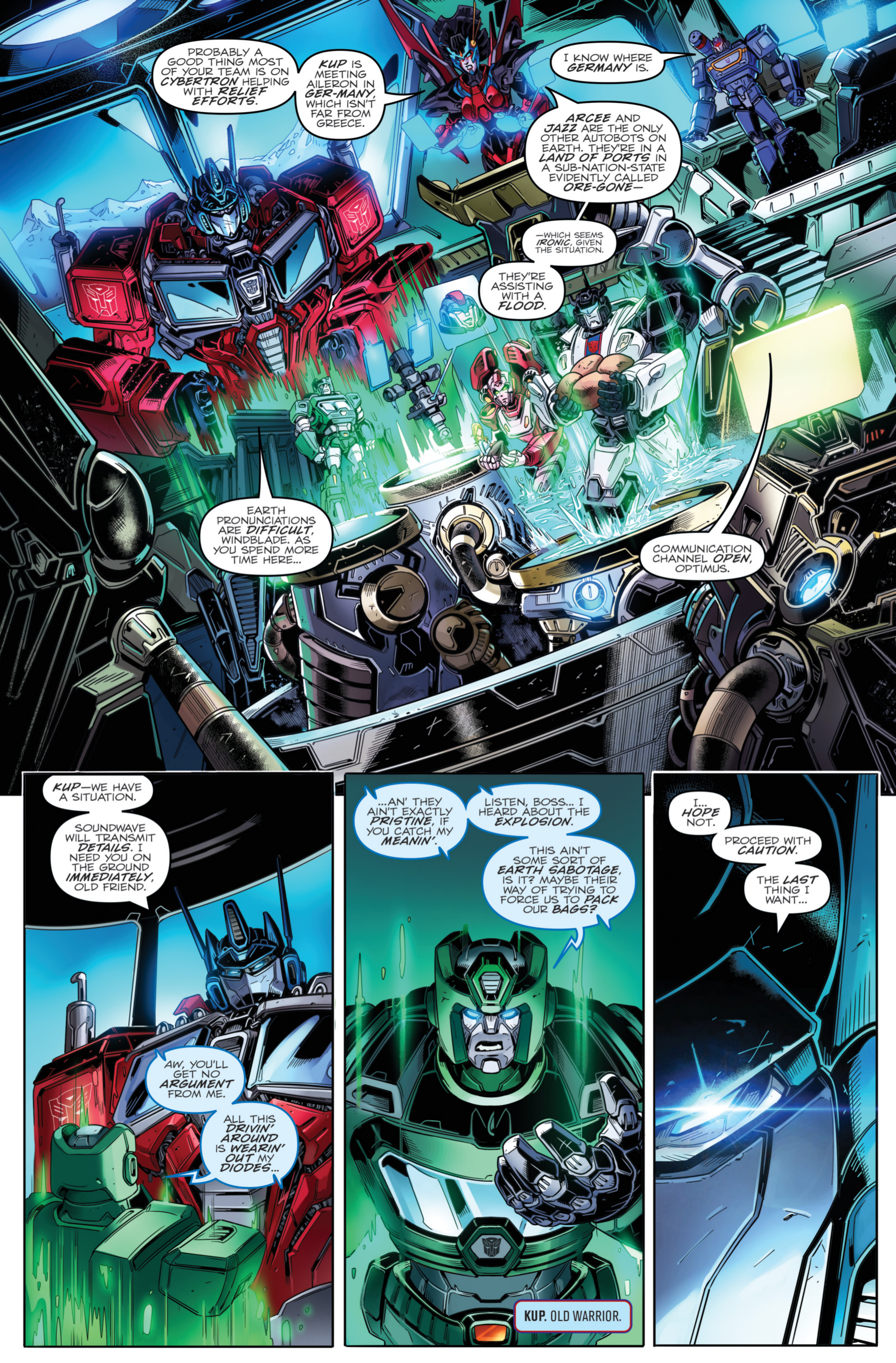

THAT'S USUALLY MY LINE.
CRYSTALS AREN'T GIVING OFF HEAT. EVERYTHING'S COLD.
INNIT?
SALMONS? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
WE'VE GOT A LIVE ONE.
NOT FOR LONG, LAD. MY CLOCK'S ABOUT TO STRIKE.
BIG BEN. MERCENARY. EX-S.A.S., EX-G.I. JOE.
M'TEAM TRACKED SOME COVERT AGENTS... THROUGH DOVER... TO FRANCE AND ITALY... THEN HERE.
WHEN WE CAUGHT UP, THEY WERE NONE-TOO-HAPPY TO SEE US.
I WASN'T SURE WHO THEY WERE WORKING FOR...
...UNTIL AFTER THE FIREFIGHT WAS OVER...
...AND THEY'D KILLED MY ENTIRE SQUAD.
THESE DOG TAGS... THEY'RE UNITED STATES MILITARY ISSUE!
WORSE'N THAT, LAD.
THEY'RE G.I. JOE.
THE CRYSTALS... THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE AFTER... BUT THEY JUST LEFT... AFTER WE WERE...
...WE WERE...
NOW... I'VE MADE... MY FINAL REPORT...
...YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S...
...TOO LATE.
GAH, DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT. IT ALWAYS MEANS—
GR-ZKKT-KRRKKLE

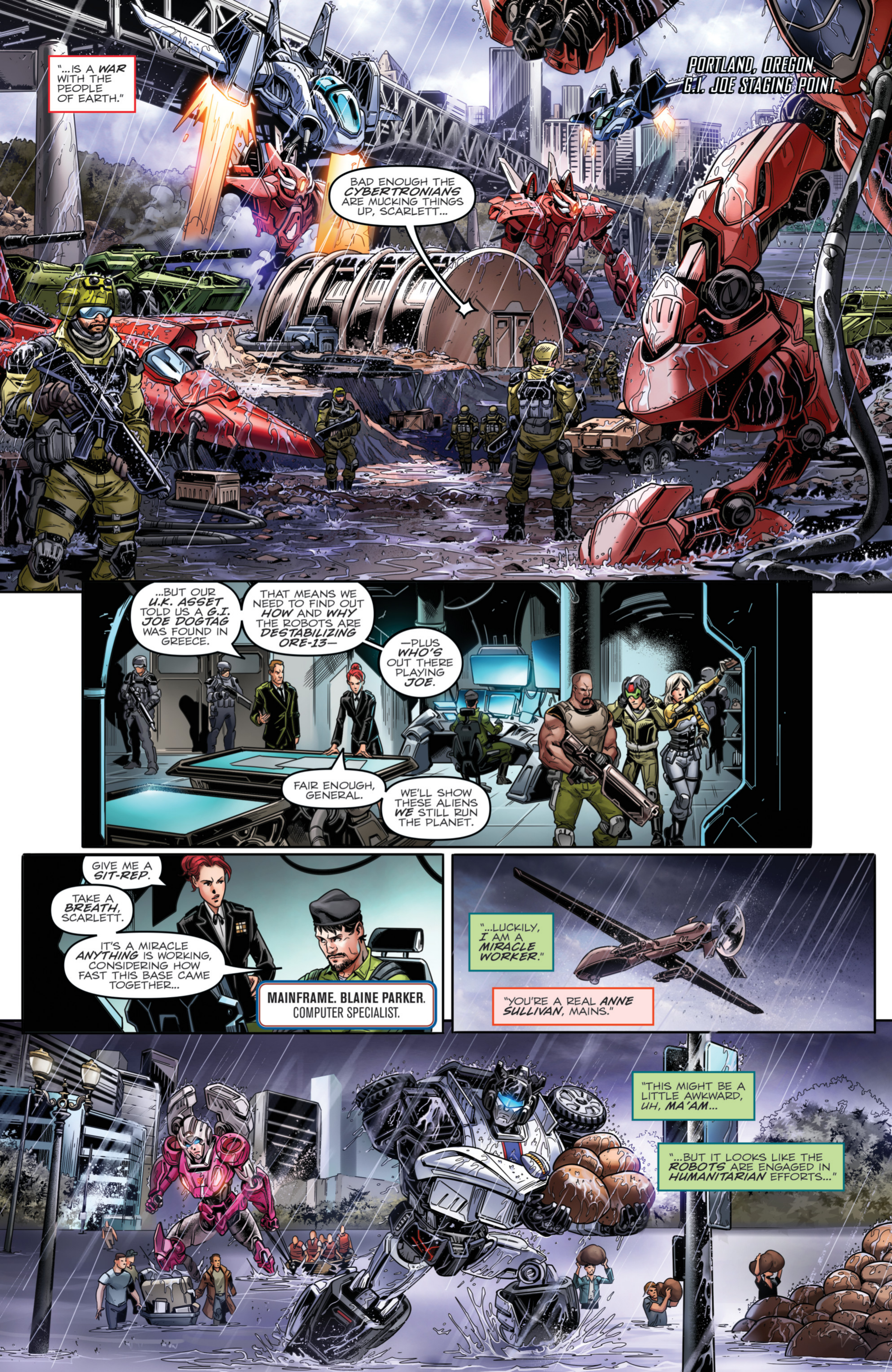

ACTION MAN! ARE YOU *READING* ME?
ENERGY FLUCTUATIONS ARE *OFF THE CHARTS!*
IT'S ALL GOING *PEAR-SHAPED*, IAN!
AW, CRUMBS.
I'M CALLING *ABORT*.
NO!
*WAIT!*
I CAN GET YOU *FREE!*
THERE'S NO *TIME*, LAD!
TELL THEM— TELL THEM *ALL*—
—IT'S THE *CRYSTALS!*
SOD IT!
ZRRKK-KRKKL-ZRAK
GONNA TAKE *ME* WITH 'EM.
*NNN*
BETSY... Y'R OL' *DAD* NEVER SPENT ENOUGH TIME... HOPE Y'CAN FIND IT IN YOUR *HEART*...

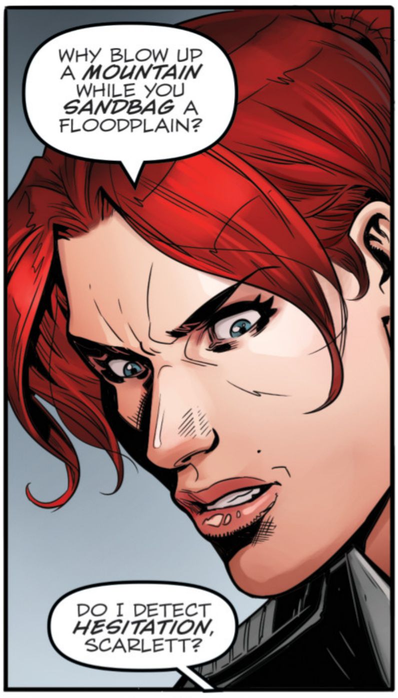

"...TO FORGIVE THE *OLD SOLDIERS* OF THIS WORLD."
REVOLUTION
CHAPTER 1: CONCORDE HYMN
WHAT THE BLOODY HELL DID YOU DO *THIS* TIME?
I CAN'T CLAIM IT, SALMONS, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA WHO *CAN*.
LOOKS LIKE OUR *COUSINS* ACROSS THE *POND*...
"...NEED TO GET THEIR *HOUSE* IN ORDER."
WE'RE CHASING OUR *TAILS*, GENERAL—
WASHINGTON, D.C.

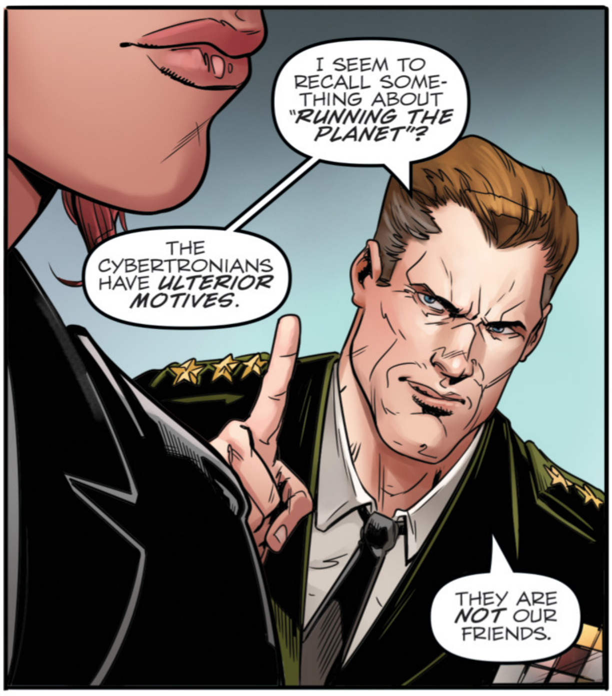

—AND I DO *NOT* LIKE IT.
NOT TO SOUND *SELF-SERVING*, BUT I REFUSE TO BE THE PRESIDENT WHO LET THE WORLD GO TO *HELL* ON HER WATCH!
*OPTIMUS PRIME* IS MAKING *GRAND PROCLAMATIONS* THAT EARTH IS JOINING THE *COSMIC COMMUNITY*...
...BUT THAT SOUNDS A LOT LIKE "WE ARE YOUR NEW *ROBOT OVERLORDS*" TO ME!
AND *NOW* YOU'RE TELLING ME THEY'RE BLOWING UP MOUNTAINS?
**THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.**
WE DON'T KNOW IF THE CYBERTRONIANS DETONATED MOUNT OLYMPUS ON *PURPOSE*.
WHAT WE *DO* KNOW IS THAT THE EXPLOSION IS CONNECTED TO *ORE-13*.
**GENERAL JOE COLTON.** THE ORIGINAL "G.I. JOE."
THE STUFF CAN BE— IT'S FOOD FOR THE *CYBERTRONIANS*.
AND NOW IT'S *VIOLENTLY UNSTABLE*, WORLDWIDE.
SO... THE AUTOBOT *HERB GARDEN* IS DANGEROUS TO THE PEOPLE OF *EARTH*.
COLTON—IT'S BEEN *MONTHS* SINCE OPTIMUS PRIME BASICALLY CLAIMED *DOMINION* OVER US.
I BROUGHT *YOU* AND *YOURS* OUT OF MOTHBALLS TO SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO.
*NOW* IS THE TIME, GENERAL.
NO *OFFENSE*, MADAME PRESIDENT...
...BUT I THINK THE GENERAL WILL *AGREE*:
*ROBOT INVADERS* FROM SPACE—
—ARE EXACTLY THE SORT OF THING *G.I. JOE* WAS *BORN* TO FIGHT.
YOU WANT *ANSWERS*...
**SCARLETT. SHANA O'HARA.** FIELD COMMAND G.I. JOE.

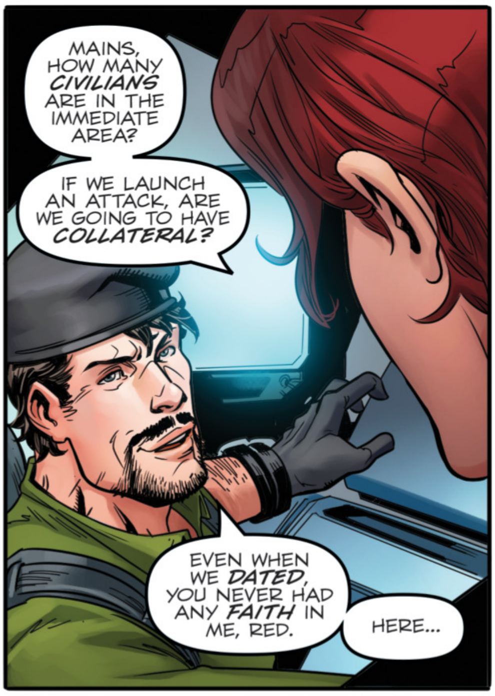

"...WE KNOW WHO TO ASK."
AUTOBOT CITY. MONUMENT VALLEY. CYBERTRONIAN EMBASSY ON EARTH.
CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN THIS?
MOUNT OLYMPUS CONTAINED A CACHE OF ORE-13.
THAT MUCH I UNDERSTAND.
BUT WHAT CAUSED IT TO EXPLODE?
AND SINCE AUTOBOT CITY IS SITTING ON TOP OF A MUCH LARGER SUPPLY OF THE MINERAL... ARE WE IN DANGER?
OPTIMUS PRIME. AUTOBOT LEADER.
I COULD HEAR THE ORE, MOMENTS PRIOR TO THE EXPLOSION. THERE WAS A... VACILLATION IN ENERGY OUTPUT.
IF YOU FELT ANOTHER "VACILLATION" HERE, COULD WE EVACUATE IN TIME?
WINDBLADE. COUNCIL OF WORLDS REPRESENTATIVE.
DOUBTFUL.
SOUNDWAVE. DECEPTICON ALLY.
THE ENERGY SIGNATURE IS UNMISTAKABLY CYBERTRONIAN. THE HUMANS WILL REACH THAT CONCLUSION, AS WELL.
THIS WILL NOT HELP OUR STANDING WITH THEIR LEADERS.

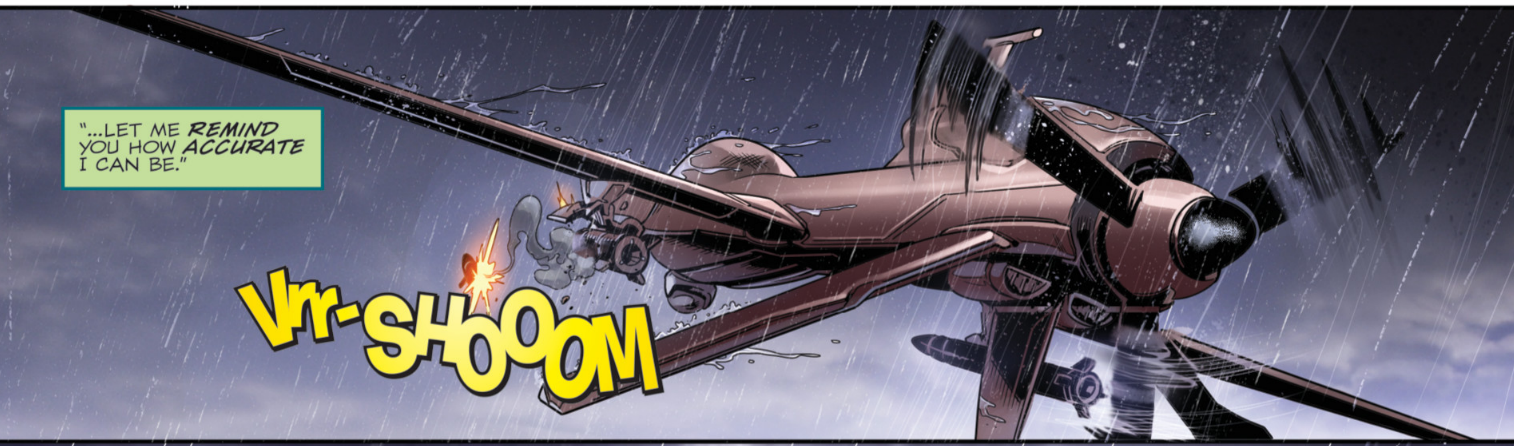

PROBABLY A GOOD THING MOST OF YOUR TEAM IS ON CYBERTRON HELPING WITH RELIEF EFFORTS.
KUP IS MEETING AILERON IN GER-MANY, WHICH ISN'T FAR FROM GREECE.
I KNOW WHERE GERMANY IS.
ARCEE AND JAZZ ARE THE ONLY OTHER AUTOBOTS ON EARTH. THEY'RE IN A LAND OF PORTS IN A SUB-NATION-STATE EVIDENTLY CALLED ORE-GONE—
—WHICH SEEMS IRONIC, GIVEN THE SITUATION.
THEY'RE ASSISTING WITH A FLOOD.
EARTH PRONUNCIATIONS ARE DIFFICULT, WINDBLADE. AS YOU SPEND MORE TIME HERE...
COMMUNICATION CHANNEL OPEN, OPTIMUS.
KUP—WE HAVE A SITUATION.
SOUNDWAVE WILL TRANSMIT DETAILS. I NEED YOU ON THE GROUND IMMEDIATELY, OLD FRIEND.
AW, YOU'LL GET NO ARGUMENT FROM ME.
ALL THIS DRIVIN' AROUND IS WEARIN' OUT MY DIODES...
...AN' THEY AIN'T EXACTLY PRISTINE, IF YOU CATCH MY MEANIN'.
LISTEN, BOSS... I HEARD ABOUT THE EXPLOSION.
THIS AIN'T SOME SORT OF EARTH SABOTAGE, IS IT? MAYBE THEIR WAY OF TRYING TO FORCE US TO PACK OUR BAGS?
KUP. OLD WARRIOR.
I... HOPE NOT.
PROCEED WITH CAUTION.
THE LAST THING I WANT...

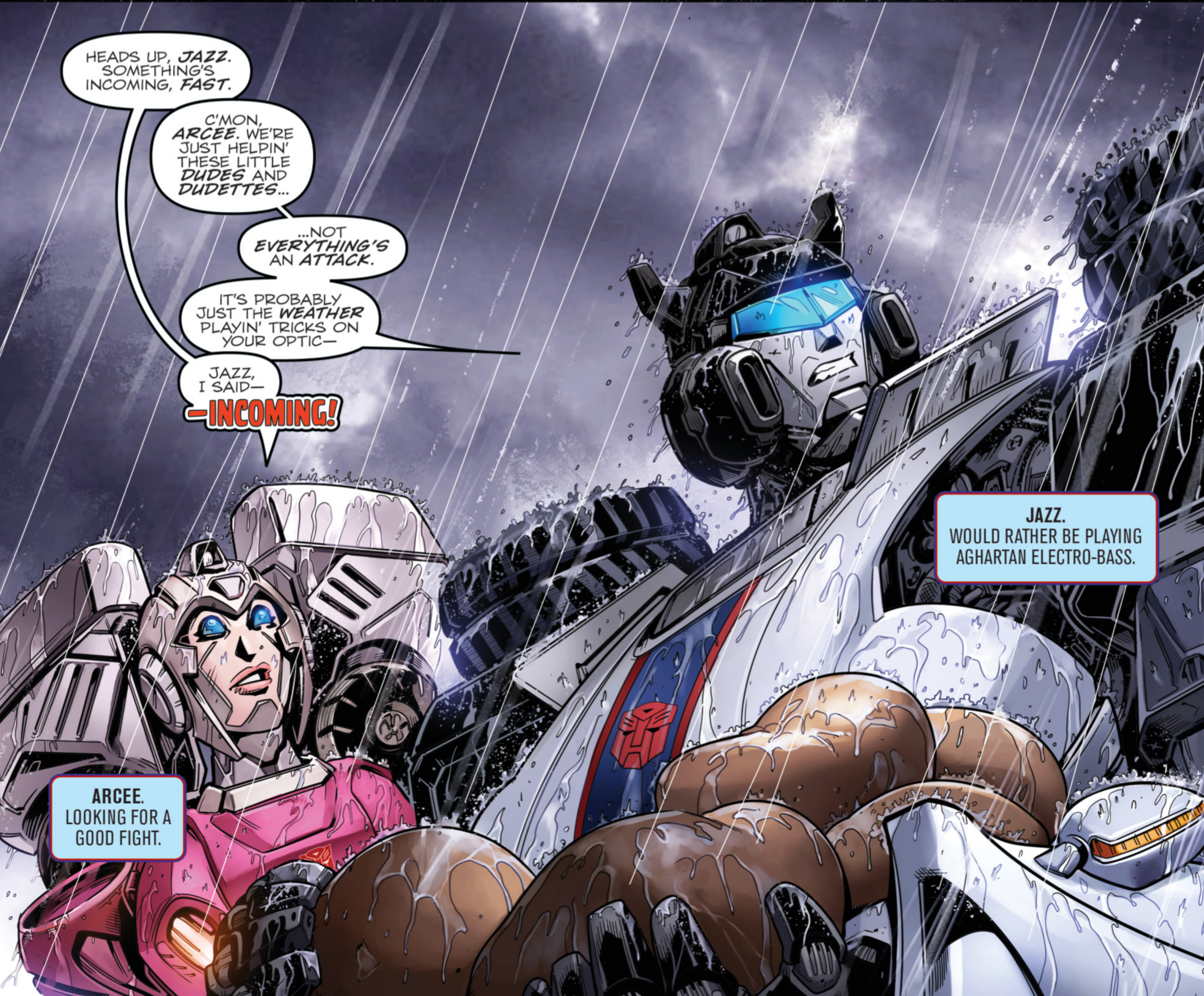

"...IS A *WAR* WITH THE PEOPLE OF EARTH."
PORTLAND, OREGON. G.I. JOE STAGING POINT.
BAD ENOUGH THE *CYBERTRONIANS* ARE MUCKING THINGS UP, SCARLETT...
...BUT OUR *U.K. ASSET* TOLD US A *G.I. JOE DOGTAG* WAS FOUND IN GREECE.
THAT MEANS WE NEED TO FIND OUT *HOW* AND *WHY* THE ROBOTS ARE *DESTABILIZING ORE-13*—
—PLUS *WHO'S* OUT THERE PLAYING *JOE*.
FAIR ENOUGH, GENERAL.
WE'LL SHOW THESE ALIENS *WE* STILL RUN THE PLANET.
GIVE ME A *SIT-REP*.
TAKE A *BREATH*, SCARLETT.
IT'S A MIRACLE *ANYTHING* IS WORKING, CONSIDERING HOW FAST THIS BASE CAME TOGETHER...
**MAINFRAME. BLAINE PARKER.** COMPUTER SPECIALIST.
"...LUCKILY, *I* AM A *MIRACLE WORKER*."
"YOU'RE A REAL *ANNE SULLIVAN*, MAINS."
"THIS MIGHT BE A LITTLE AWKWARD, *UH*, *MA'AM*...
"...BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE *ROBOTS* ARE ENGAGED IN *HUMANITARIAN* EFFORTS..."

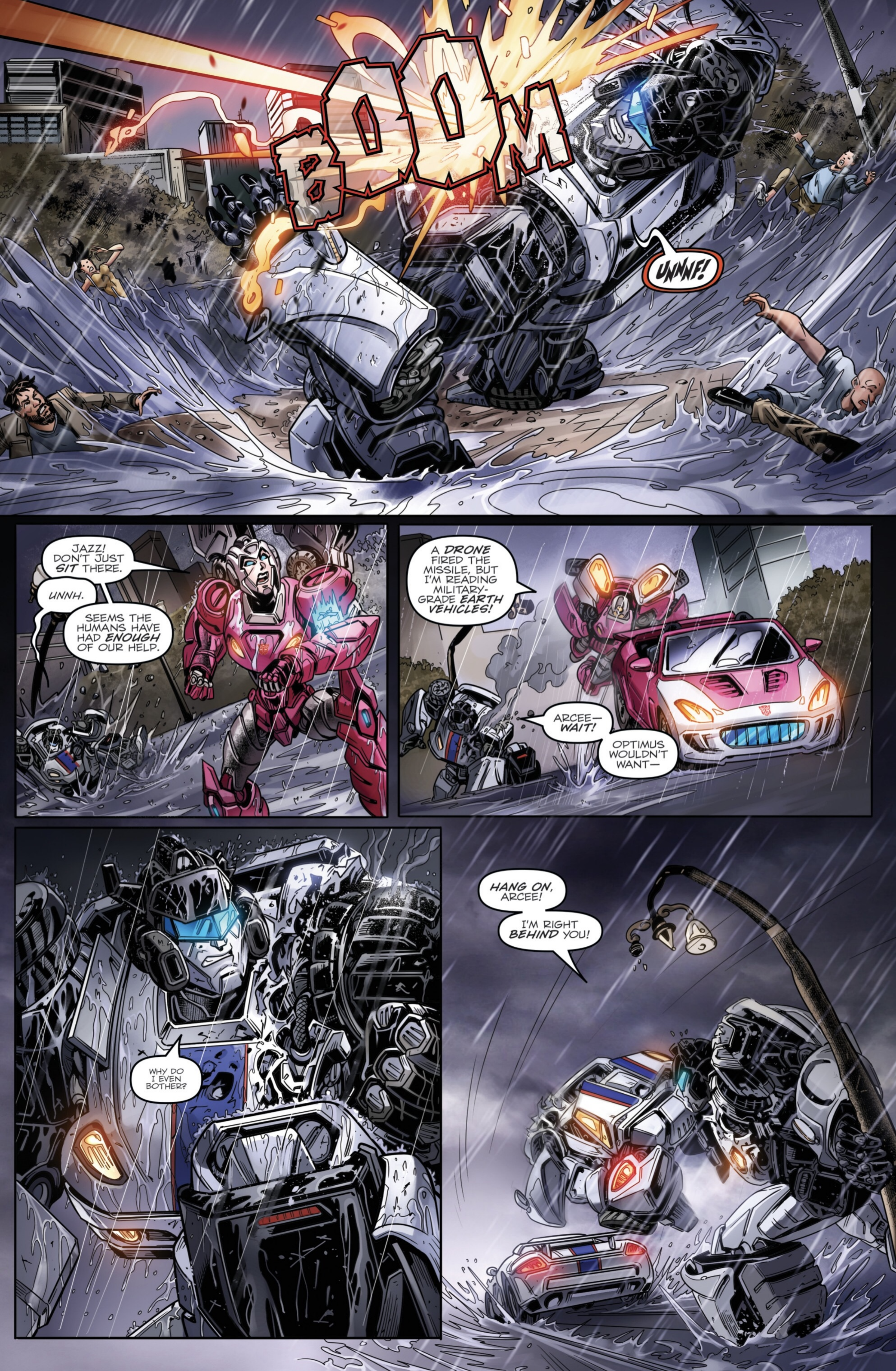

WHY BLOW UP A *MOUNTAIN* WHILE YOU *SANDBAG* A FLOODPLAIN?
DO I DETECT *HESITATION*, SCARLETT?

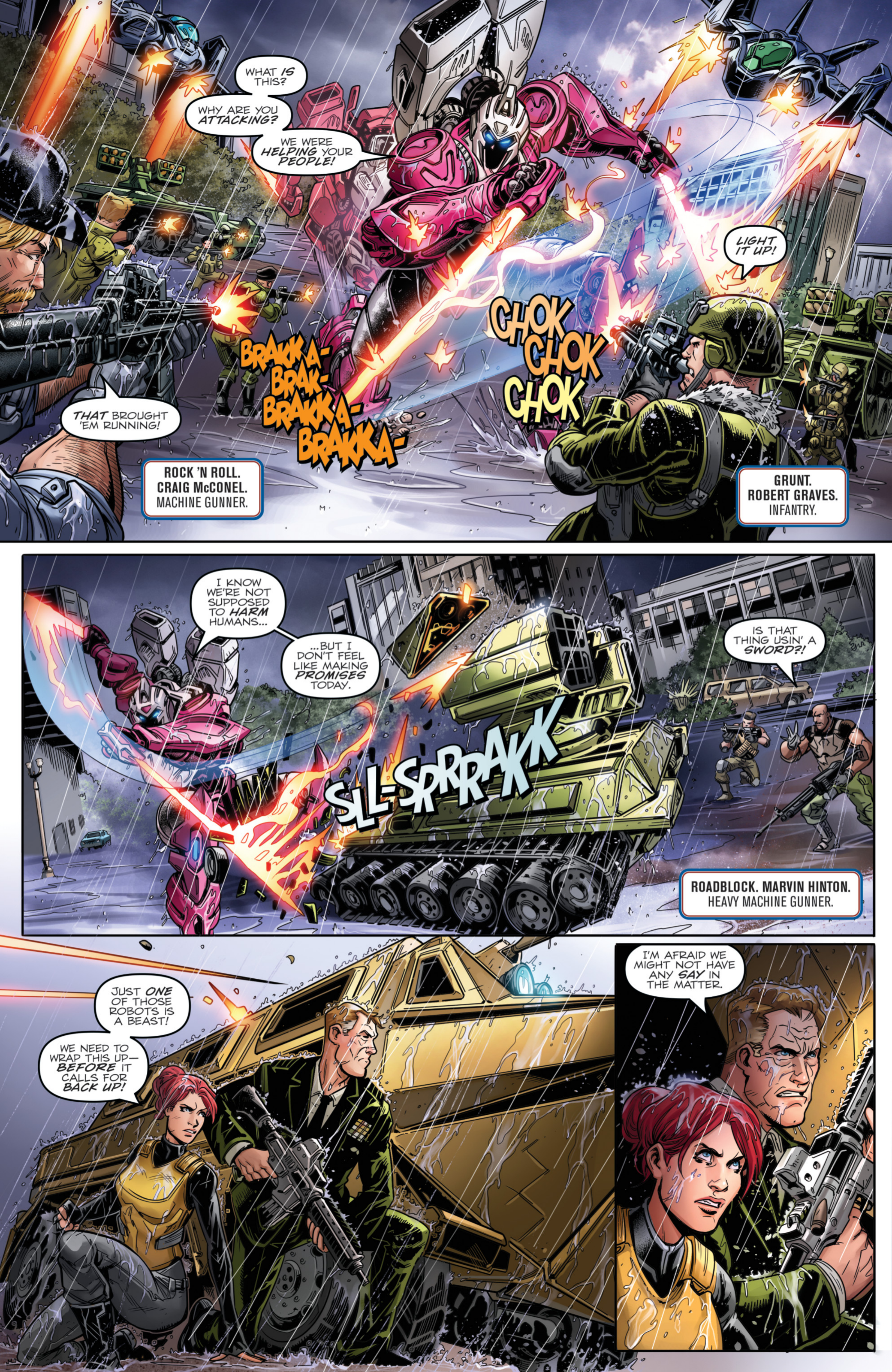

I SEEM TO RECALL SOMETHING ABOUT *"RUNNING THE PLANET"*?
THE CYBERTRONIANS HAVE *ULTERIOR MOTIVES*.
THEY ARE *NOT* OUR FRIENDS.

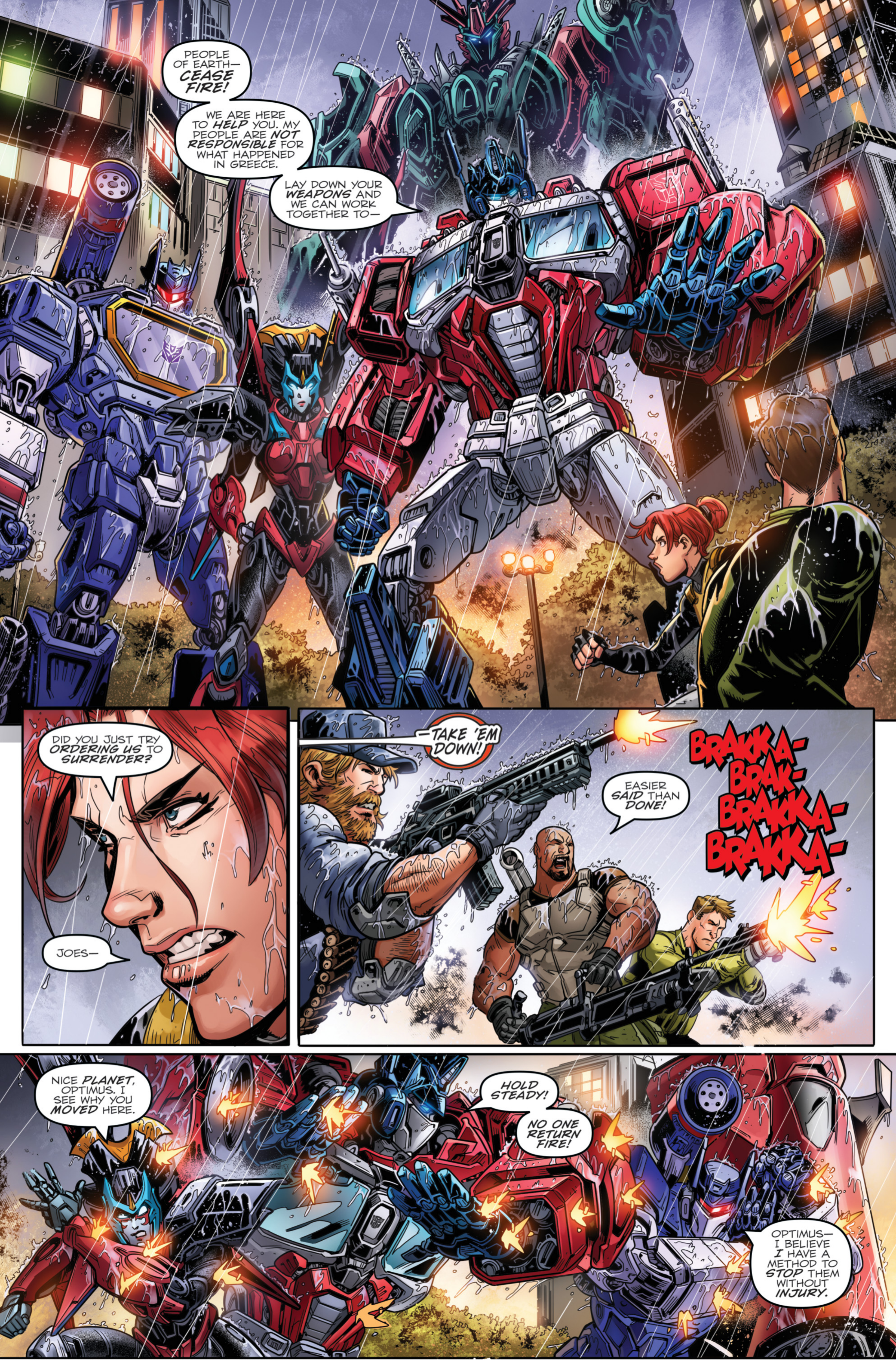

MAINS, HOW MANY *CIVILIANS* ARE IN THE IMMEDIATE AREA?
IF WE LAUNCH AN ATTACK, ARE WE GOING TO HAVE *COLLATERAL?*
EVEN WHEN WE *DATED*, YOU NEVER HAD ANY *FAITH* IN ME, RED.
HERE...

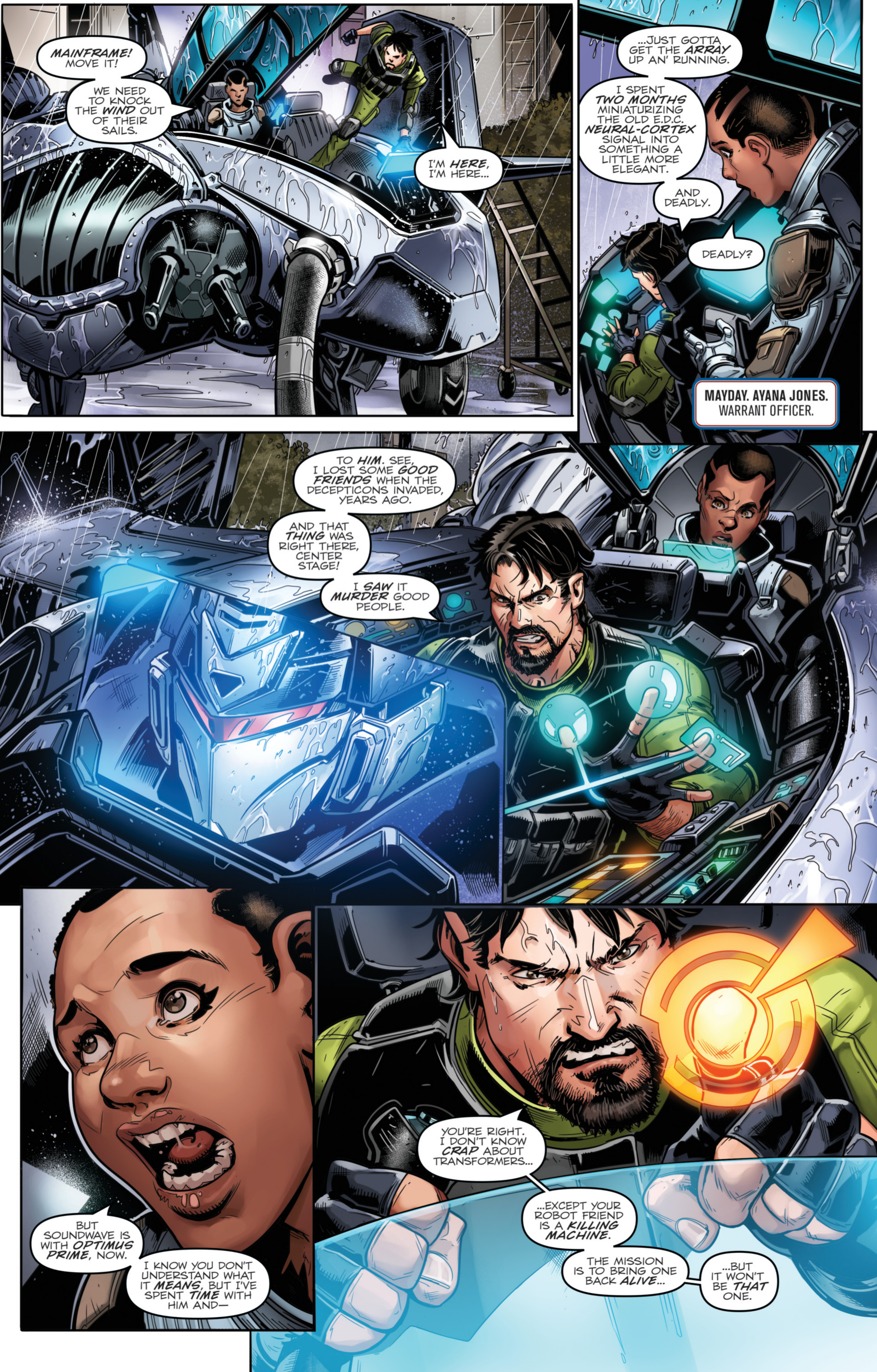

"...LET ME *REMIND* YOU HOW *ACCURATE* I CAN BE."
VRR-SHOOOM

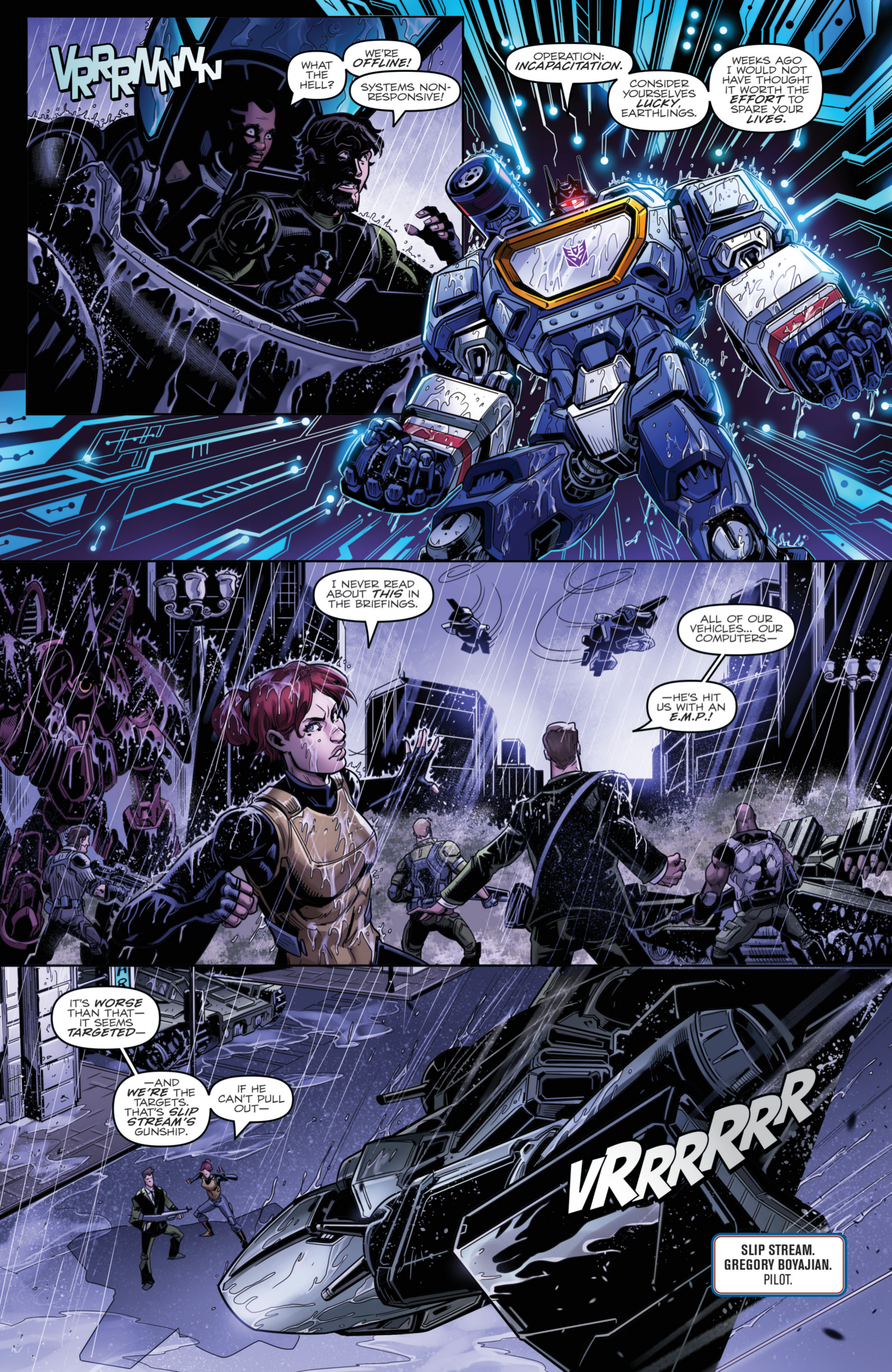

HEADS UP, *JAZZ*. SOMETHING'S INCOMING, *FAST*.
C'MON, *ARCEE*. WE'RE JUST HELPIN' THESE LITTLE *DUDES* AND *DUDETTES*...
...NOT *EVERYTHING'S* AN *ATTACK*.
IT'S PROBABLY JUST THE *WEATHER* PLAYIN' TRICKS ON YOUR OPTIC—
JAZZ, I SAID—
—INCOMING!
**JAZZ.** WOULD RATHER BE PLAYING AGHARTAN ELECTRO-BASS.
**ARCEE.** LOOKING FOR A GOOD FIGHT.

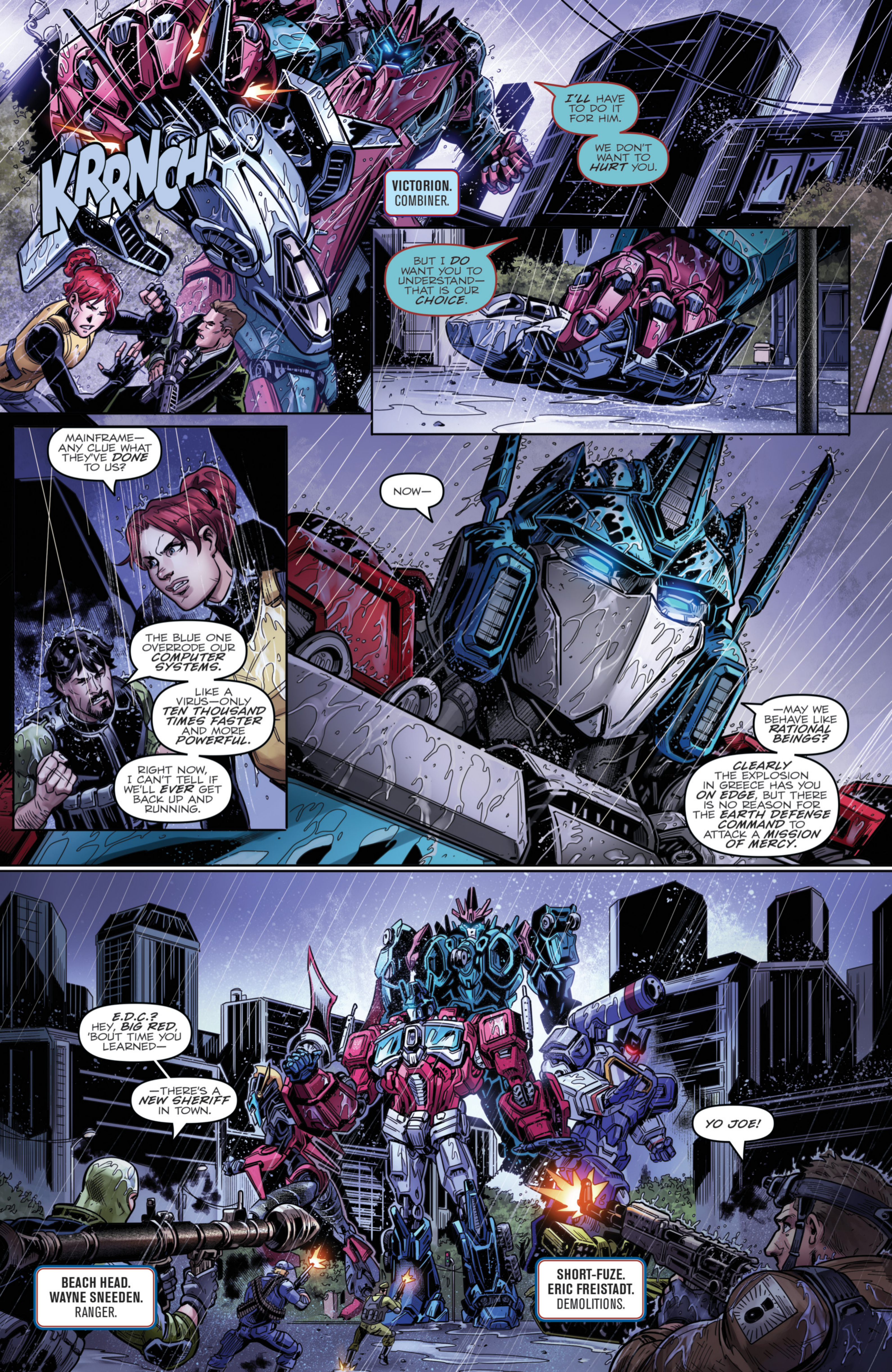

BOOM
UNNF!
JAZZ! DON'T JUST *SIT* THERE.
UNNH.
SEEMS THE HUMANS HAVE HAD *ENOUGH* OF OUR HELP.
A *DRONE* FIRED THE MISSILE, BUT I'M READING MILITARY-GRADE *EARTH VEHICLES!*
ARCEE— *WAIT!*
OPTIMUS WOULDN'T WANT—
WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER?
*HANG ON,* ARCEE!
I'M RIGHT *BEHIND* YOU!

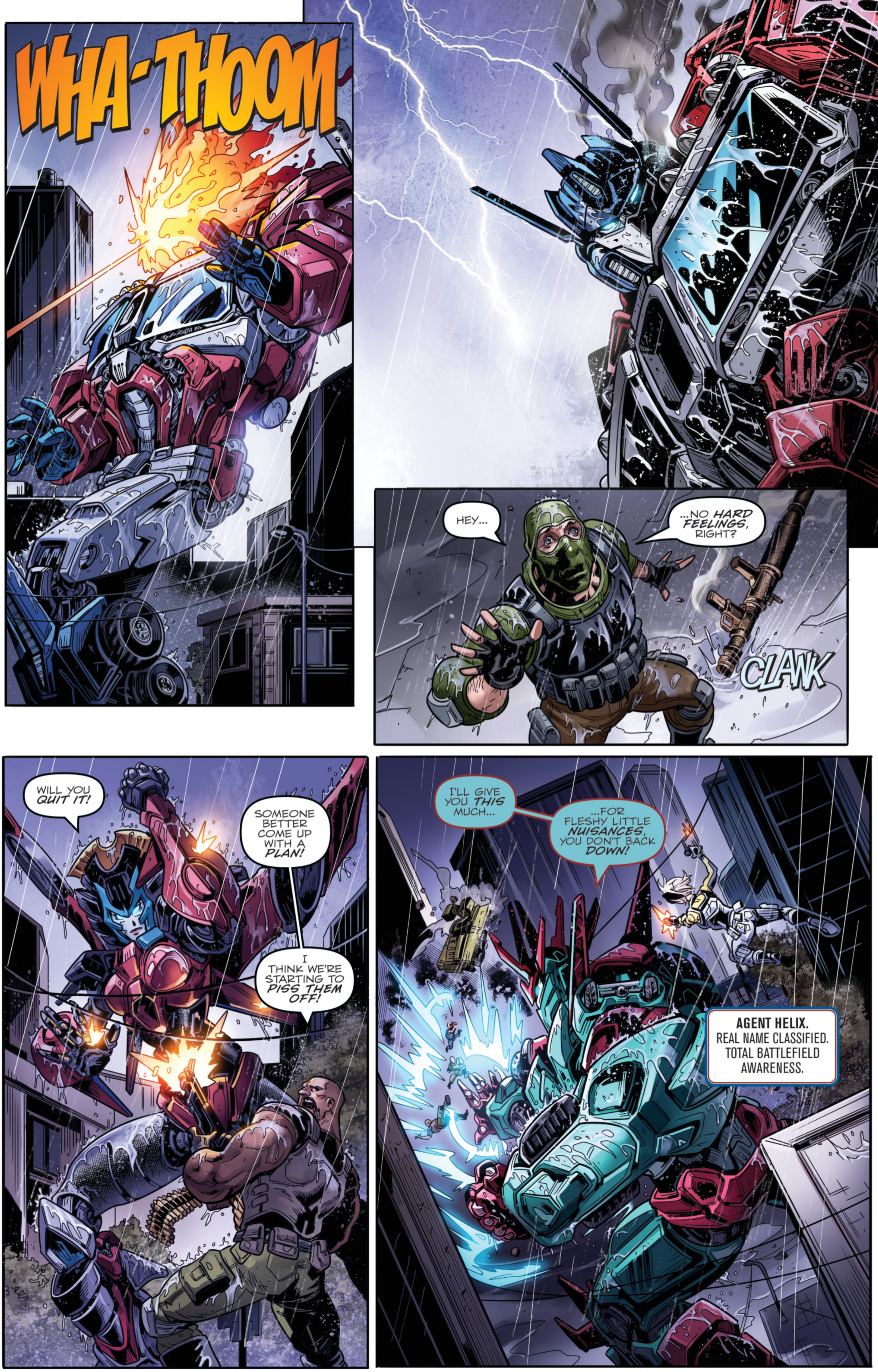

WHAT *IS* THIS?
WHY ARE YOU *ATTACKING?*
WE WERE *HELPING* YOUR *PEOPLE!*
*LIGHT IT UP!*
CHOK CHOK CHOK
BRAKKA-BRAK-BRAKKA-BRAKKA-
*THAT* BROUGHT 'EM RUNNING!
**ROCK 'N ROLL. CRAIG McCONEL.** MACHINE GUNNER.
**GRUNT. ROBERT GRAVES.** INFANTRY.
I KNOW WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO *HARM* HUMANS...
...BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE MAKING *PROMISES* TODAY.
IS THAT THING USIN' A *SWORD?!*
SLL-SPRRAKK
**ROADBLOCK. MARVIN HINTON.** HEAVY MACHINE GUNNER.
JUST *ONE* OF THOSE ROBOTS IS A BEAST!
WE NEED TO WRAP THIS UP— *BEFORE* IT CALLS FOR *BACK UP!*
I'M AFRAID WE MIGHT NOT HAVE ANY *SAY* IN THE MATTER.

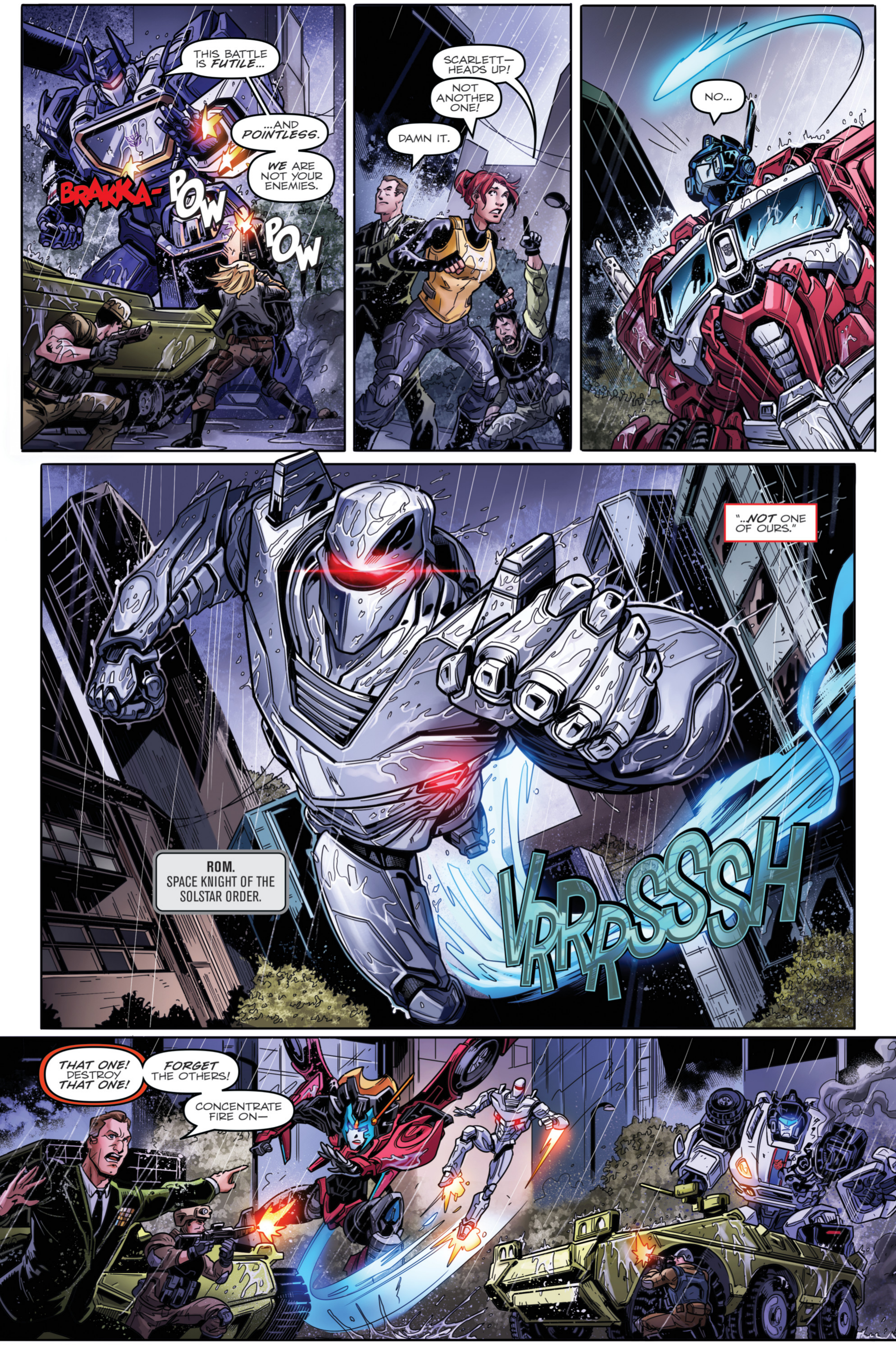

PEOPLE OF EARTH— *CEASE FIRE!*
WE ARE HERE TO *HELP* YOU. MY PEOPLE ARE *NOT RESPONSIBLE* FOR WHAT HAPPENED IN GREECE.
LAY DOWN YOUR *WEAPONS* AND WE CAN WORK TOGETHER TO—
DID YOU JUST TRY *ORDERING US* TO *SURRENDER?*
JOES—
—TAKE 'EM DOWN!
EASIER *SAID* THAN *DONE!*
BRAKKA-BRAK-BRAKKA-BRAKKA-
NICE *PLANET*, OPTIMUS. I SEE WHY YOU *MOVED* HERE.
*HOLD STEADY!*
*NO ONE RETURN FIRE!*
OPTIMUS— I BELIEVE *I* HAVE A METHOD TO *STOP* THEM WITHOUT *INJURY.*

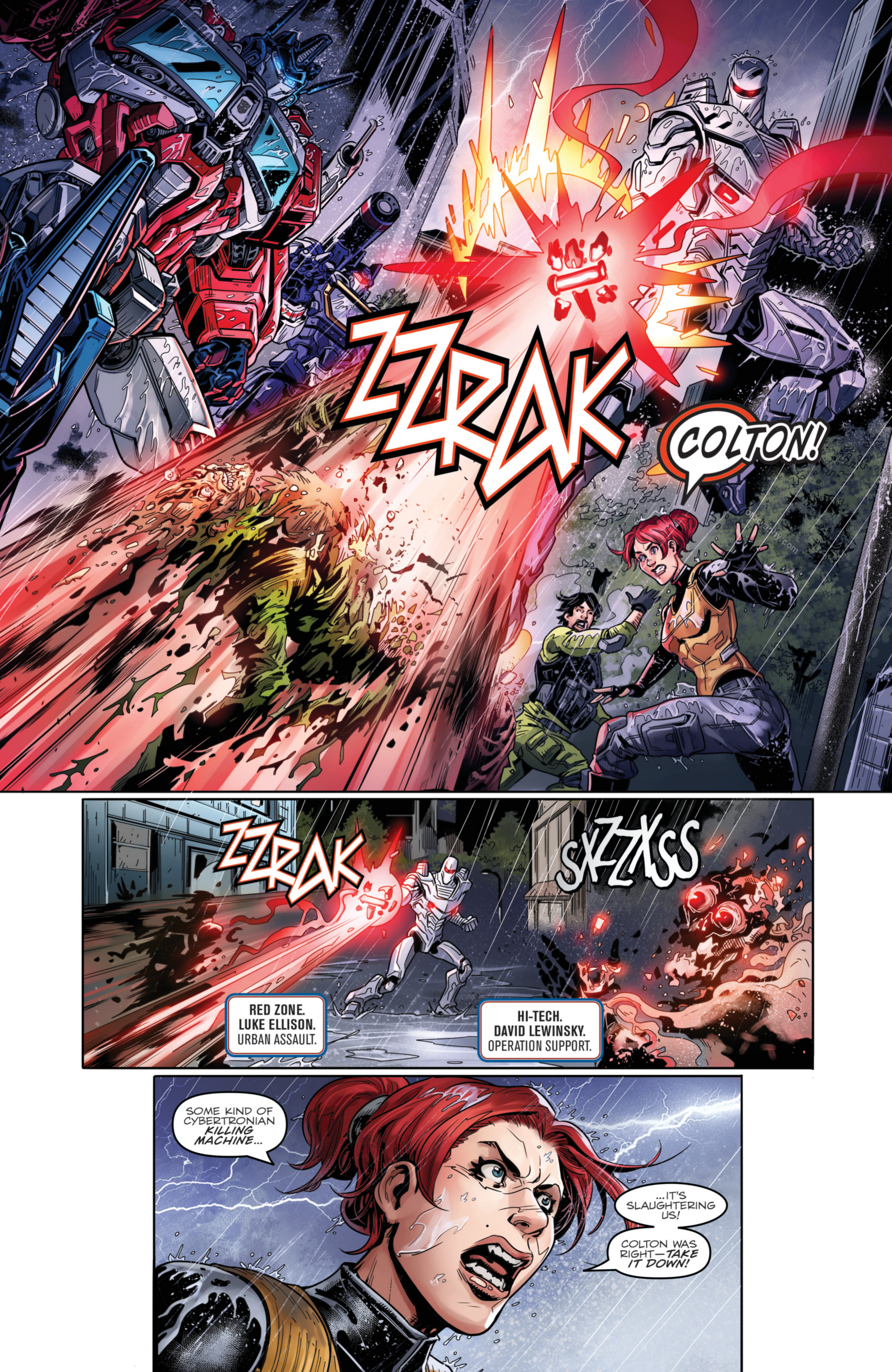

MAINFRAME! MOVE IT!
WE NEED TO KNOCK THE WIND OUT OF THEIR SAILS.
I'M HERE, I'M HERE...
...JUST GOTTA GET THE ARRAY UP AN' RUNNING.
I SPENT TWO MONTHS MINIATURIZING THE OLD E.D.C. NEURAL-CORTEX SIGNAL INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE ELEGANT.
AND DEADLY.
DEADLY?
MAYDAY. AYANA JONES. WARRANT OFFICER.
TO HIM. SEE, I LOST SOME GOOD FRIENDS WHEN THE DECEPTICONS INVADED, YEARS AGO.
AND THAT THING WAS RIGHT THERE, CENTER STAGE!
I SAW IT MURDER GOOD PEOPLE.
BUT SOUNDWAVE IS WITH OPTIMUS PRIME, NOW.
I KNOW YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS, BUT I'VE SPENT TIME WITH HIM AND—
YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T KNOW CRAP ABOUT TRANSFORMERS...
...EXCEPT YOUR ROBOT FRIEND IS A KILLING MACHINE.
THE MISSION IS TO BRING ONE BACK ALIVE...
...BUT IT WON'T BE THAT ONE.

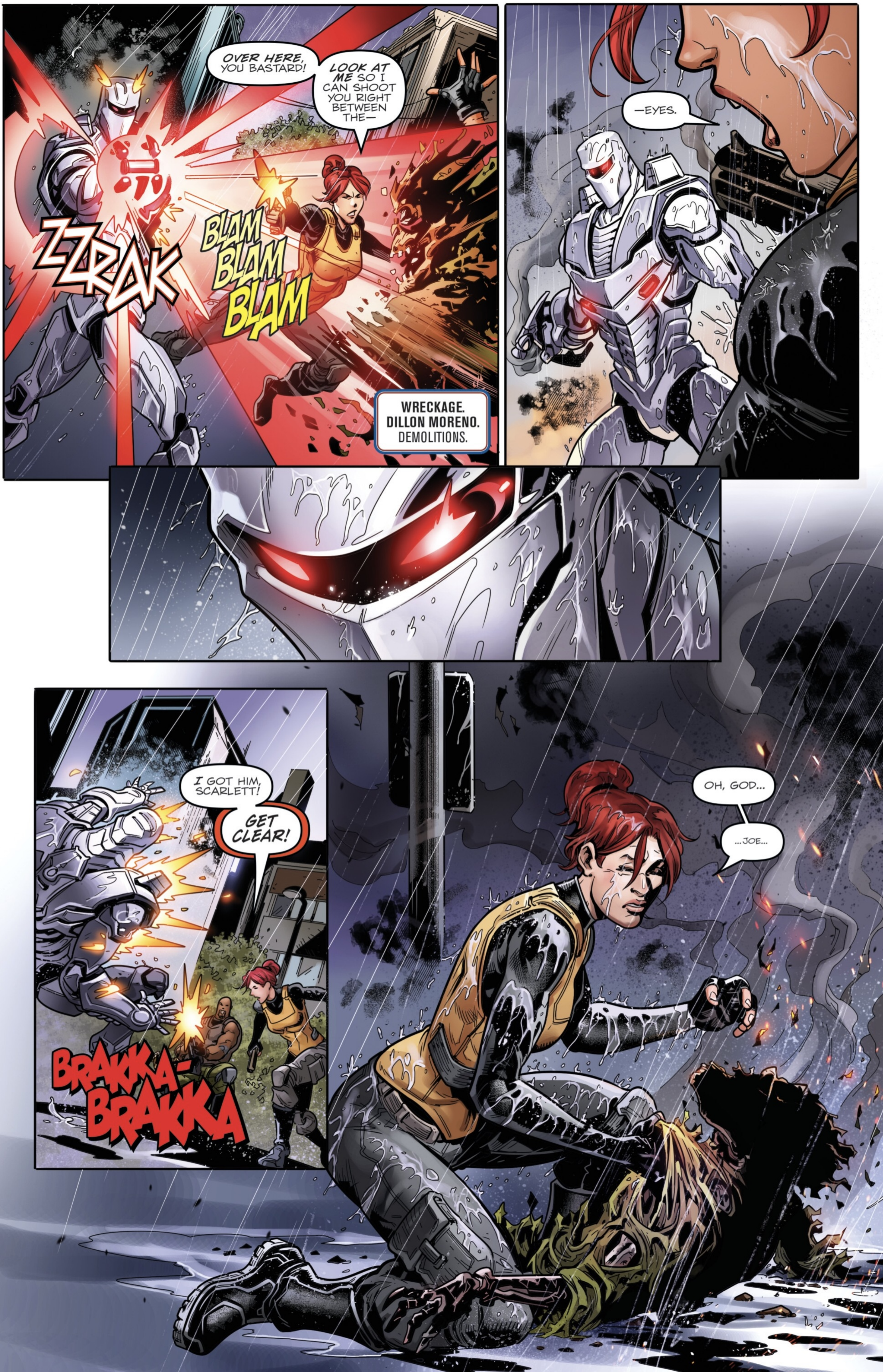

VRRRNNNN
WHAT THE HELL?
WE'RE *OFFLINE!*
SYSTEMS NON-RESPONSIVE!
OPERATION: *INCAPACITATION.*
CONSIDER YOURSELVES *LUCKY,* EARTHLINGS.
WEEKS AGO I WOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT IT WORTH THE *EFFORT* TO SPARE YOUR *LIVES.*
I NEVER READ ABOUT *THIS* IN THE BRIEFINGS.
ALL OF OUR VEHICLES... OUR COMPUTERS—
—HE'S HIT US WITH AN *E.M.P.!*
IT'S *WORSE* THAN THAT—IT SEEMS *TARGETED*—
—AND *WE'RE* THE TARGETS. THAT'S *SLIP STREAM'S* GUNSHIP.
IF HE CAN'T PULL OUT—
VRRRRRR
**SLIP STREAM. GREGORY BOYAJIAN.** PILOT.

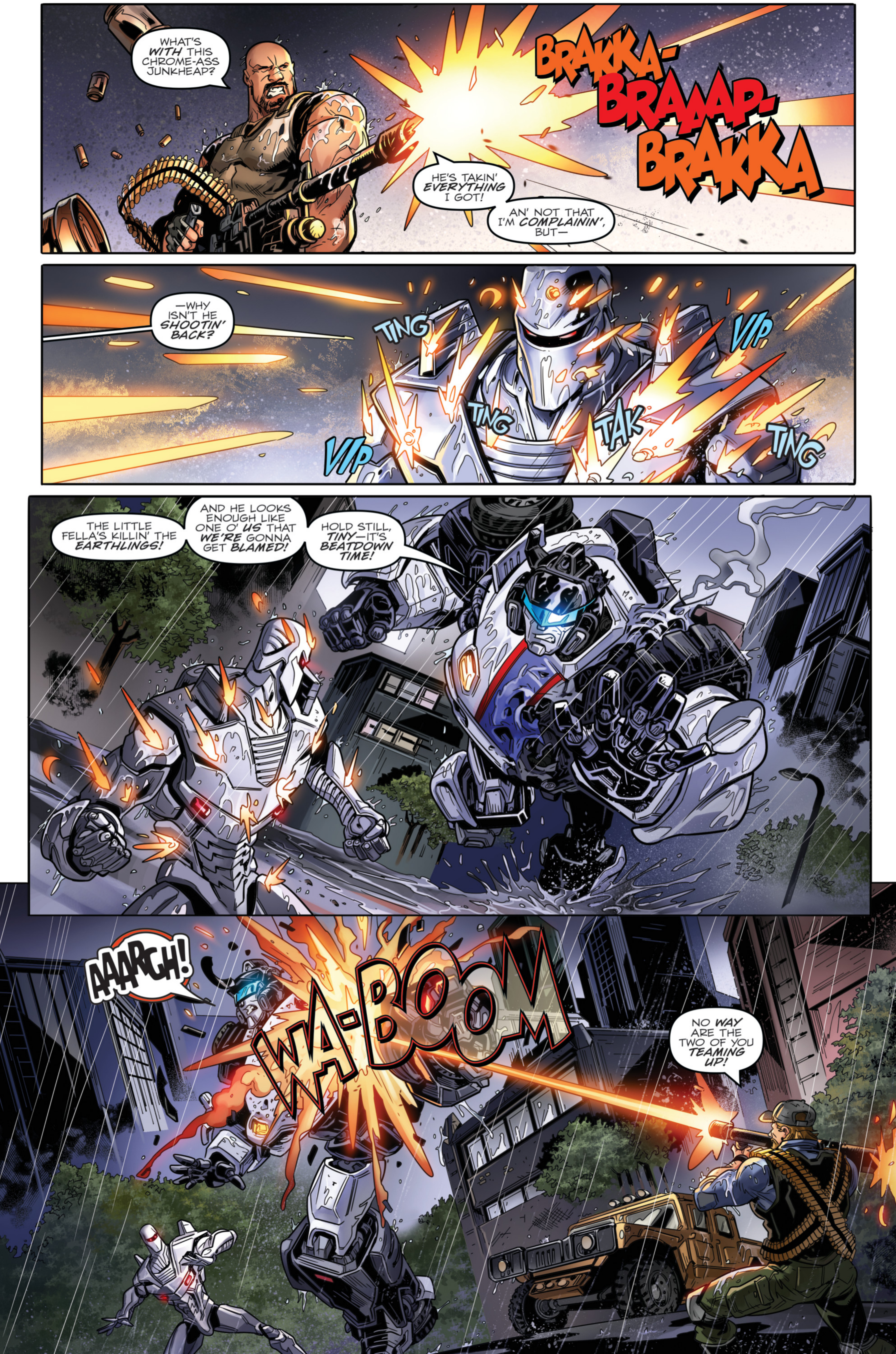

KRRNCH
I'LL HAVE TO DO IT FOR HIM.
WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU.
VICTORION. COMBINER.
BUT I DO WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND— THAT IS OUR CHOICE.
MAINFRAME— ANY CLUE WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO US?
THE BLUE ONE OVERRODE OUR COMPUTER SYSTEMS.
LIKE A VIRUS—ONLY TEN THOUSAND TIMES FASTER AND MORE POWERFUL.
RIGHT NOW, I CAN'T TELL IF WE'LL EVER GET BACK UP AND RUNNING.
NOW—
—MAY WE BEHAVE LIKE RATIONAL BEINGS?
CLEARLY THE EXPLOSION IN GREECE HAS YOU ON EDGE, BUT THERE IS NO REASON FOR THE EARTH DEFENSE COMMAND TO ATTACK A MISSION OF MERCY.
E.D.C.? HEY, BIG RED, 'BOUT TIME YOU LEARNED—
—THERE'S A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN.
YO JOE!
BEACH HEAD. WAYNE SNEEDEN. RANGER.
SHORT-FUZE. ERIC FREISTADT. DEMOLITIONS.

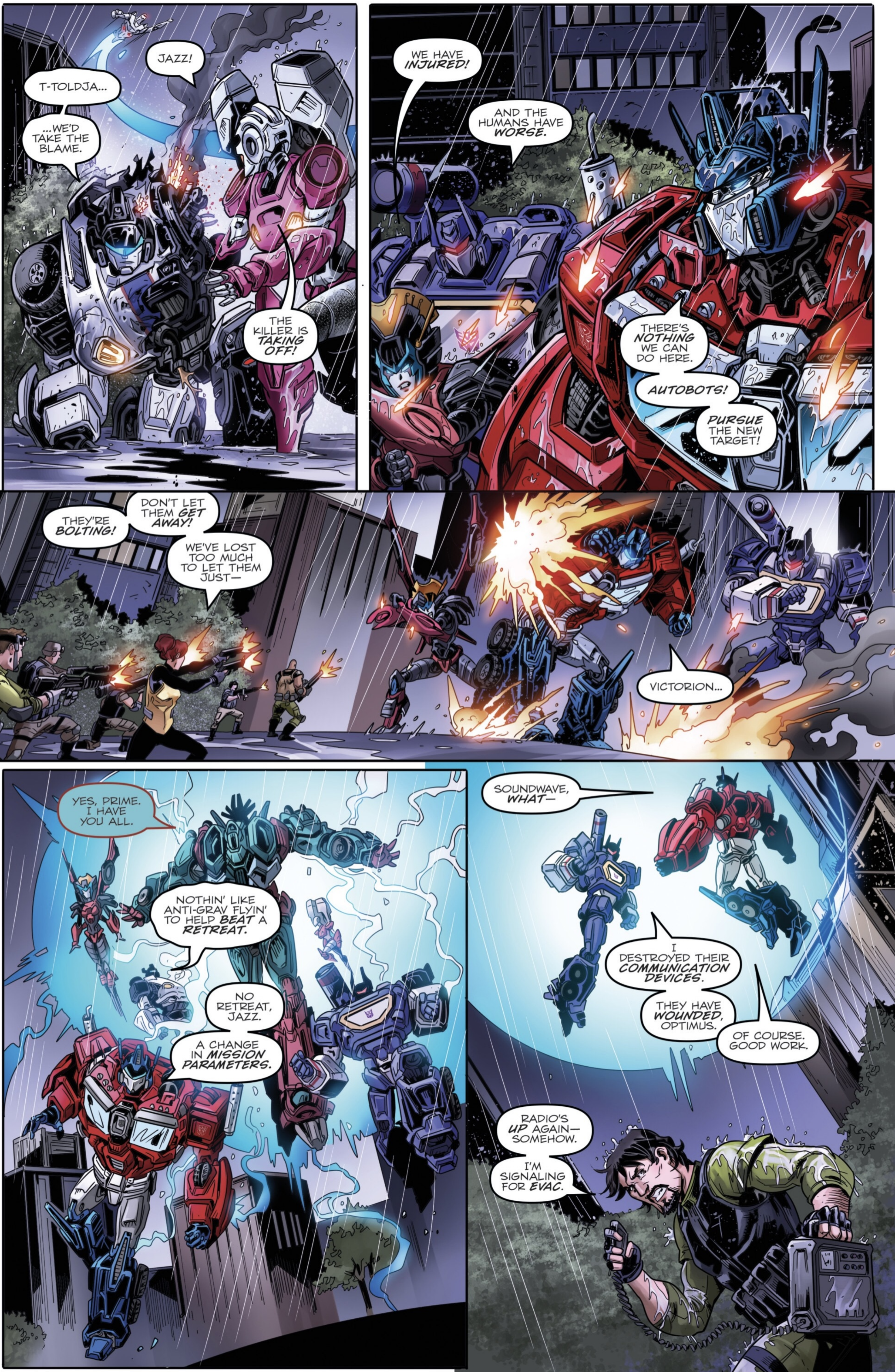

WHA-THOOM
HEY...
...NO HARD FEELINGS, RIGHT?
CLANK
WILL YOU QUIT IT!
SOMEONE BETTER COME UP WITH A PLAN!
I THINK WE'RE STARTING TO PISS THEM OFF!
I'LL GIVE YOU THIS MUCH...
...FOR FLESHY LITTLE NUISANCES, YOU DON'T BACK DOWN!
AGENT HELIX. REAL NAME CLASSIFIED. TOTAL BATTLEFIELD AWARENESS.

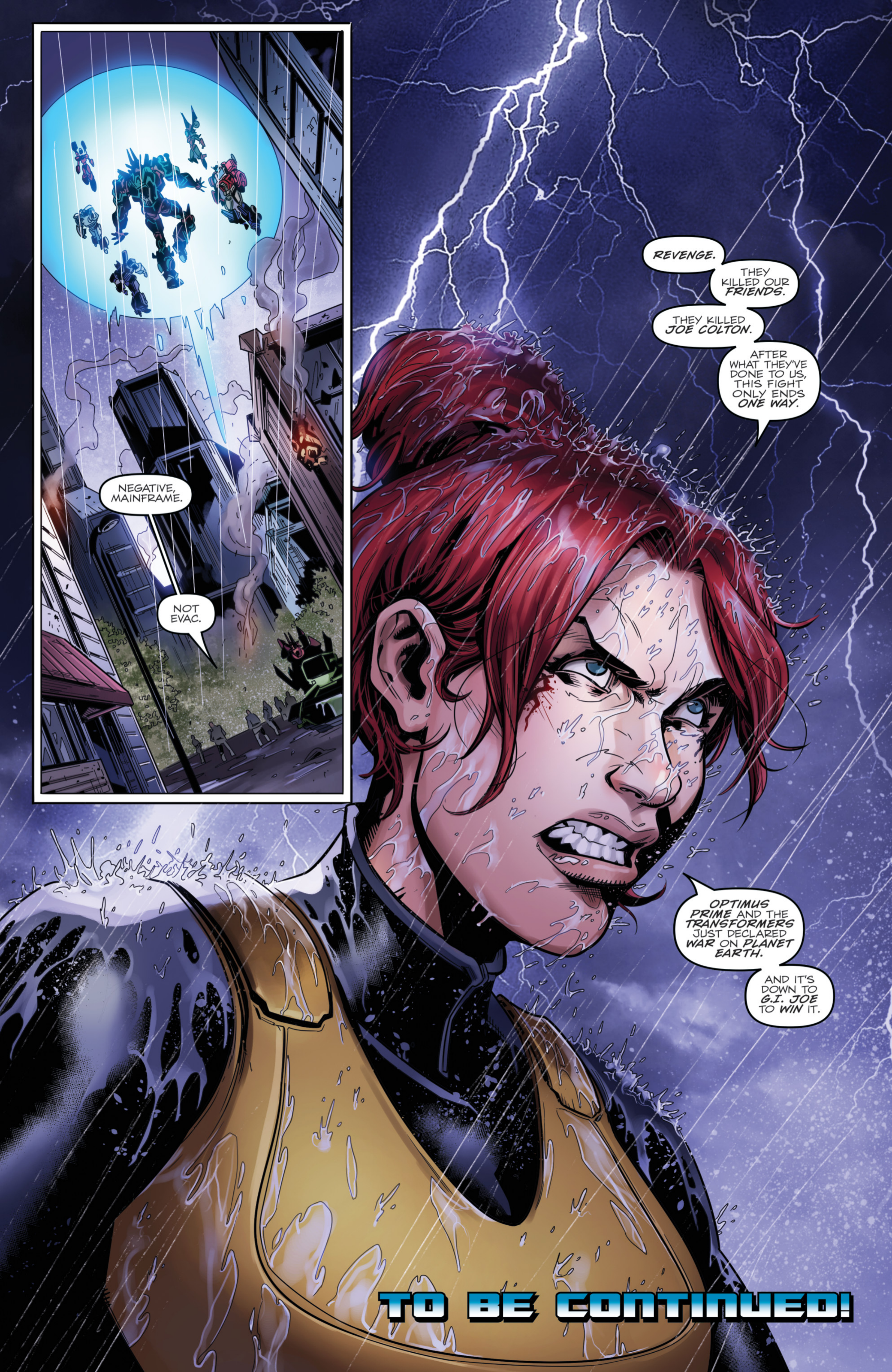

THIS BATTLE IS *FUTILE*...
...AND *POINTLESS*.
*WE* ARE NOT YOUR ENEMIES.
BRAKKA-
POW
POW
SCARLETT— HEADS UP!
NOT ANOTHER ONE!
DAMN IT.
NO...
"...*NOT* ONE OF OURS."
**ROM.** SPACE KNIGHT OF THE SOLSTAR ORDER.
VRRRSSSSH
*THAT ONE!* DESTROY *THAT ONE!*
*FORGET* THE OTHERS!
CONCENTRATE FIRE ON—


ZZRAK
COLTON!
ZZRAK
SKZZXSS
RED ZONE.
LUKE ELLISON.
URBAN ASSAULT.
HI-TECH.
DAVID LEWINSKY.
OPERATION SUPPORT.
SOME KIND OF CYBERTRONIAN *KILLING MACHINE*...
...IT'S SLAUGHTERING US!
COLTON WAS RIGHT—*TAKE IT DOWN!*


OVER HERE, YOU BASTARD!
LOOK AT ME SO I CAN SHOOT YOU RIGHT BETWEEN THE—
ZZRAK
BLAM BLAM BLAM
WRECKAGE. DILLON MORENO. DEMOLITIONS.
—EYES.
I GOT HIM, SCARLETT!
GET CLEAR!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA
OH, GOD...
...JOE...


WHAT'S WITH THIS CHROME-ASS JUNKHEAP?
BRAKKA-BRAAAP-BRAKKA
HE'S TAKIN' EVERYTHING I GOT!
AN' NOT THAT I'M COMPLAININ', BUT—
—WHY ISN'T HE SHOOTIN' BACK?
TING
VIP
TING
TAK
VIP
TING
THE LITTLE FELLA'S KILLIN' THE EARTHLINGS!
AND HE LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE ONE O' US THAT WE'RE GONNA GET BLAMED!
HOLD STILL, TINY—IT'S BEATDOWN TIME!
AAARGH!
WA-BOOM
NO WAY ARE THE TWO OF YOU TEAMING UP!


JAZZ!
T-TOLDJA...
...WE'D TAKE THE BLAME.
THE KILLER IS *TAKING OFF!*
WE HAVE *INJURED!*
AND THE HUMANS HAVE *WORSE.*
THERE'S *NOTHING* WE CAN DO HERE.
*AUTOBOTS!*
*PURSUE* THE NEW TARGET!
THEY'RE *BOLTING!*
DON'T LET THEM *GET AWAY!*
WE'VE LOST TOO MUCH TO LET THEM JUST—
VICTORION...
YES, PRIME. I HAVE YOU ALL.
NOTHIN' LIKE ANTI-GRAV FLYIN' TO HELP *BEAT* A *RETREAT.*
NO RETREAT, JAZZ.
A CHANGE IN *MISSION PARAMETERS.*
SOUNDWAVE, *WHAT—*
I DESTROYED THEIR *COMMUNICATION DEVICES.*
THEY HAVE *WOUNDED,* OPTIMUS.
OF COURSE. GOOD WORK.
RADIO'S *UP* AGAIN— SOMEHOW.
I'M SIGNALING FOR *EVAC.*


NEGATIVE, MAINFRAME.
NOT EVAC.
*REVENGE.*
THEY KILLED OUR *FRIENDS*.
THEY KILLED *JOE COLTON*.
AFTER WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO US, THIS FIGHT ONLY ENDS *ONE WAY*.
*OPTIMUS PRIME* AND THE *TRANSFORMERS* JUST DECLARED *WAR* ON *PLANET EARTH*.
AND IT'S DOWN TO *G.I. JOE* TO *WIN* IT.
TO BE CONTINUED!

Eyes Only

Transcript of communication between S.I.S. Headquarters and Governors Island.

INCOMING SIGNAL
SECURELINE PROTOCOL 6682857684
SRC: SIS-HQLON-UK
TME: 03:22:31:23PST

IN PROGRESS: 00:00:43:12

BREAKER (some distance from microphone): Yo, Mainframe. You got a call, man. [sound of popping bubble gum]

MAINFRAME (some distance from microphone): What? Who would--

BREAKER (some distance from microphone): Dunno man. [sound of popping bubble gum] Sounded English.

MAINFRAME (some distance from microphone): That's good. I only speak--

BREAKER (some distance from microphone): I mean British. It's a coded signal--for your eyes only.

MAINFRAME: Go for Mainframe.

ACTION MAN: Mains, mate. Good to see you again--sorry I don't have a happier reason for calling.

MAINFRAME: Who is this?

ACTION MAN: Uh. Ian Noble? We met at that international military science and tech thing in Vienna a couple years ago? You gave me your card. Said I could call.

MAINFRAME: Not ringing any bells.

ACTION MAN: Well, since then I became Action Man.

MAINFRAME: Who?

ACTION MAN: Uh. Top British Agent? "The Greatest Hero of Them All"?

MAINFRAME: I think I'd remember the ego.

ACTION MAN: No, no, that was a catchphrase.

MAINFRAME: Wait a minute--you were the little English guy there with, what's her name. Grace?

ACTION MAN: Gale. Mercy Gale.

MAINFRAME: Yeahhhhhhhh. How is she?

ACTION MAN: Long story. Listen--I have something of yours. Look at these.

MAINFRAME: Holy crap, Nigel--

ACTION MAN: Ian.

MAINFRAME: --those are G.I. Joe dog tags.

ACTION MAN: One David D. Dubosky, serial number 111-88-6--

MAINFRAME: Countdown. I just spoke to him.

ACTION MAN: Today?

MAINFRAME: Two minutes ago. He's in the Biki--In another facility.

ACTION MAN: These were recovered by me before the explosion in Greece. At Mount Olympus, which, if you can believe it, is a real--

MAINFRAME: That's not possible. How did you get them?

ACTION MAN: An ex-S.A.S. bloke. Used to run with you lot.

MAINFRAME: Big Ben. Last I heard he was running missions in Eastern Europe with Colonel Hauser. Is he okay?

ACTION MAN: Sorry to break it to you, Mains. He's dead. Killed by an agent wearing these dog tags, who left about 20 minutes before the Ore-13 crystals exploded.

MAINFRAME: This is insane, Ian. Wait a minute--you were on the ground at Mount Olympus? And you have--and someone left G.I. Joe identification?

ACTION MAN: Someone?

MAINFRAME: Somebody trying to put a frame on us.

ACTION MAN: What? Well, I guess that's one possibility. The other is [aircraft engine interrupts]. Where are you, Mains? An airport?

MAINFRAME: We're mobilizing to try to track some Cybertronians. Find out what they're doing with the Ore.

ACTION MAN: Wow, man. Aliens? You're going to go--

AGENT SALMONS (some distance from microphone): Ian!

ACTION MAN: Ahem. Sorry. The Cybertronians: any of them human sized?

MAINFRAME: Usually, no. Off the record--yeah. Some of them are. They're really crafty. And brutal.

ACTION MAN: Look, Mains. Be careful if these metal men can look human. Maybe somebody's pretending to be you guys. But I know you don't want to hear this... be sure your teammates are on your side.

MAINFRAME: We're G.I. Joe. Of course we're on--

ACTION MAN: This is a weird world. People aren't what they seem. Even cars aren't what they seem. Just keep an eye out.

MAINFRAME: Look, Ian, I gotta go. We're dusting off.

ACTION MAN: Where does one go to fight aliens? I mean, wow. It must be something.

MAINFRAME: Sorry, Ian. That's classified.

ACTION MAN: Yeah, of course. Anyway--bring a jacket, Mainframe. I hear it's raining in Portland.

Transmission ends.
CLASSIFIED ABOVE TOP SECRET
DESTROY AFTER READING

RYALL | GAGE | JOSEPH | FOTOS

# REVOLUTION

## ROM

IDW
ONE-SHOT

# REVOLUTION

## ROM

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Dedicated to Bill Mantlo and Sal Buscema

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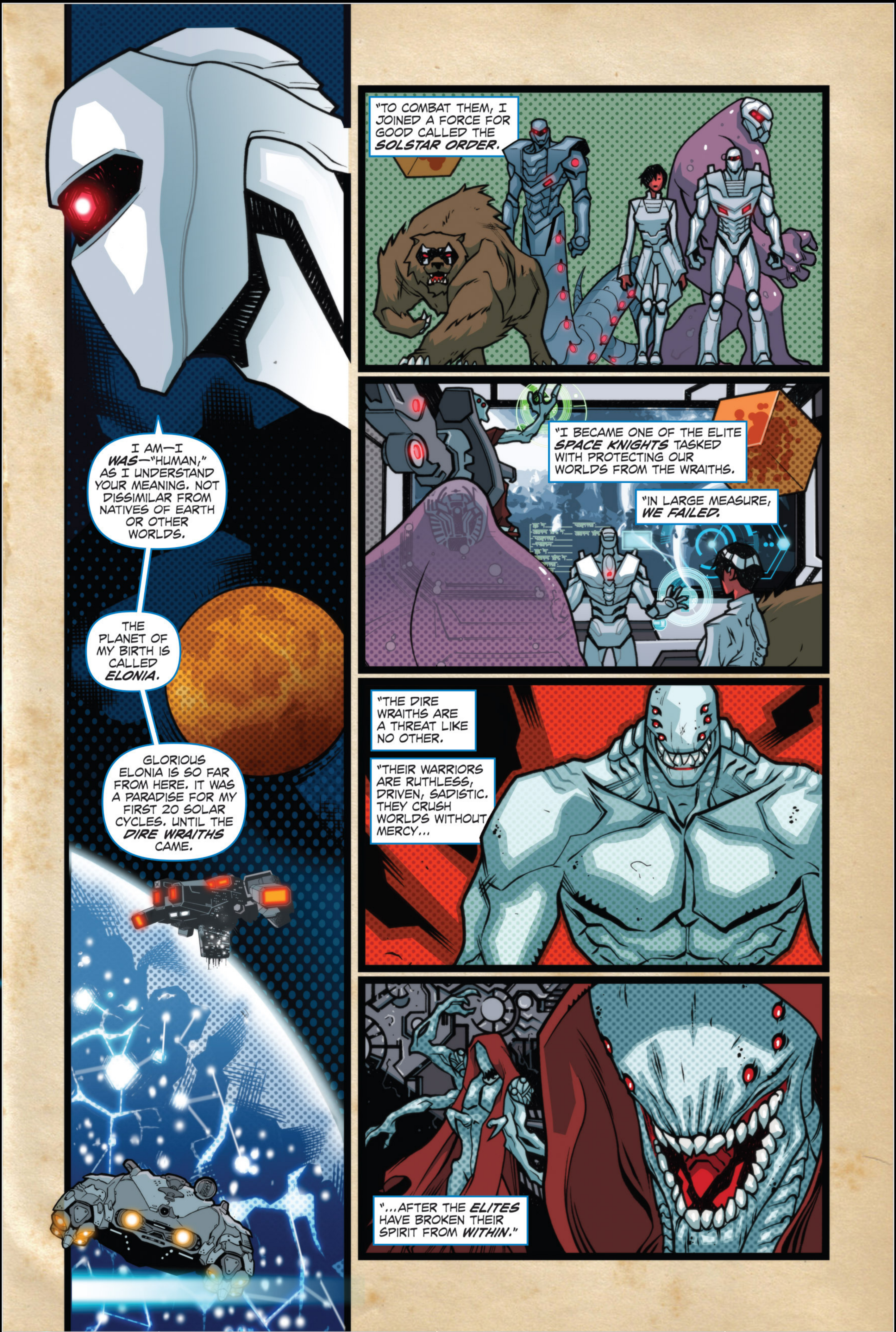
# THE STORY SO FAR:

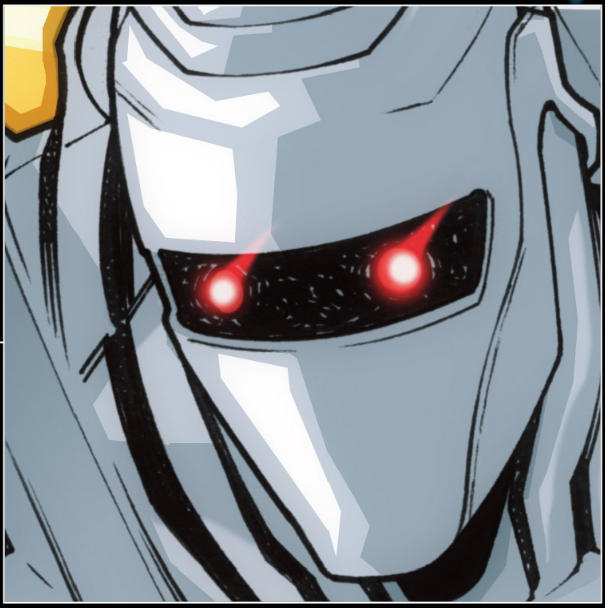

I AM—I *WAS*—"HUMAN," AS I UNDERSTAND YOUR MEANING. NOT DISSIMILAR FROM NATIVES OF EARTH OR OTHER WORLDS.
THE PLANET OF MY BIRTH IS CALLED *ELONIA*.
GLORIOUS ELONIA IS SO FAR FROM HERE. IT WAS A PARADISE FOR MY FIRST 20 SOLAR CYCLES. UNTIL THE *DIRE WRAITHS* CAME.
"TO COMBAT THEM, I JOINED A FORCE FOR GOOD CALLED THE *SOLSTAR ORDER*.
"I BECAME ONE OF THE ELITE *SPACE KNIGHTS* TASKED WITH PROTECTING OUR WORLDS FROM THE WRAITHS.
"IN LARGE MEASURE, *WE FAILED*.
"THE DIRE WRAITHS ARE A THREAT LIKE NO OTHER.
"THEIR WARRIORS ARE RUTHLESS, DRIVEN, SADISTIC. THEY CRUSH WORLDS WITHOUT MERCY...
"...AFTER THE *ELITES* HAVE BROKEN THEIR SPIRIT FROM *WITHIN*."

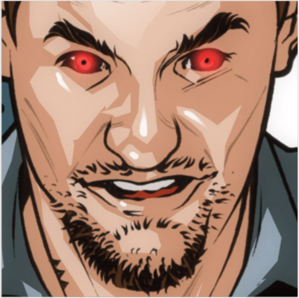
Pencils & Colors by **David Messina** | Inks by **Michele Pasta** | Colors Assist by **Allesandra Alexakis**

# WHO'S WHO

## Rom

A silver-suited space warrior and member of the galactic Solstar Order, Rom has fought the Dire Wraiths on different planets for over 200 years. Now, armed with his Wraith-detecting Analyzer and Wraith-slaying Neutralizer, he has pursued them to Earth in an attempt to stop them from doing what he's already witnessed too many times: destroying the planet and everyone on it.



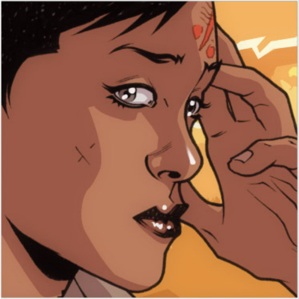


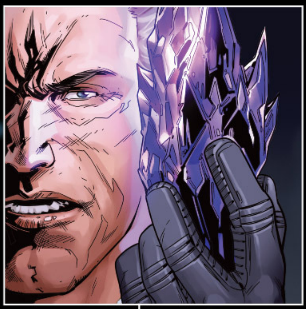
## Dire Wraiths

A space-faring race of aliens who can use their black magic-powered abilities to subsume or fully consume the identities of humans and other organic life, twisting it for their own nefarious purposes. The Wraiths have infiltrated and replaced many humans, some in key leadership positions.

## Camilla Byers

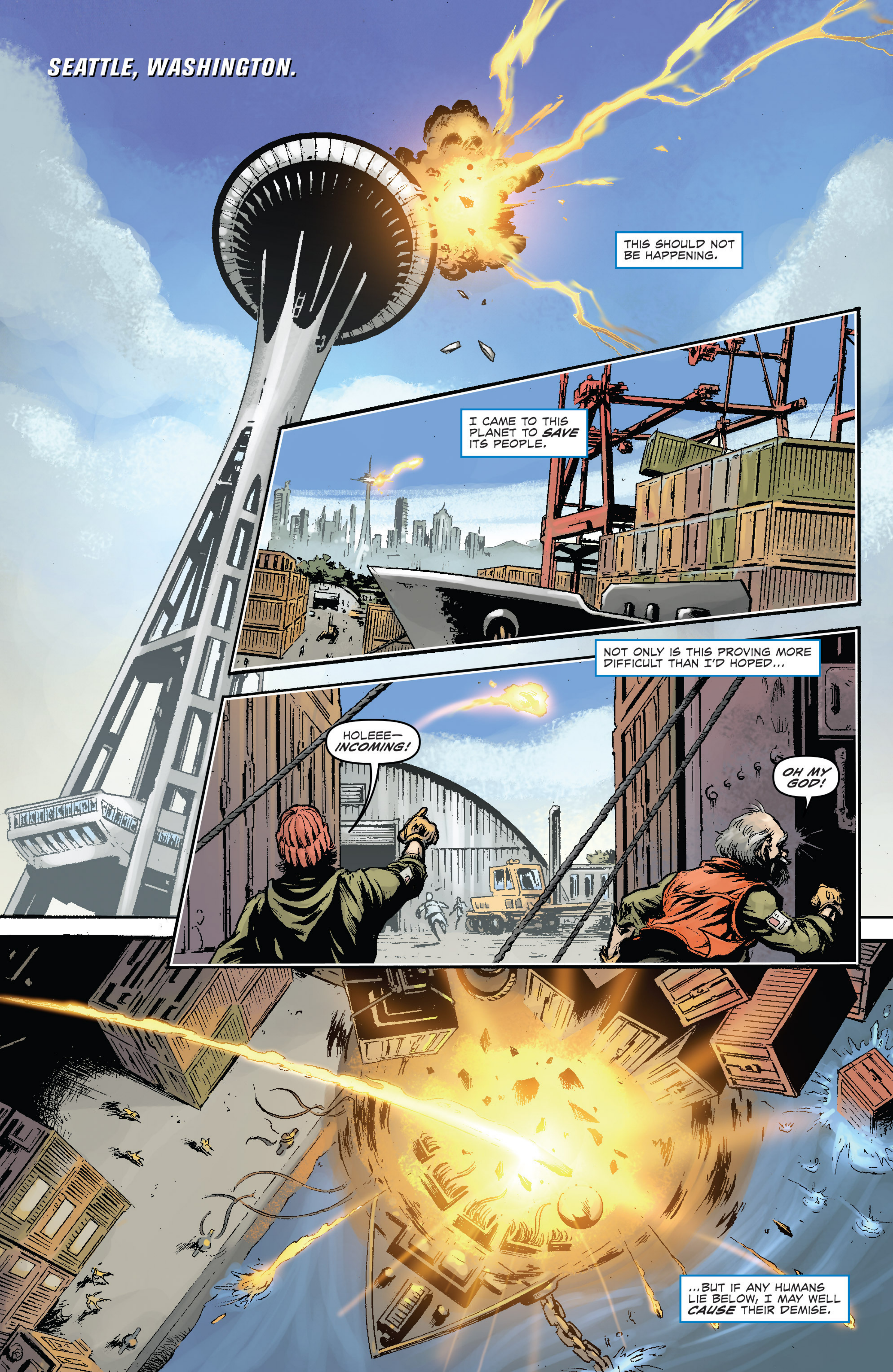
A police officer and survivor of a Wraith attack that occurred upon Rom's arrival on Earth. She was wounded by one of the Wraiths and, as her wound grows, she finds herself able to enter Wraiths' minds, even as they can do the same. Now she too is on the run even as the Wraiths take steps to track her down…





## Joe Colton

A member of the original Adventure Team, a group assembled to combat the threats that were beyond the capabilities of the traditional military establishment. Now head of the G.I. Joe program and team and, recently appointed by the President of the United States to lead the effort against the massive, frighteningly powerful Cybertronians.

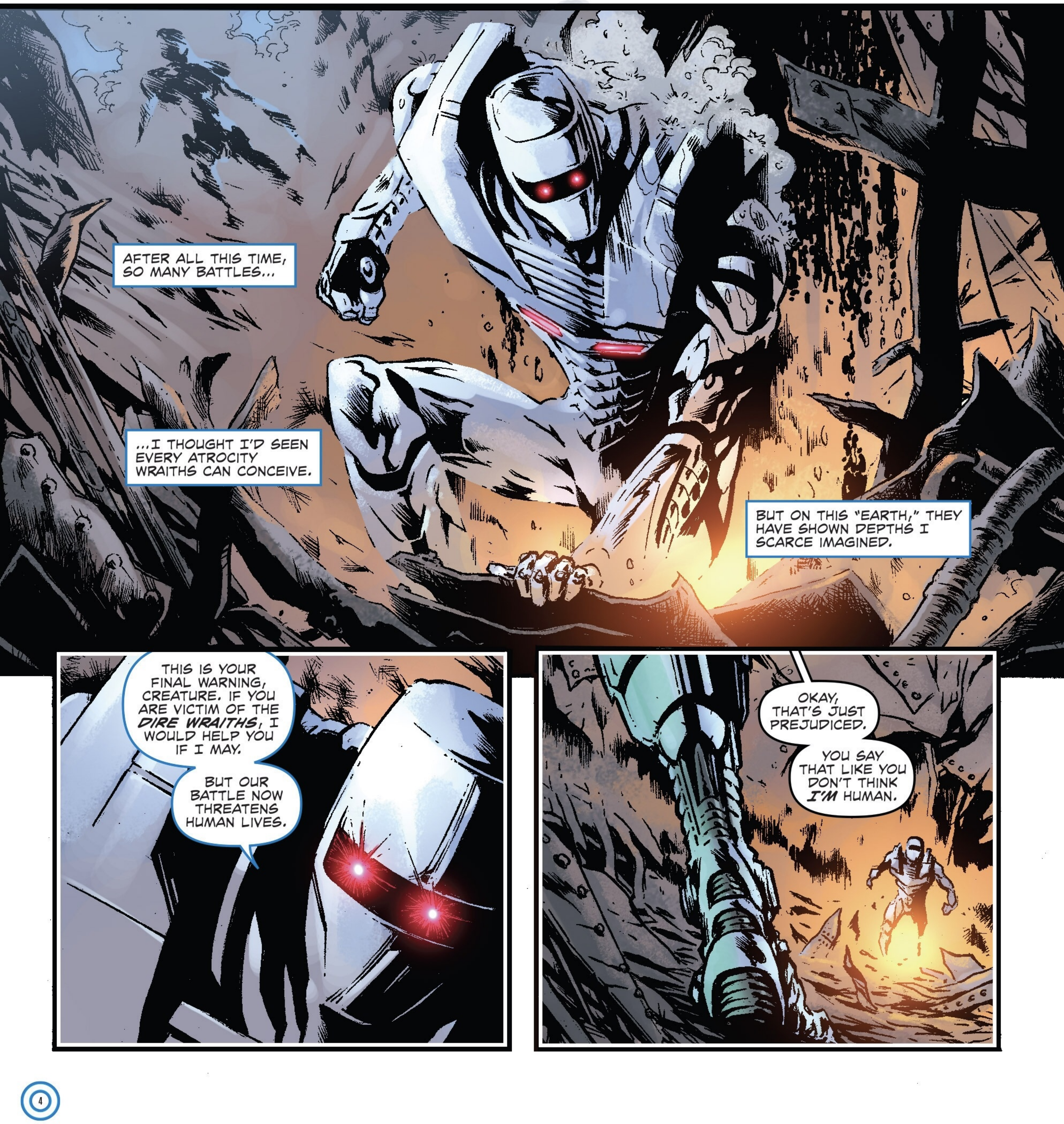

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.
THIS SHOULD NOT BE HAPPENING.
I CAME TO THIS PLANET TO *SAVE* ITS PEOPLE.
NOT ONLY IS THIS PROVING MORE DIFFICULT THAN I'D HOPED...
HOLEEE— *INCOMING!*
*OH MY GOD!*
...BUT IF ANY HUMANS LIE BELOW, I MAY WELL *CAUSE* THEIR DEMISE.

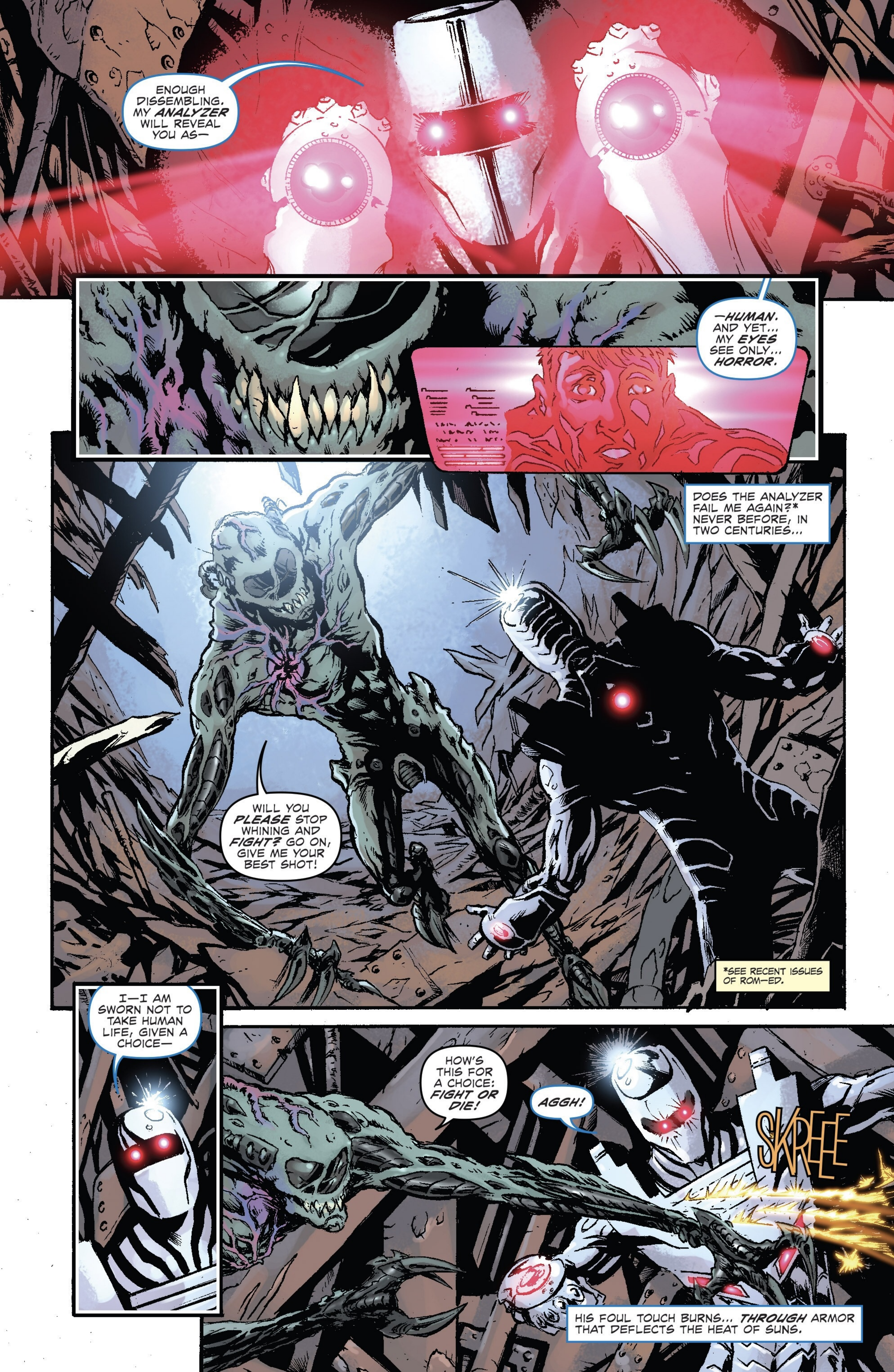
A REVOLUTION EVENT

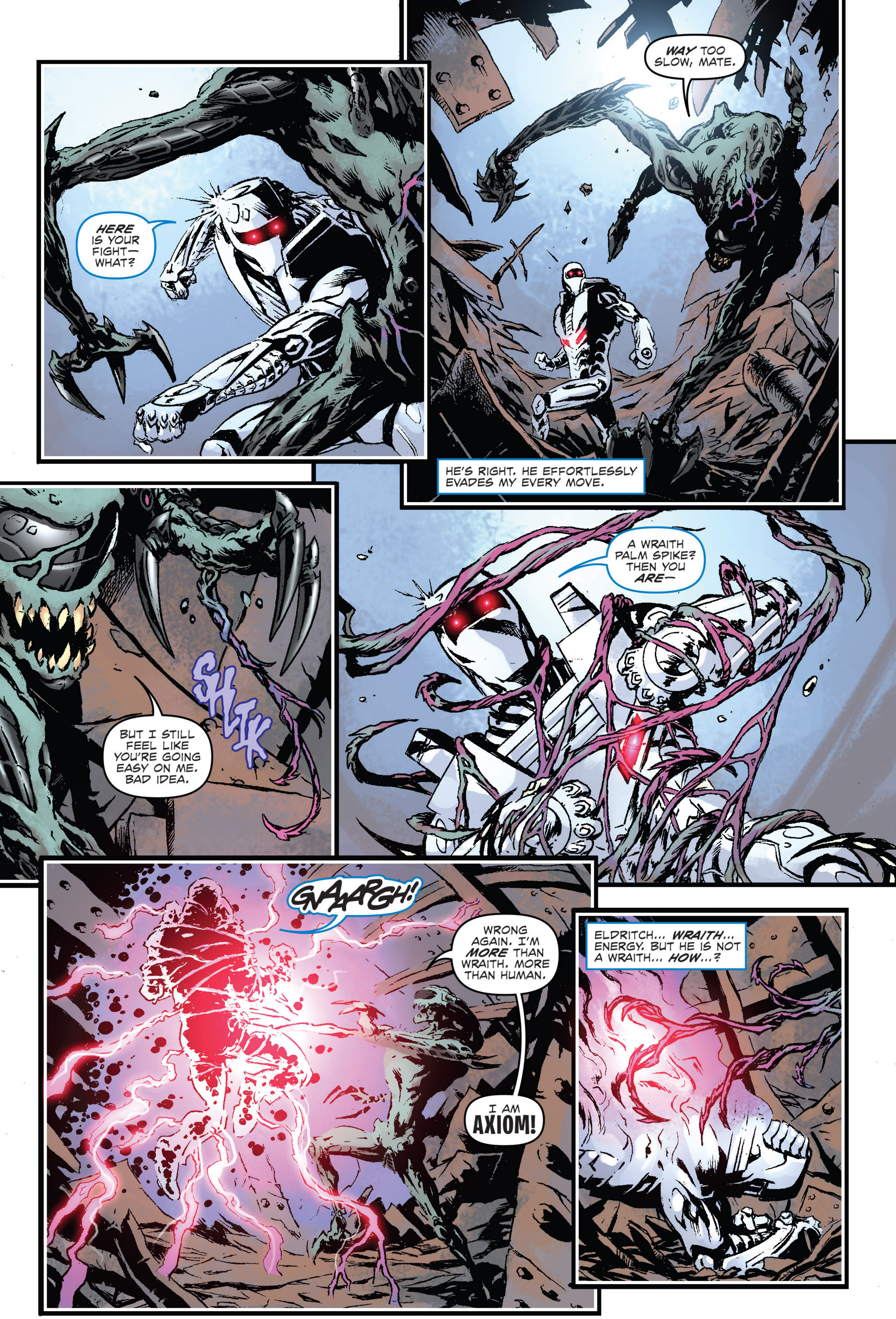
# ROM

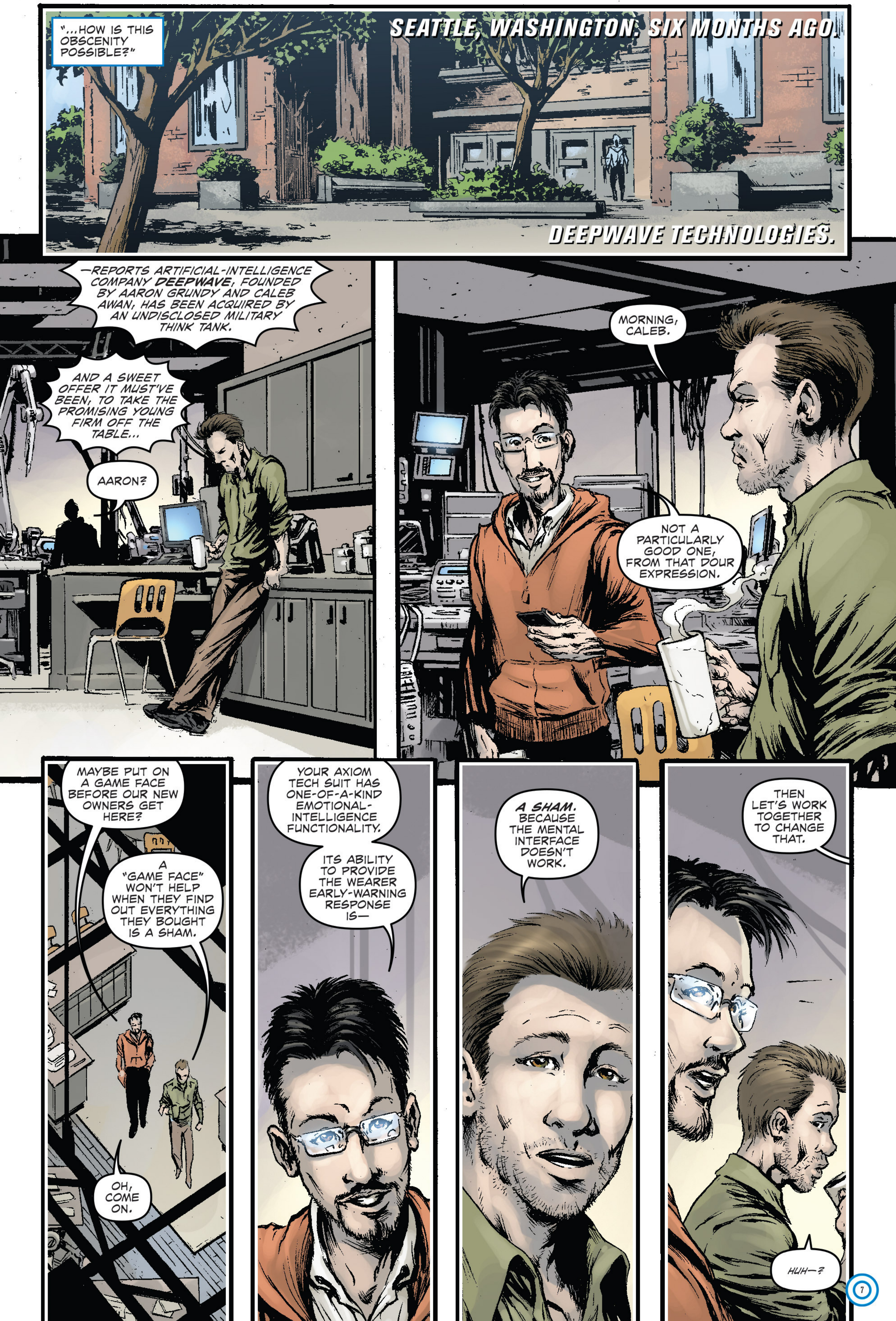
## FIELD TEST

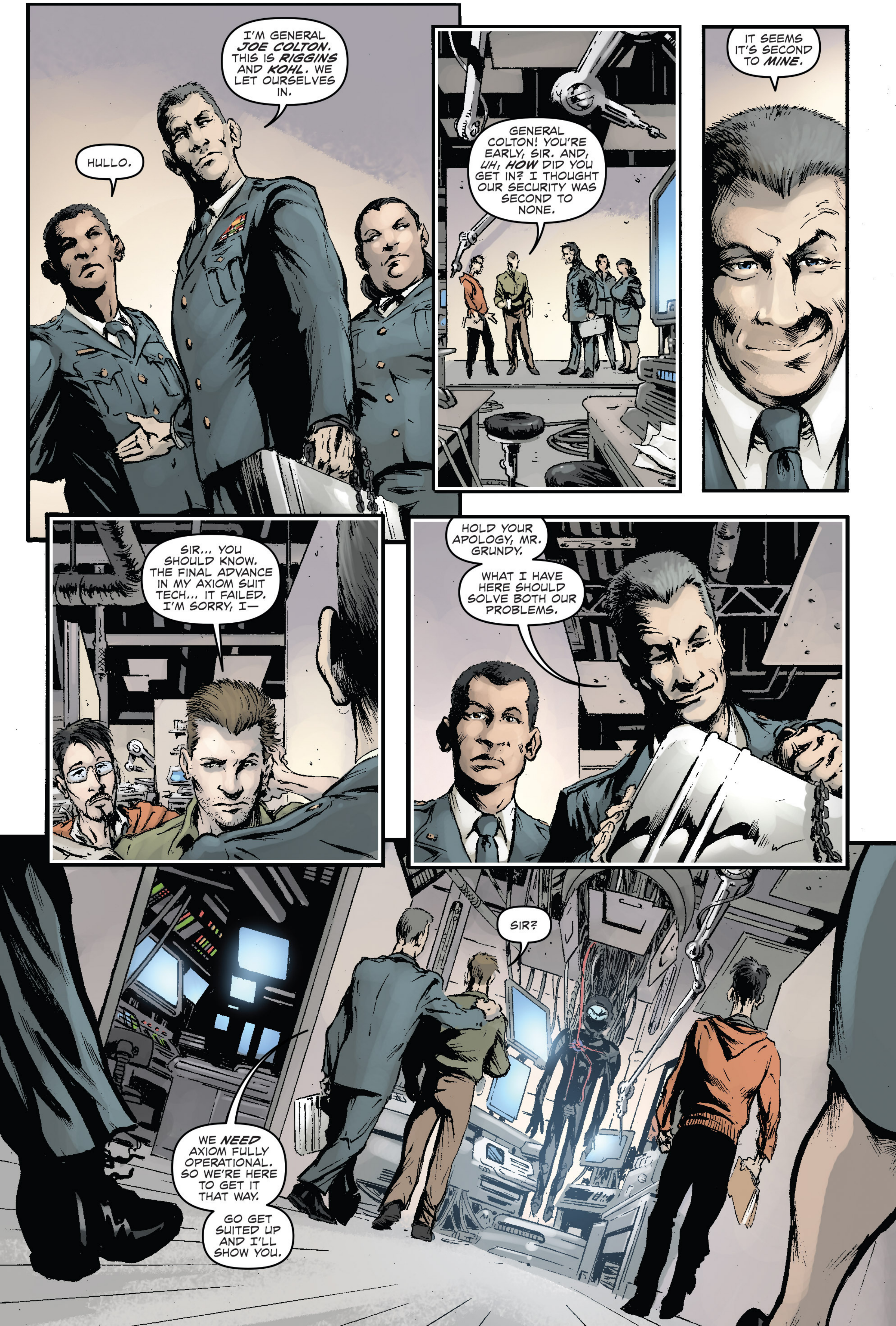
RYALL • GAGE • JOSEPH • FOTOS

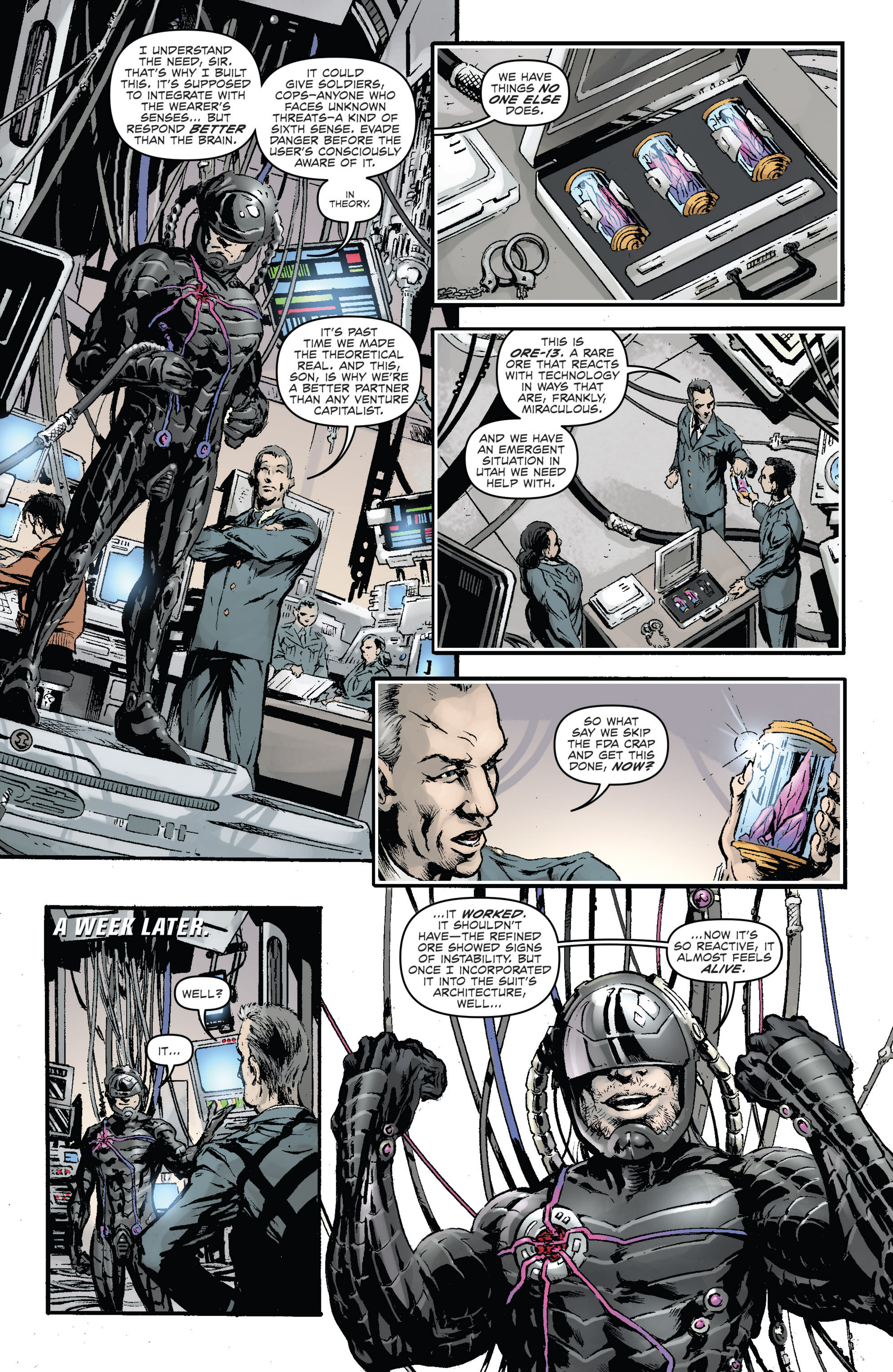

AFTER ALL THIS TIME, SO MANY BATTLES...
...I THOUGHT I'D SEEN EVERY ATROCITY WRAITHS CAN CONCEIVE.
BUT ON THIS "EARTH," THEY HAVE SHOWN DEPTHS I SCARCE IMAGINED.
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING, CREATURE. IF YOU ARE VICTIM OF THE *DIRE WRAITHS*, I WOULD HELP YOU IF I MAY.
BUT OUR BATTLE NOW THREATENS HUMAN LIVES.
OKAY, THAT'S JUST PREJUDICED.
YOU SAY THAT LIKE YOU DON'T THINK *I'M* HUMAN.

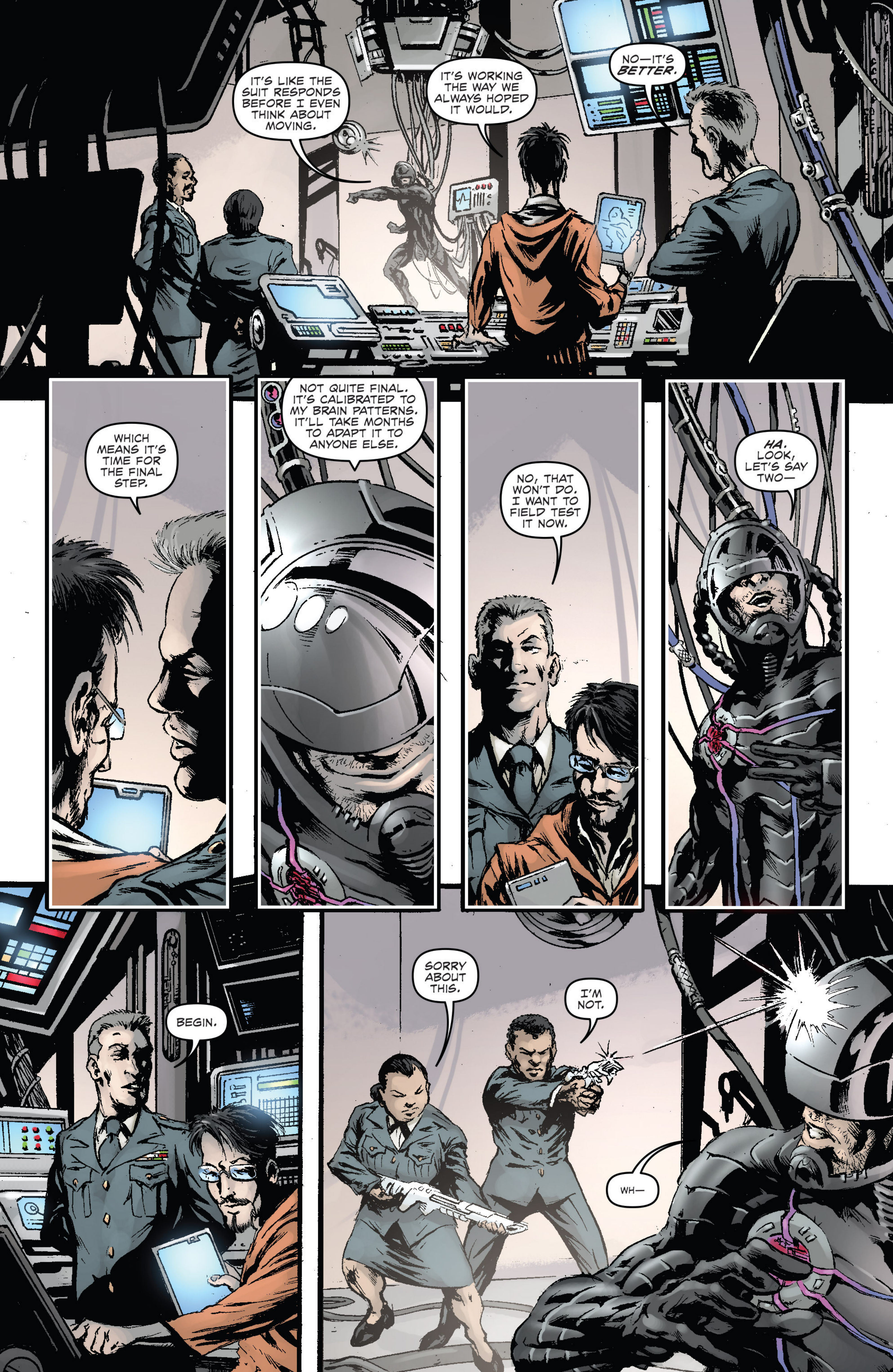

ENOUGH DISSEMBLING. MY *ANALYZER* WILL REVEAL YOU AS—
—*HUMAN.* AND YET... MY *EYES* SEE ONLY... *HORROR.*
DOES THE ANALYZER FAIL ME AGAIN?* NEVER BEFORE, IN TWO CENTURIES...
WILL YOU *PLEASE* STOP WHINING AND *FIGHT?* GO ON, GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT!
*SEE RECENT ISSUES OF ROM—ED.
I—I AM SWORN NOT TO TAKE HUMAN LIFE, GIVEN A CHOICE—
HOW'S THIS FOR A CHOICE: *FIGHT OR DIE!*
*AGGH!*
SKREEE
HIS FOUL TOUCH BURNS... *THROUGH* ARMOR THAT DEFLECTS THE HEAT OF SUNS.

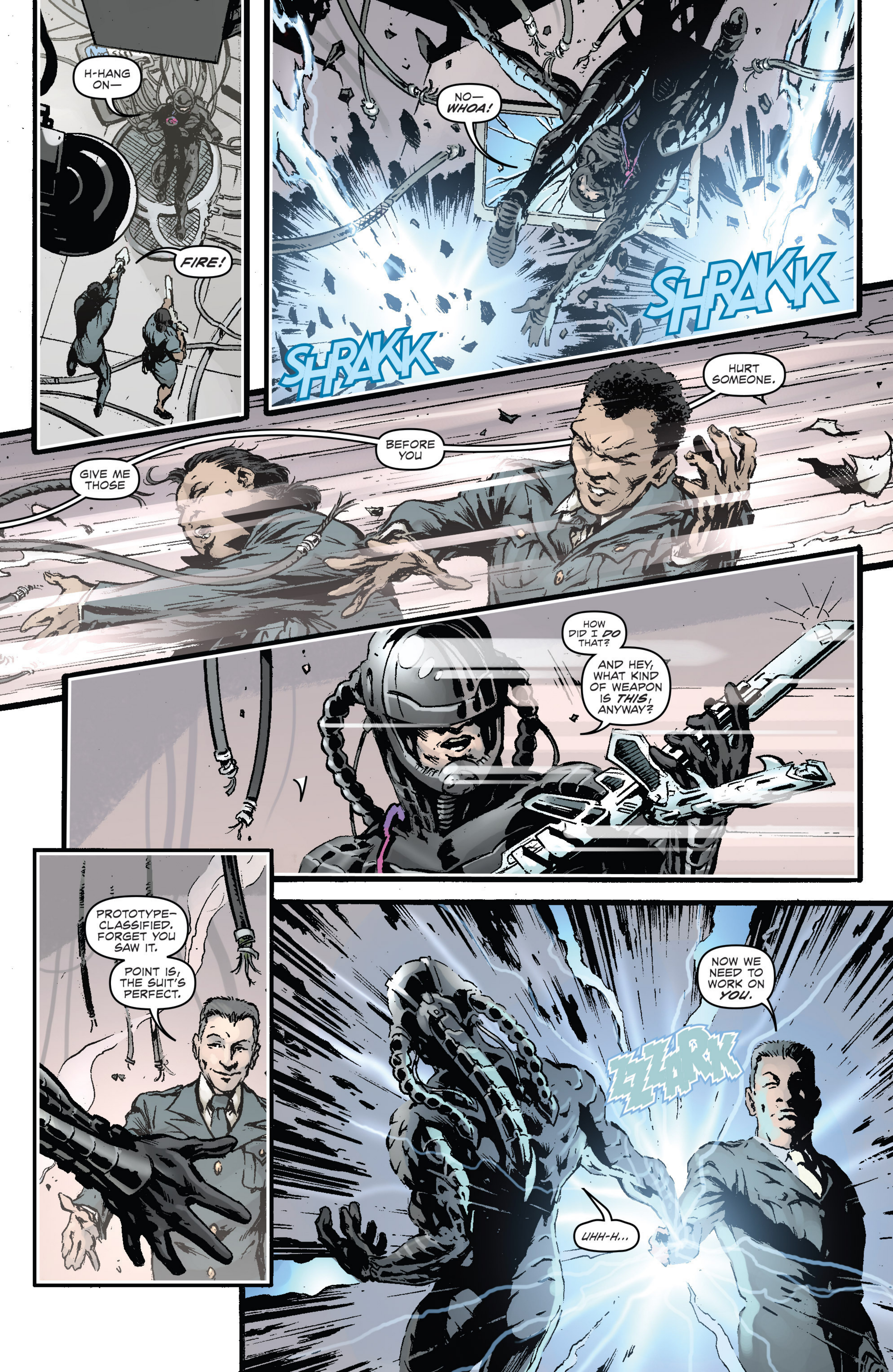

HERE IS YOUR FIGHT— WHAT?
WAY TOO SLOW, MATE.
HE'S RIGHT. HE EFFORTLESSLY EVADES MY EVERY MOVE.
BUT I STILL FEEL LIKE YOU'RE GOING EASY ON ME. BAD IDEA.
SHIK
A WRAITH PALM SPIKE? THEN YOU ARE—
GNAAARGH!
WRONG AGAIN. I'M MORE THAN WRAITH. MORE THAN HUMAN.
I AM AXIOM!
ELDRITCH... WRAITH... ENERGY. BUT HE IS NOT A WRAITH... HOW...?

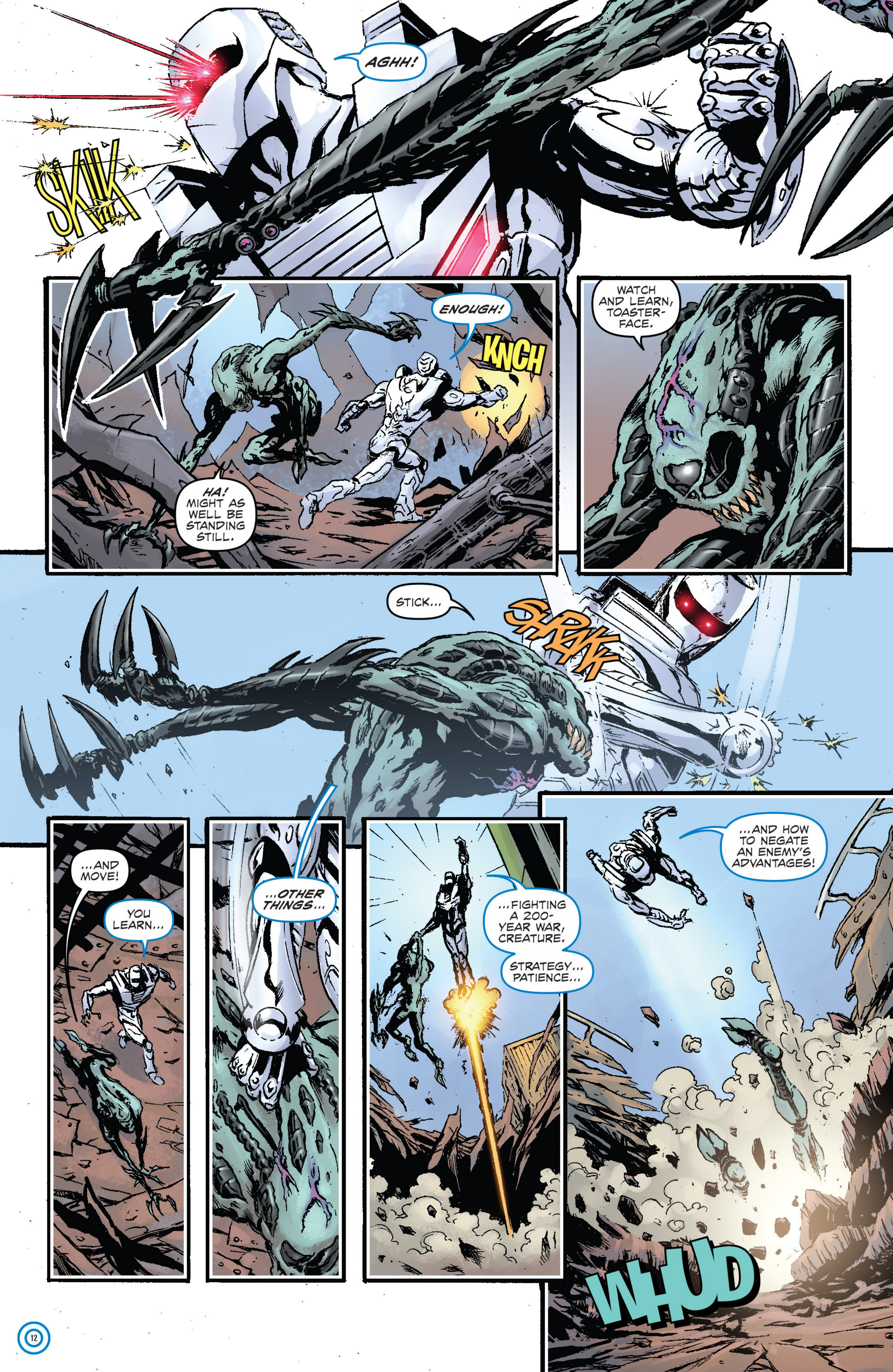

"...HOW IS THIS OBSCENITY POSSIBLE?"
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. SIX MONTHS AGO.
DEEPWAVE TECHNOLOGIES.
—REPORTS ARTIFICIAL-INTELLIGENCE COMPANY DEEPWAVE, FOUNDED BY AARON GRUNDY AND CALEB AWAN, HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY AN UNDISCLOSED MILITARY THINK TANK.
AND A SWEET OFFER IT MUST'VE BEEN, TO TAKE THE PROMISING YOUNG FIRM OFF THE TABLE...
AARON?
MORNING, CALEB.
NOT A PARTICULARLY GOOD ONE, FROM THAT DOUR EXPRESSION.
MAYBE PUT ON A GAME FACE BEFORE OUR NEW OWNERS GET HERE?
A "GAME FACE" WON'T HELP WHEN THEY FIND OUT EVERYTHING THEY BOUGHT IS A SHAM.
OH, COME ON.
YOUR AXIOM TECH SUIT HAS ONE-OF-A-KIND EMOTIONAL-INTELLIGENCE FUNCTIONALITY.
ITS ABILITY TO PROVIDE THE WEARER EARLY-WARNING RESPONSE IS—
A SHAM. BECAUSE THE MENTAL INTERFACE DOESN'T WORK.
THEN LET'S WORK TOGETHER TO CHANGE THAT.
HUH—?

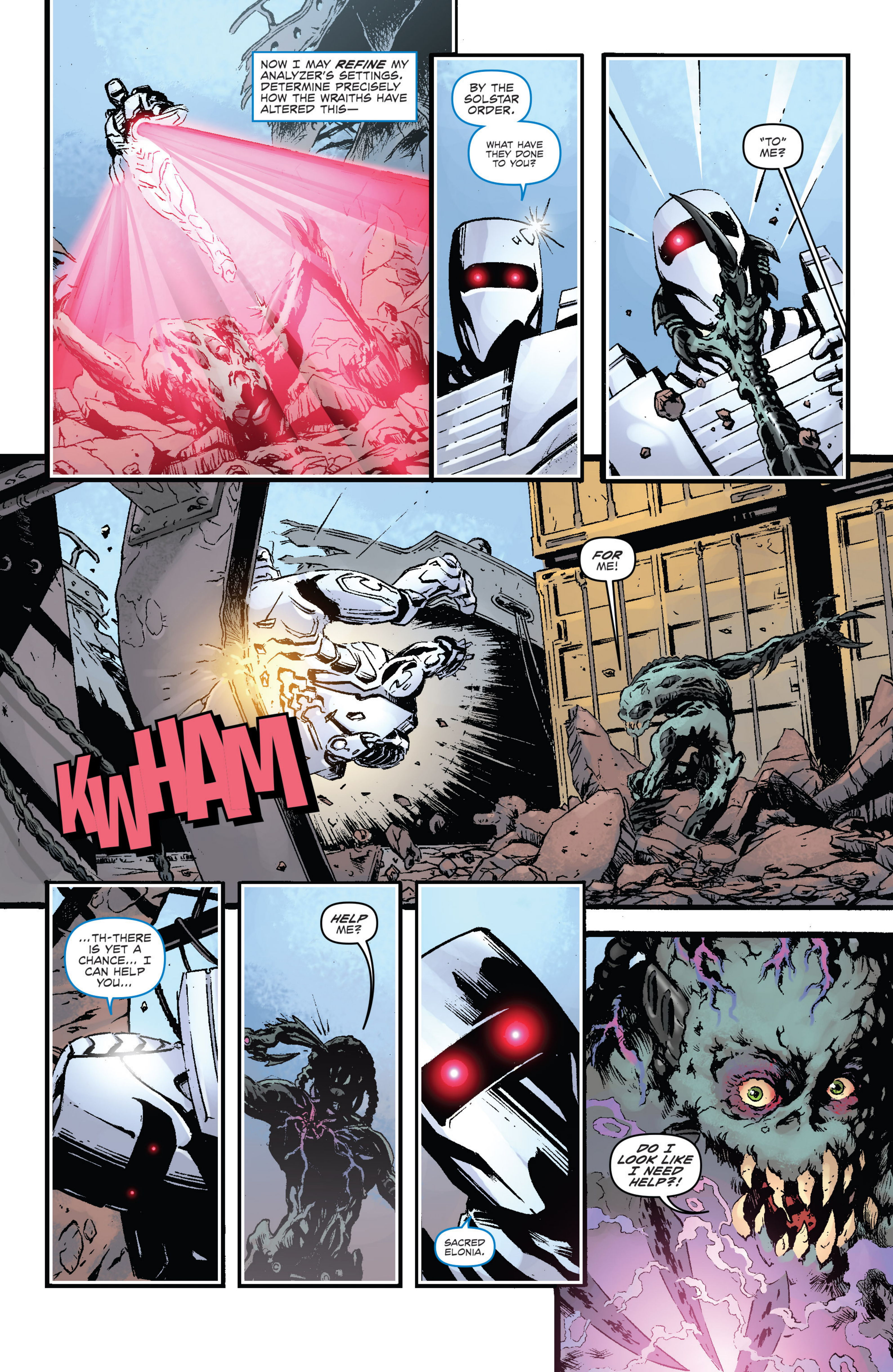

I'M GENERAL *JOE COLTON*. THIS IS *RIGGINS* AND *KOHL*. WE LET OURSELVES IN.
HULLO.
GENERAL COLTON! YOU'RE EARLY, SIR. AND, *UH*, *HOW* DID YOU GET IN? I THOUGHT OUR SECURITY WAS SECOND TO NONE.
IT SEEMS IT'S SECOND TO *MINE*.
SIR... YOU SHOULD KNOW. THE FINAL ADVANCE IN MY AXIOM SUIT TECH... IT FAILED. I'M SORRY, I—
HOLD YOUR APOLOGY, MR. GRUNDY.
WHAT I HAVE HERE SHOULD SOLVE BOTH OUR PROBLEMS.
SIR?
WE *NEED* AXIOM FULLY OPERATIONAL. SO WE'RE HERE TO GET IT THAT WAY.
GO GET SUITED UP AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

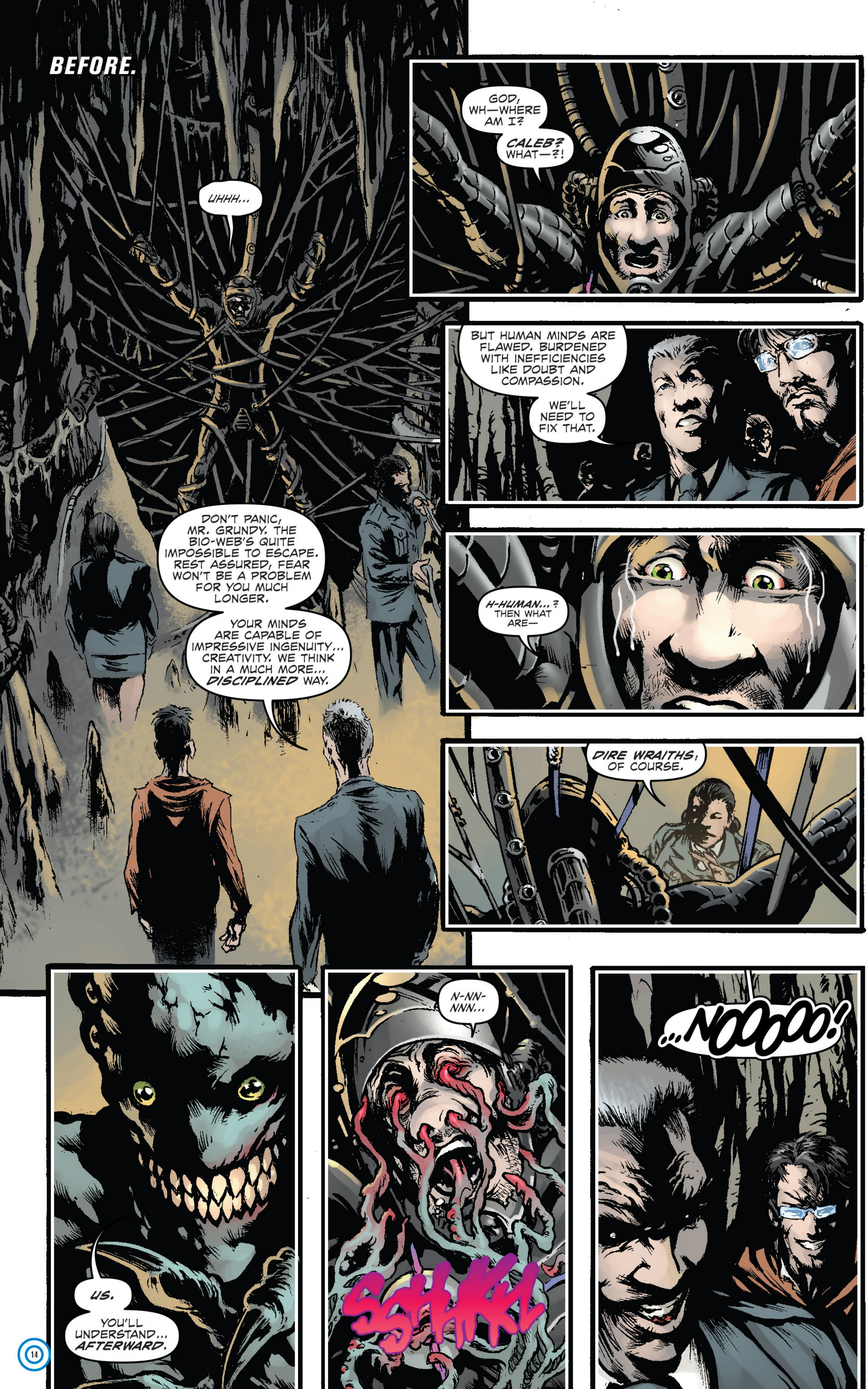

I UNDERSTAND THE NEED, SIR. THAT'S WHY I BUILT THIS. IT'S SUPPOSED TO INTEGRATE WITH THE WEARER'S SENSES... BUT RESPOND **BETTER** THAN THE BRAIN.
IT COULD GIVE SOLDIERS, COPS—ANYONE WHO FACES UNKNOWN THREATS—A KIND OF SIXTH SENSE. EVADE DANGER BEFORE THE USER'S CONSCIOUSLY AWARE OF IT.
IN THEORY.
IT'S PAST TIME WE MADE THE THEORETICAL REAL. AND THIS, SON, IS WHY WE'RE A BETTER PARTNER THAN ANY VENTURE CAPITALIST.
WE HAVE THINGS ***NO ONE ELSE*** DOES.
THIS IS ***ORE-13***. A RARE ORE THAT REACTS WITH TECHNOLOGY IN WAYS THAT ARE, FRANKLY, MIRACULOUS.
AND WE HAVE AN EMERGENT SITUATION IN UTAH WE NEED HELP WITH.
SO WHAT SAY WE SKIP THE FDA CRAP AND GET THIS DONE, ***NOW?***
A WEEK LATER.
WELL?
IT...
...IT ***WORKED***. IT SHOULDN'T HAVE—THE REFINED ORE SHOWED SIGNS OF INSTABILITY. BUT ONCE I INCORPORATED IT INTO THE SUIT'S ARCHITECTURE, WELL...
...NOW IT'S SO REACTIVE, IT ALMOST FEELS ***ALIVE***.

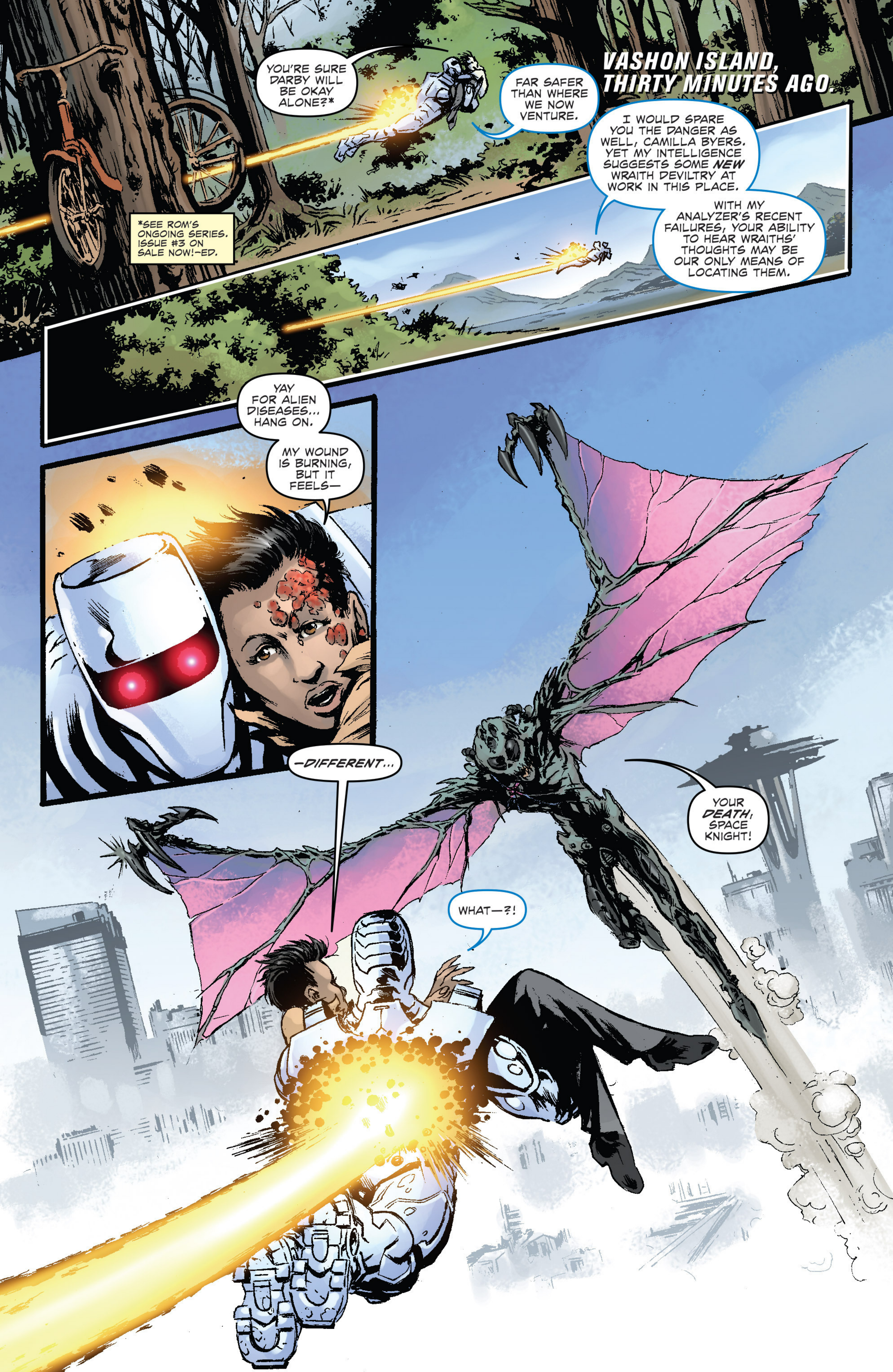

IT'S LIKE THE SUIT RESPONDS BEFORE I EVEN THINK ABOUT MOVING.
IT'S WORKING THE WAY WE ALWAYS HOPED IT WOULD.
NO—IT'S **BETTER.**
WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR THE FINAL STEP.
NOT QUITE FINAL. IT'S CALIBRATED TO MY BRAIN PATTERNS. IT'LL TAKE MONTHS TO ADAPT IT TO ANYONE ELSE.
NO, THAT WON'T DO. I WANT TO FIELD TEST IT NOW.
*HA.* LOOK, LET'S SAY TWO—
BEGIN.
SORRY ABOUT THIS.
I'M NOT.
WH—

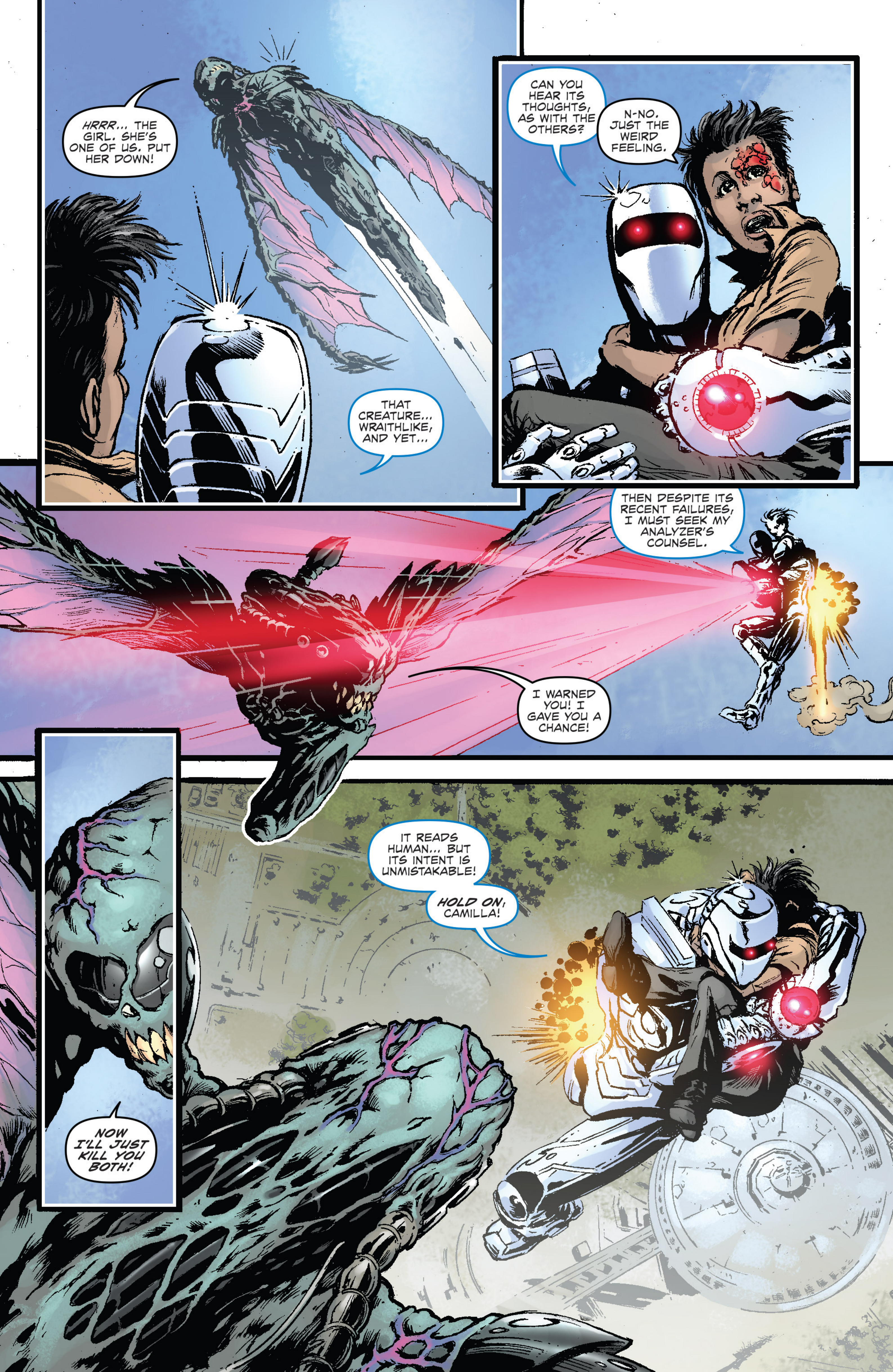

H-HANG ON—
FIRE!
NO— *WHOA!*
SHRAKK
SHRAKK
GIVE ME THOSE
BEFORE YOU
HURT SOMEONE.
HOW DID I *DO* THAT?
AND HEY, WHAT KIND OF WEAPON IS *THIS*, ANYWAY?
PROTOTYPE—CLASSIFIED. FORGET YOU SAW IT.
POINT IS, THE SUIT'S PERFECT.
NOW WE NEED TO WORK ON *YOU*.
ZZARK
UHH-H...

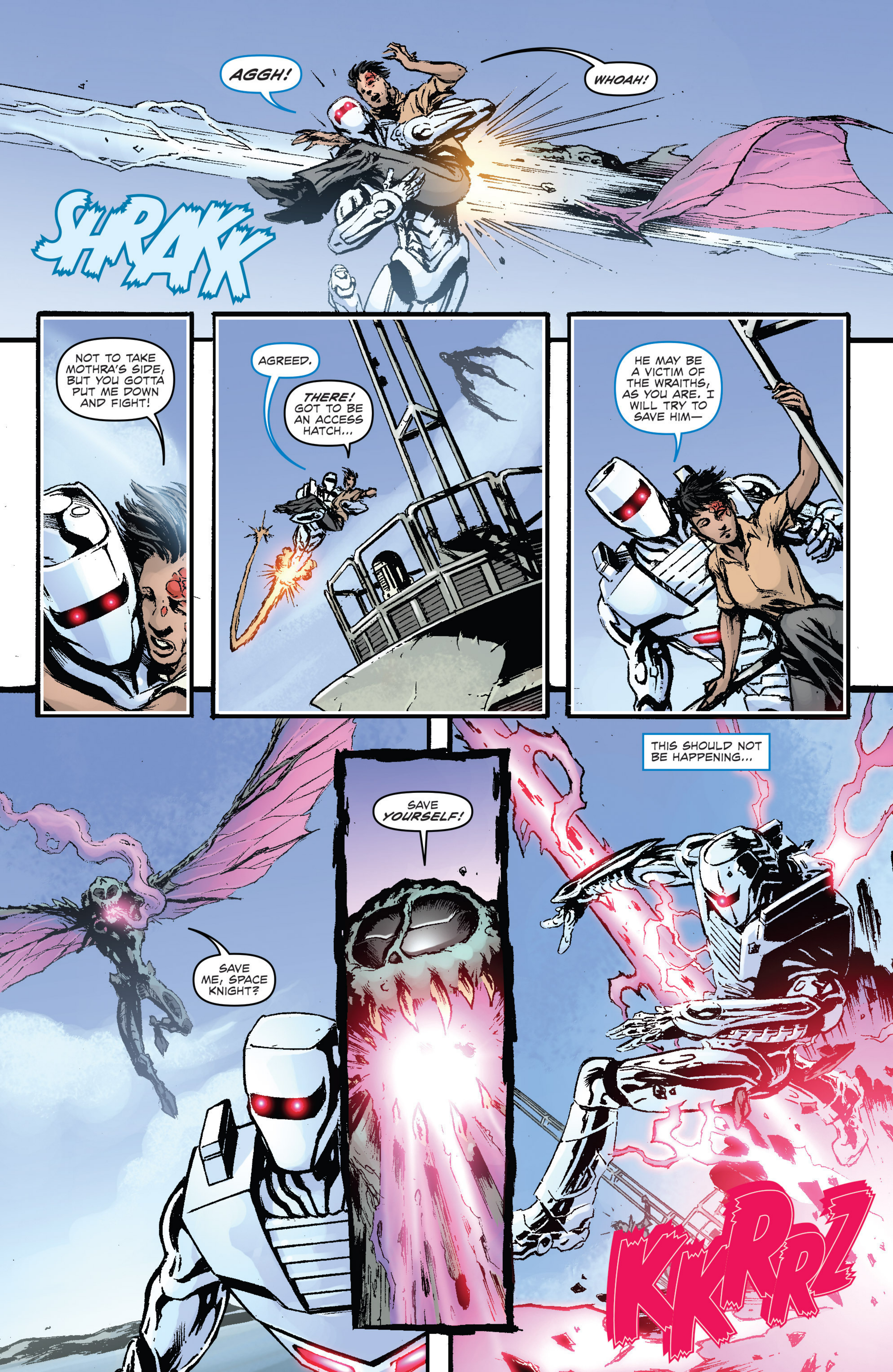

AGHH!
SKIIK
ENOUGH!
KNCH
HA! MIGHT AS WELL BE STANDING STILL.
WATCH AND LEARN, TOASTER-FACE.
STICK...
SHRKK
...AND MOVE!
YOU LEARN...
...OTHER THINGS...
...FIGHTING A 200-YEAR WAR, CREATURE.
STRATEGY... PATIENCE...
...AND HOW TO NEGATE AN ENEMY'S ADVANTAGES!
WHUD

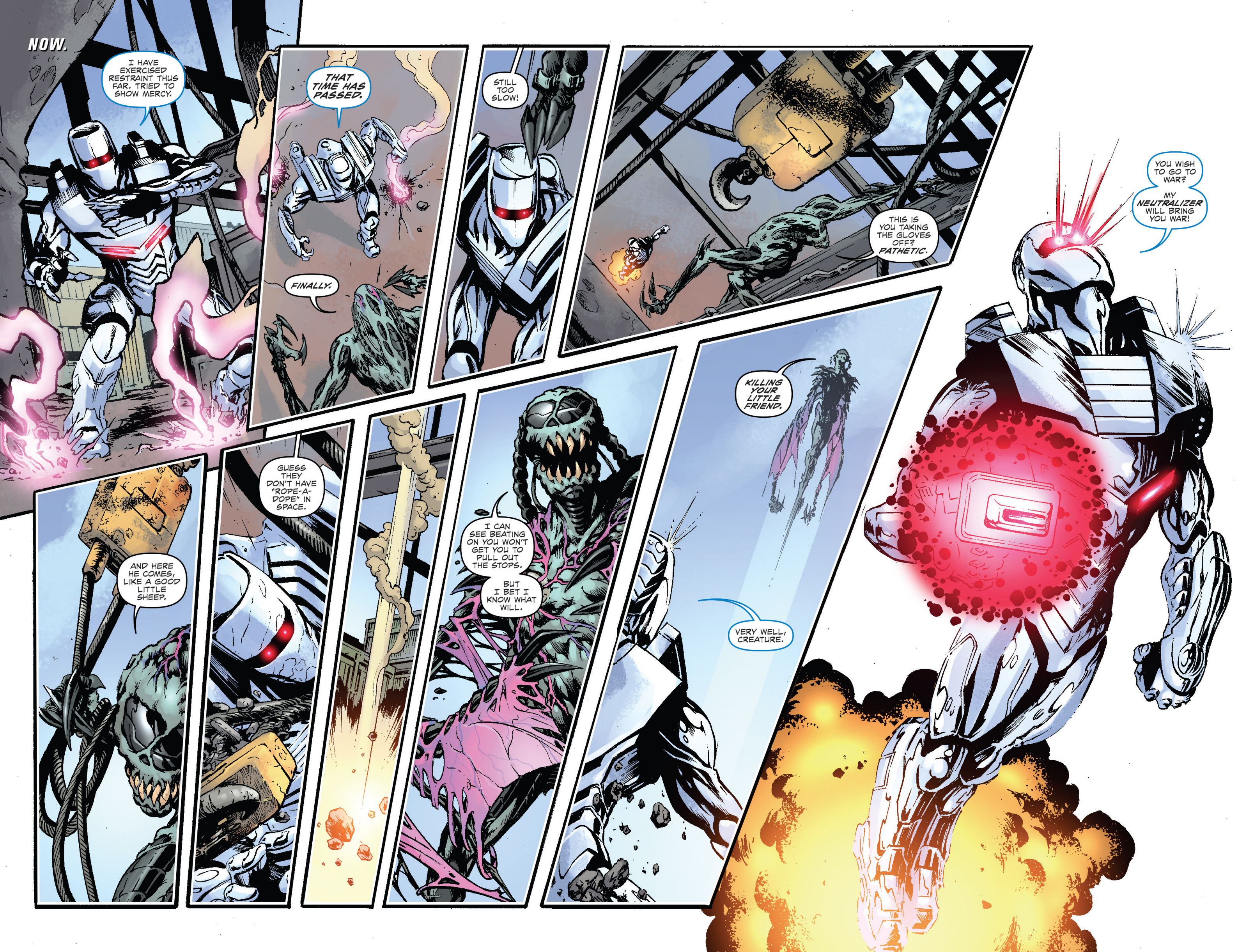

NOW I MAY *REFINE* MY ANALYZER'S SETTINGS. DETERMINE PRECISELY HOW THE WRAITHS HAVE ALTERED THIS—
BY THE SOLSTAR ORDER.
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
"TO" ME?
*FOR* ME!
KWHAM
...TH-THERE IS YET A CHANCE... I CAN HELP YOU...
*HELP ME?*
SACRED ELONIA.
*DO I LOOK LIKE I NEED HELP?!*

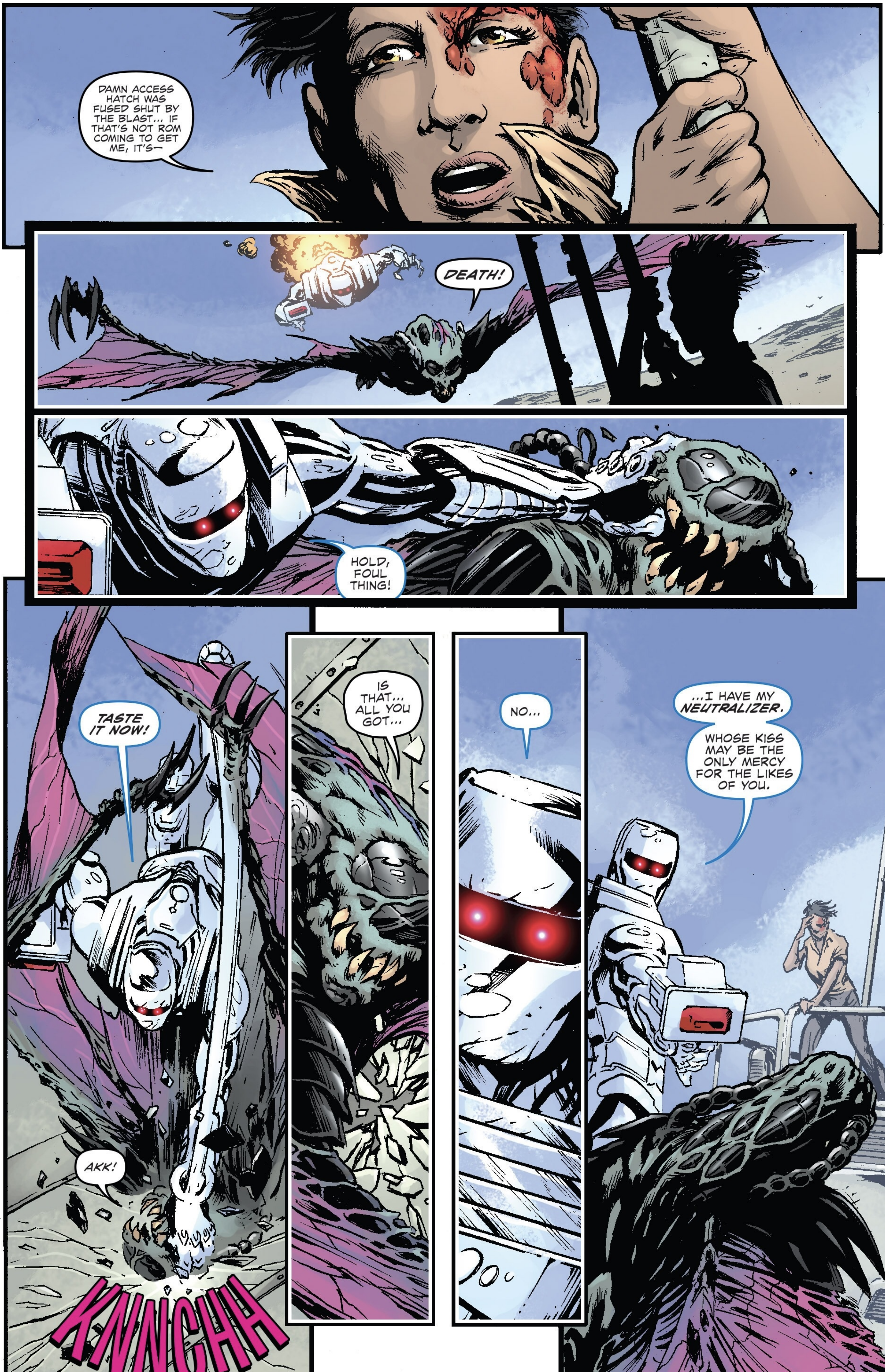

BEFORE.
UHHH...
GOD, WH—WHERE AM I?
CALEB? WHAT—?!
DON'T PANIC, MR. GRUNDY. THE BIO-WEB'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE. REST ASSURED, FEAR WON'T BE A PROBLEM FOR YOU MUCH LONGER.
YOUR MINDS ARE CAPABLE OF IMPRESSIVE INGENUITY... CREATIVITY. WE THINK IN A MUCH MORE... DISCIPLINED WAY.
BUT HUMAN MINDS ARE FLAWED. BURDENED WITH INEFFICIENCIES LIKE DOUBT AND COMPASSION.
WE'LL NEED TO FIX THAT.
H-HUMAN...? THEN WHAT ARE—
DIRE WRAITHS, OF COURSE.
US.
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND... AFTERWARD.
N-NN-NNN...
SSHKKL
...NOOOOOO!

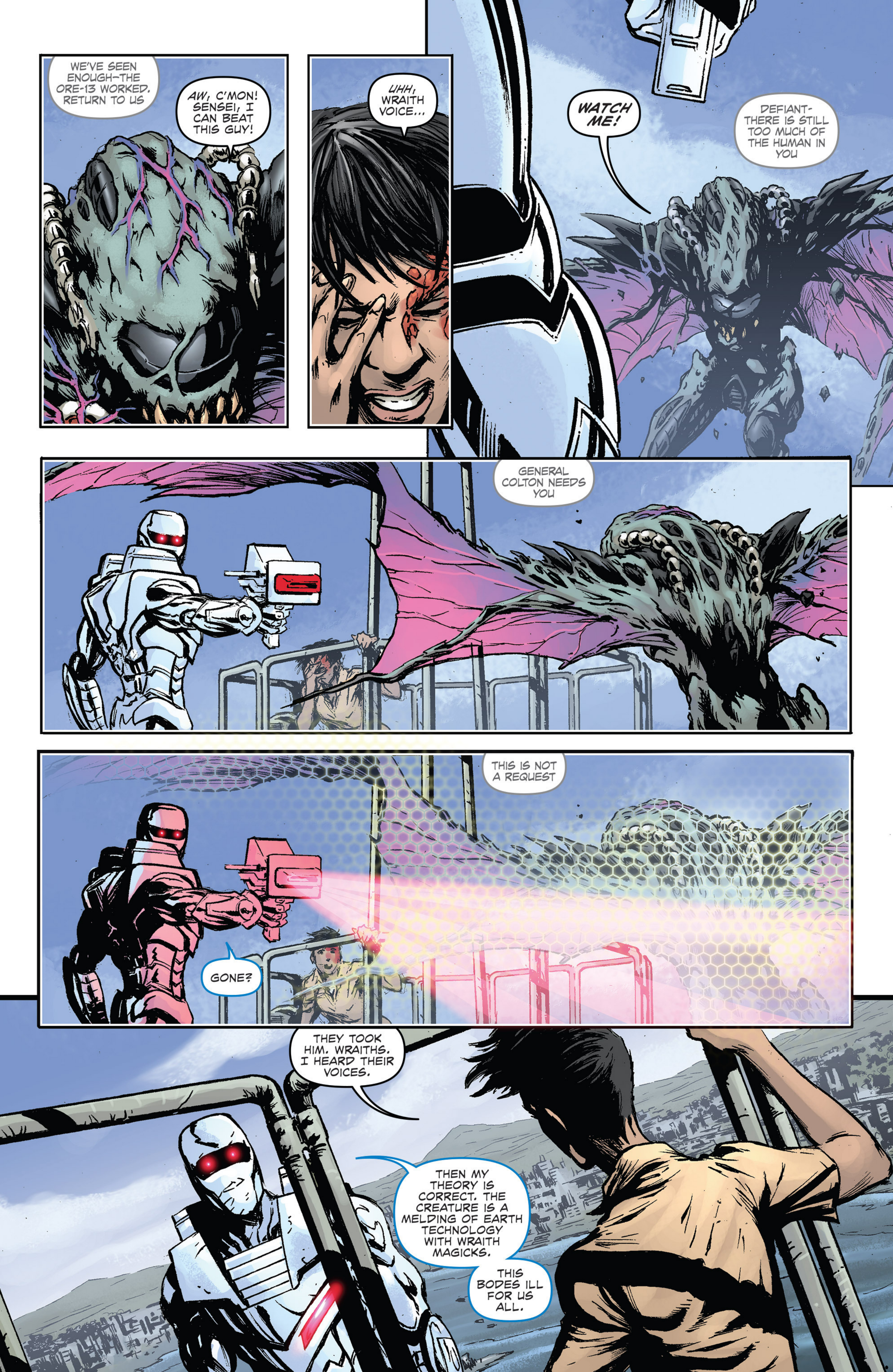

VASHON ISLAND, THIRTY MINUTES AGO.
YOU'RE SURE DARBY WILL BE OKAY ALONE?*
*SEE ROM'S ONGOING SERIES. ISSUE #3 ON SALE NOW!–ED.
FAR SAFER THAN WHERE WE NOW VENTURE.
I WOULD SPARE YOU THE DANGER AS WELL, CAMILLA BYERS. YET MY INTELLIGENCE SUGGESTS SOME *NEW* WRAITH DEVILTRY AT WORK IN THIS PLACE.
WITH MY ANALYZER'S RECENT FAILURES, YOUR ABILITY TO HEAR WRAITHS' THOUGHTS MAY BE OUR ONLY MEANS OF LOCATING THEM.
YAY FOR ALIEN DISEASES... HANG ON.
MY WOUND IS BURNING, BUT IT FEELS—
—*DIFFERENT*...
YOUR *DEATH*, SPACE KNIGHT!
WHAT—?!

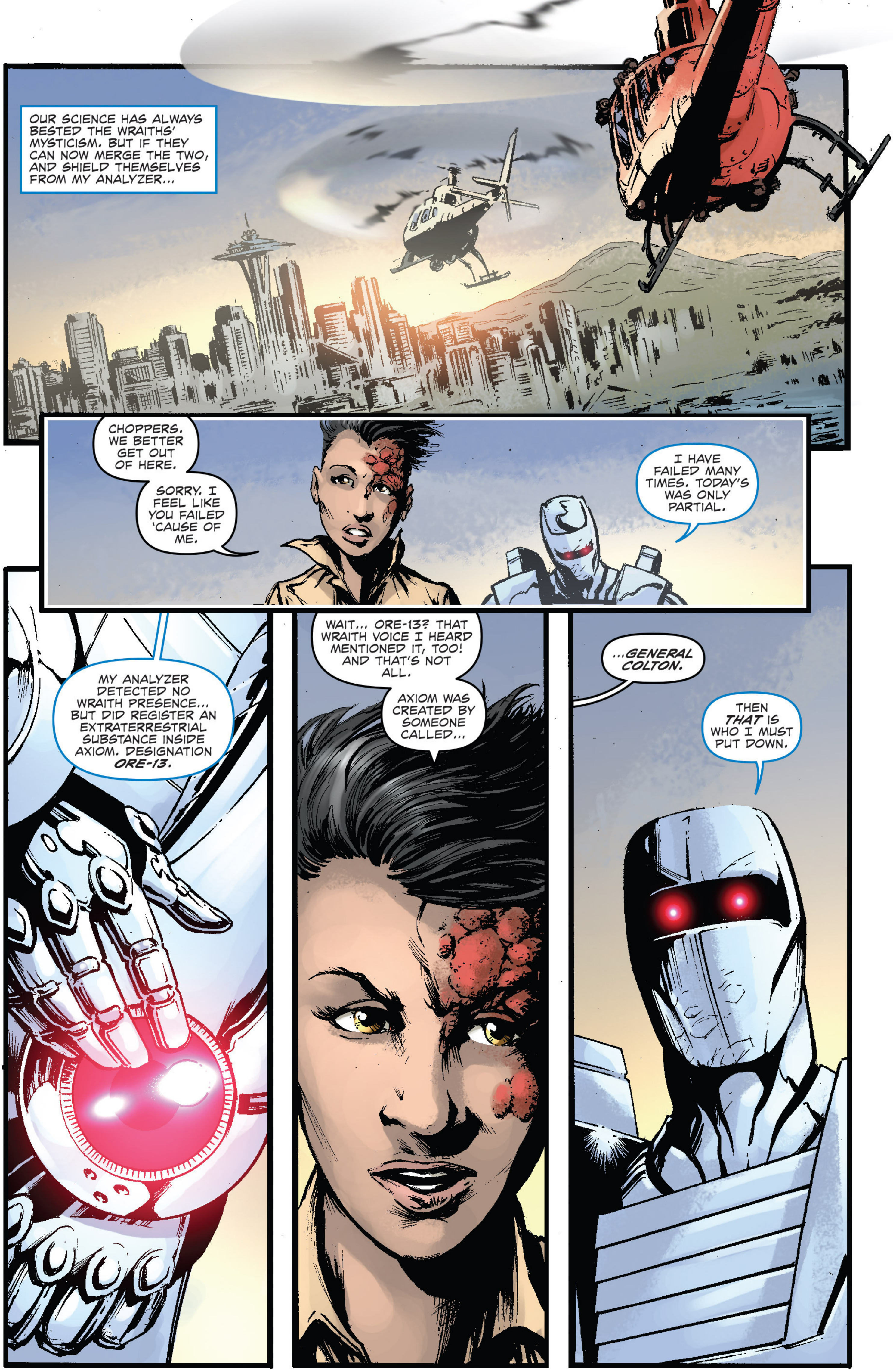

*HRRR*... THE GIRL. SHE'S ONE OF US. PUT HER DOWN!
THAT CREATURE... WRAITHLIKE, AND YET...
CAN YOU HEAR ITS THOUGHTS, AS WITH THE OTHERS?
N-NO. JUST THE WEIRD FEELING.
THEN DESPITE ITS RECENT FAILURES, I MUST SEEK MY ANALYZER'S COUNSEL.
I WARNED YOU! I GAVE YOU A CHANCE!
*NOW I'LL JUST KILL YOU BOTH!*
IT READS HUMAN... BUT ITS INTENT IS UNMISTAKABLE!
***HOLD ON***, CAMILLA!


AGGH!
WHOAH!
SHRAKK
NOT TO TAKE MOTHRA'S SIDE, BUT YOU GOTTA PUT ME DOWN AND FIGHT!
AGREED.
*THERE!* GOT TO BE AN ACCESS HATCH...
HE MAY BE A VICTIM OF THE WRAITHS, AS YOU ARE. I WILL TRY TO SAVE HIM—
THIS SHOULD NOT BE HAPPENING...
SAVE ME, SPACE KNIGHT?
SAVE *YOURSELF!*
KKRRZ


NOW.
I HAVE EXERCISED RESTRAINT THUS FAR. TRIED TO SHOW MERCY.
*THAT TIME HAS PASSED.*
*FINALLY.*
STILL TOO SLOW!
THIS IS YOU TAKING THE GLOVES OFF? *PATHETIC.*
AND HERE HE COMES, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE SHEEP.
GUESS THEY DON'T HAVE "ROPE-A-DOPE" IN SPACE.
I CAN SEE BEATING ON YOU WON'T GET YOU TO PULL OUT THE STOPS.
BUT I BET I KNOW WHAT WILL.
*KILLING YOUR LITTLE FRIEND.*
VERY WELL, CREATURE.
YOU WISH TO GO TO WAR?
MY *NEUTRALIZER* WILL BRING YOU WAR!

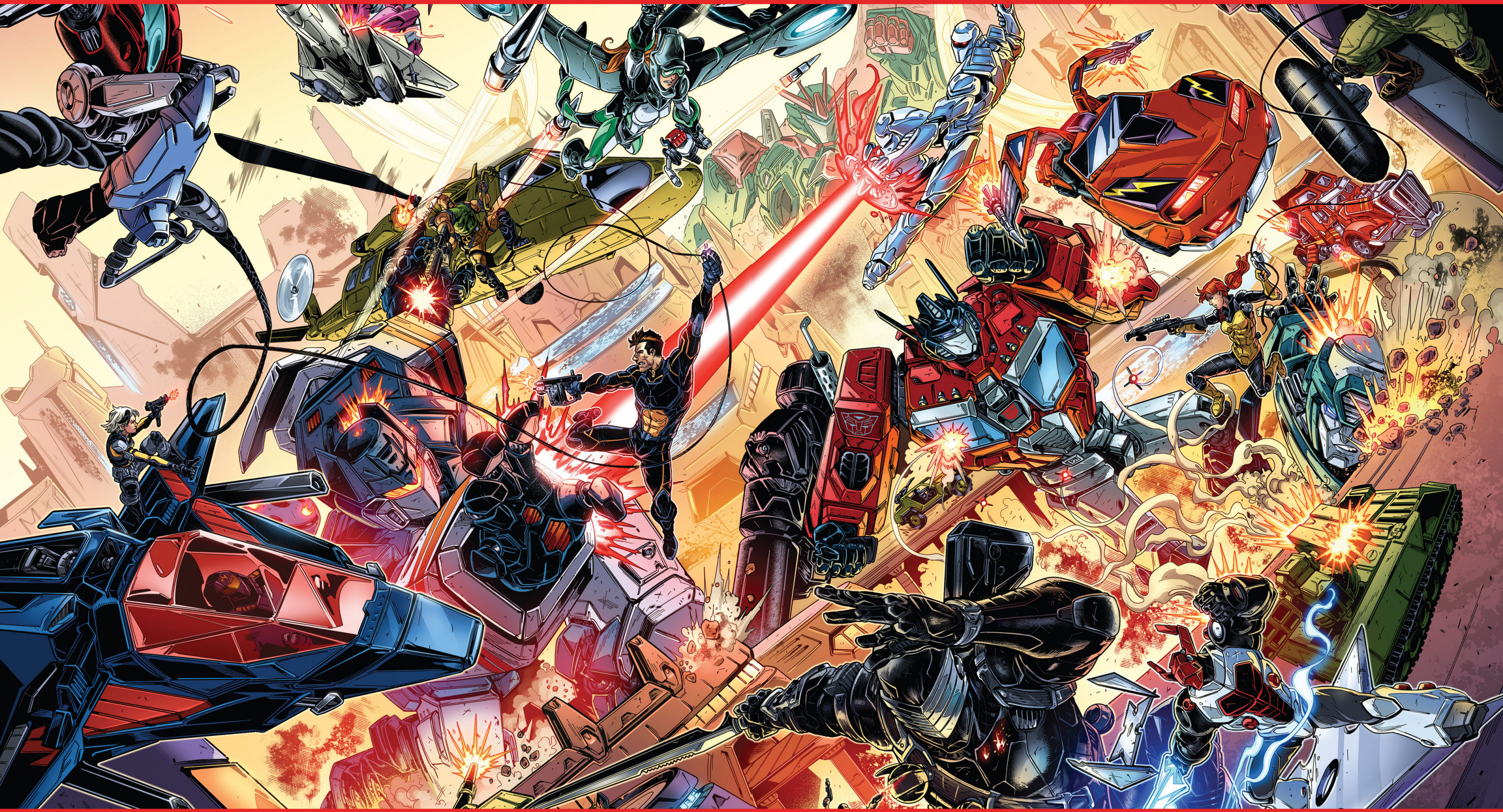

DAMN ACCESS HATCH WAS FUSED SHUT BY THE BLAST... IF THAT'S NOT ROM COMING TO GET ME, IT'S—
*DEATH!*
HOLD, FOUL THING!
*TASTE IT NOW!*
AKK!
KNNCHH
IS THAT... ALL YOU GOT...
NO...
...I HAVE MY *NEUTRALIZER*.
WHOSE KISS MAY BE THE ONLY MERCY FOR THE LIKES OF YOU.


WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH—THE ORE-13 WORKED. RETURN TO US
AW, C'MON! SENSEI, I CAN BEAT THIS GUY!
UHH, WRAITH VOICE...
WATCH ME!
DEFIANT-THERE IS STILL TOO MUCH OF THE HUMAN IN YOU
GENERAL COLTON NEEDS YOU
THIS IS NOT A REQUEST
GONE?
THEY TOOK HIM. WRAITHS. I HEARD THEIR VOICES.
THEN MY THEORY IS CORRECT. THE CREATURE IS A MELDING OF EARTH TECHNOLOGY WITH WRAITH MAGICKS.
THIS BODES ILL FOR US ALL.


OUR SCIENCE HAS ALWAYS BESTED THE WRAITHS' MYSTICISM. BUT IF THEY CAN NOW MERGE THE TWO, AND SHIELD THEMSELVES FROM MY ANALYZER...
CHOPPERS. WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.
SORRY. I FEEL LIKE YOU FAILED 'CAUSE OF ME.
I HAVE FAILED MANY TIMES. TODAY'S WAS ONLY PARTIAL.
MY ANALYZER DETECTED NO WRAITH PRESENCE... BUT DID REGISTER AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL SUBSTANCE INSIDE AXIOM. DESIGNATION *ORE-13*.
WAIT... ORE-13? THAT WRAITH VOICE I HEARD MENTIONED IT, TOO! AND THAT'S NOT ALL.
AXIOM WAS CREATED BY SOMEONE CALLED...
...*GENERAL COLTON.*
THEN *THAT* IS WHO I MUST PUT DOWN.

**TO BE CONTINUED IN REVOLUTION! AXIOM WILL RETURN IN THE PAGES OF ROM!**

REVOLUTION TAKE A STAND



THE REVOLUTION BEGINS THIS SEPTEMBER

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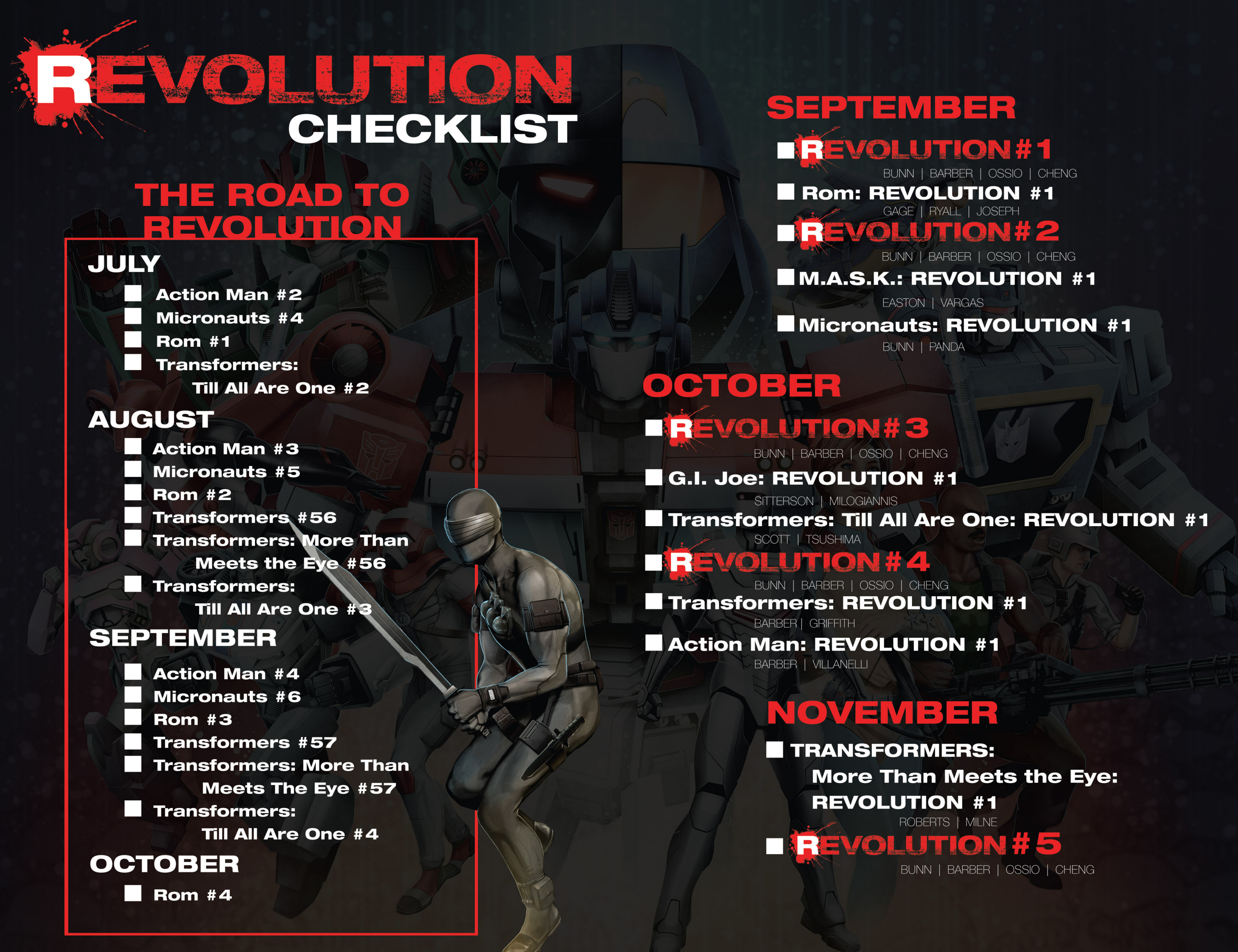

# REVOLUTION CHECKLIST

## THE ROAD TO REVOLUTION

### JULY

- ☐ **Action Man #2**
- ☐ **Micronauts #4**
- ☐ **Rom #1**
- ☐ **Transformers: Till All Are One #2**

### AUGUST

- ☐ **Action Man #3**
- ☐ **Micronauts #5**
- ☐ **Rom #2**
- ☐ **Transformers #56**
- ☐ **Transformers: More Than Meets the Eye #56**
- ☐ **Transformers: Till All Are One #3**

### SEPTEMBER

- ☐ **Action Man #4**
- ☐ **Micronauts #6**
- ☐ **Rom #3**
- ☐ **Transformers #57**
- ☐ **Transformers: More Than Meets The Eye #57**
- ☐ **Transformers: Till All Are One #4**

### OCTOBER

- ☐ **Rom #4**

## SEPTEMBER

☐ **REVOLUTION #1**
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

☐ **Rom: REVOLUTION #1**
GAGE | RYALL | JOSEPH

☐ **REVOLUTION #2**
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

☐ **M.A.S.K.: REVOLUTION #1**
EASTON | VARGAS

☐ **Micronauts: REVOLUTION #1**
BUNN | PANDA

## OCTOBER

☐ **REVOLUTION #3**
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

☐ **G.I. Joe: REVOLUTION #1**
SITTERSON | MILOGIANNIS

☐ **Transformers: Till All Are One: REVOLUTION #1**
SCOTT | TSUSHIMA

☐ **REVOLUTION #4**
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

☐ **Transformers: REVOLUTION #1**
BARBER | GRIFFITH

☐ **Action Man: REVOLUTION #1**
BARBER | VILLANELLI

## NOVEMBER

☐ **TRANSFORMERS: More Than Meets the Eye: REVOLUTION #1**
ROBERTS | MILNE

☐ **REVOLUTION #5**
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

# REVOLUTION

IDW

ISSUE 2

# REVOLUTION

## CHAPTER TWO: THE DIVINE SOURCE OF LIBERTY

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### *G.I. JOE*

BIG BEN

JOE COLTON

SCARLETT

ROADBLOCK

MAINFRAME

DOC

AGENT HELIX

### *TRANSFORMERS*

OPTIMUS PRIME

SOUNDWAVE

WINDBLADE

KUP

ARCEE

BLITZWING

JAZZ

AILERON

### *ROM*

ROM

### *M.A.S.K.: Mobile Armored Strike Kommand*

MILES MAYHEM

MATT TRAKKER

VANESSA WARFIELD

BRUNO SHEPPARD

BRAD TURNER

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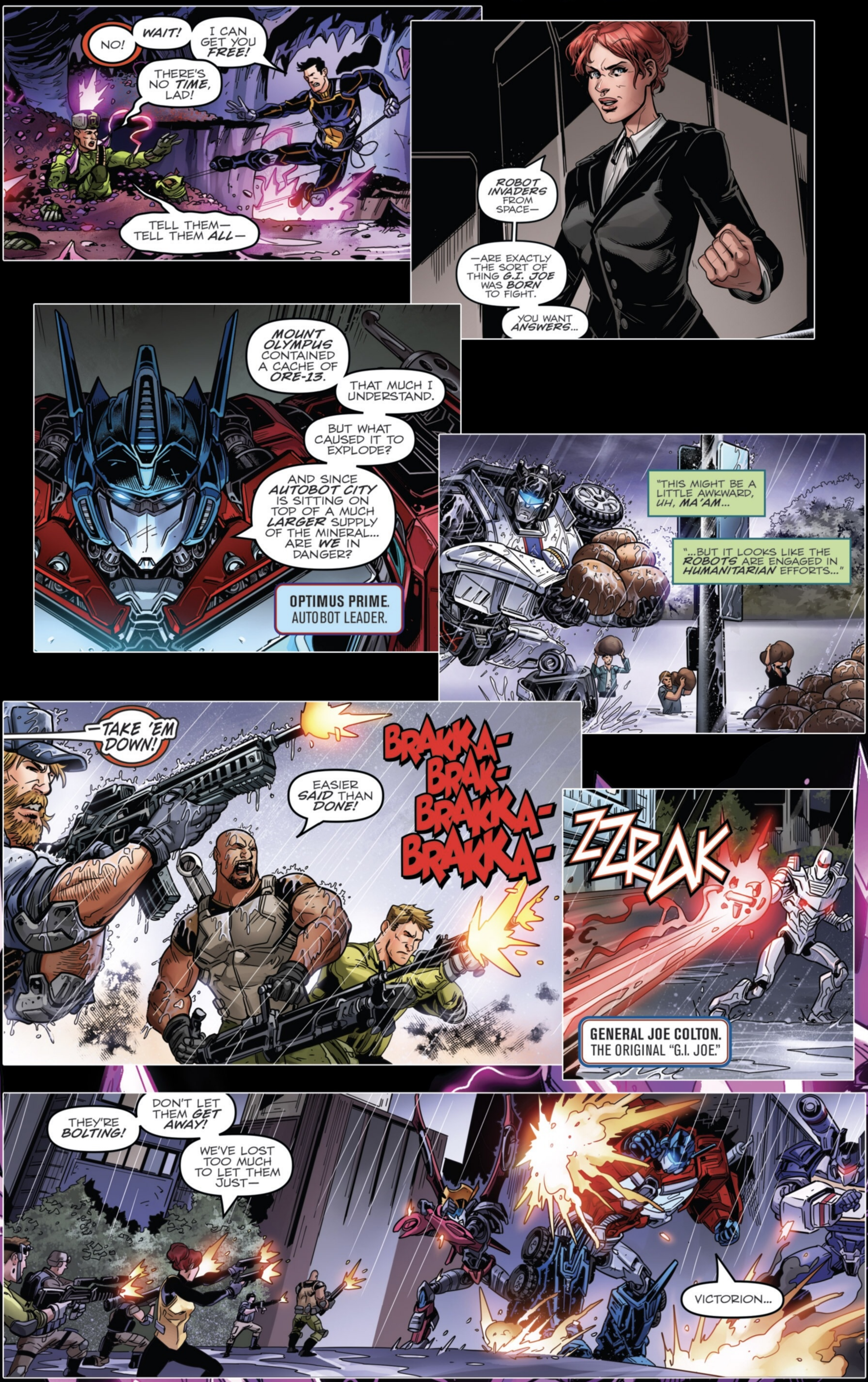
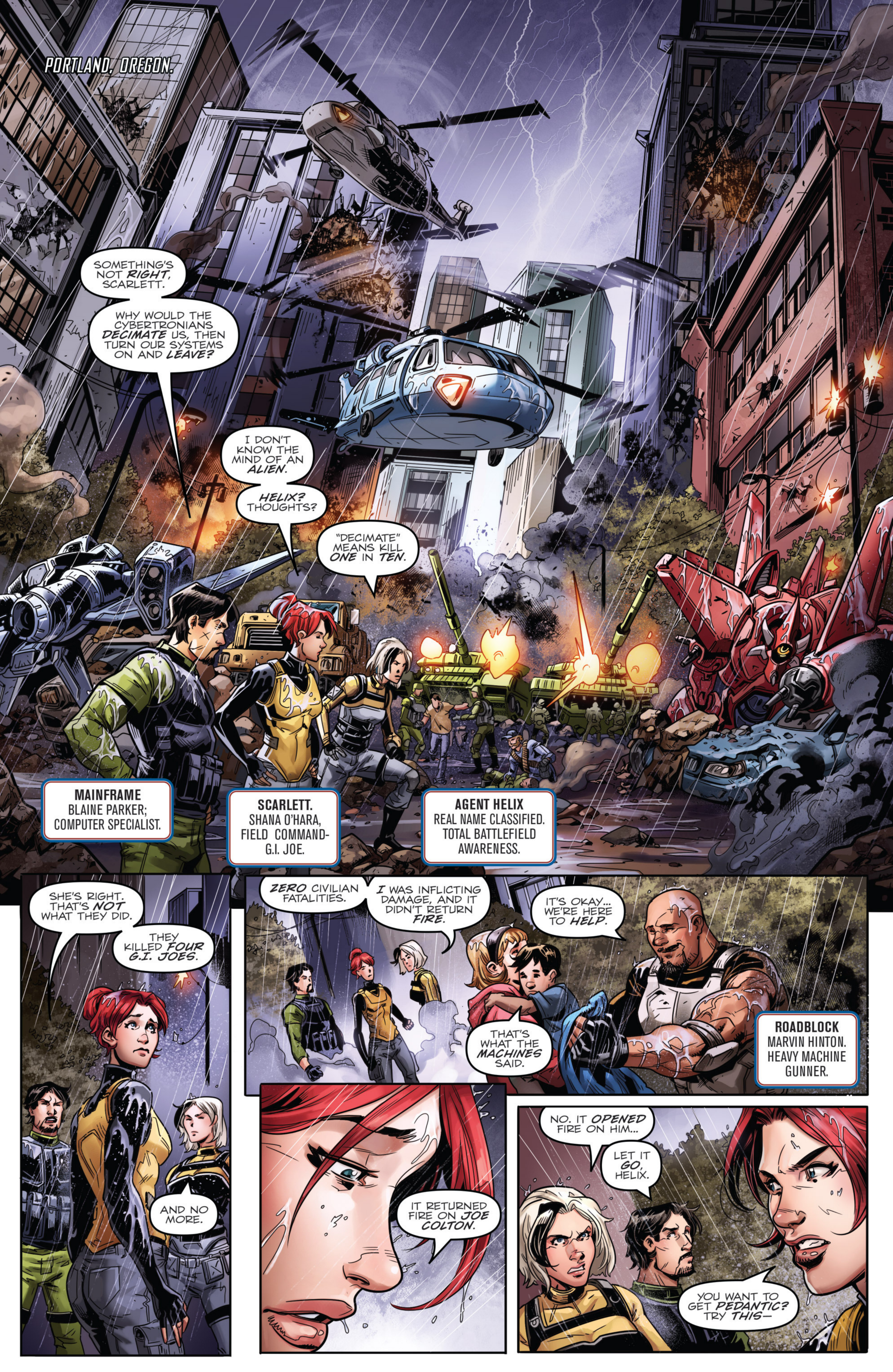
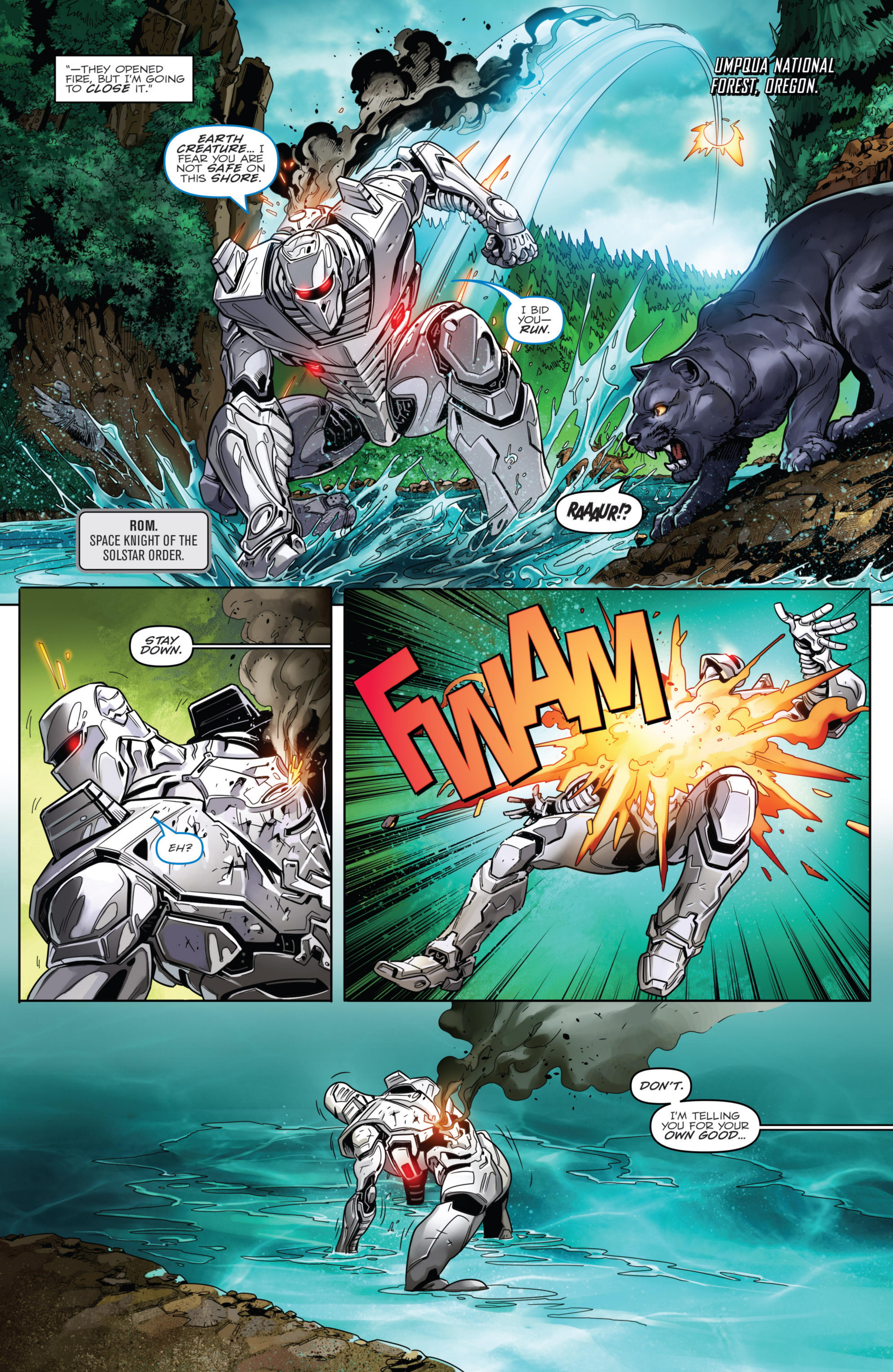
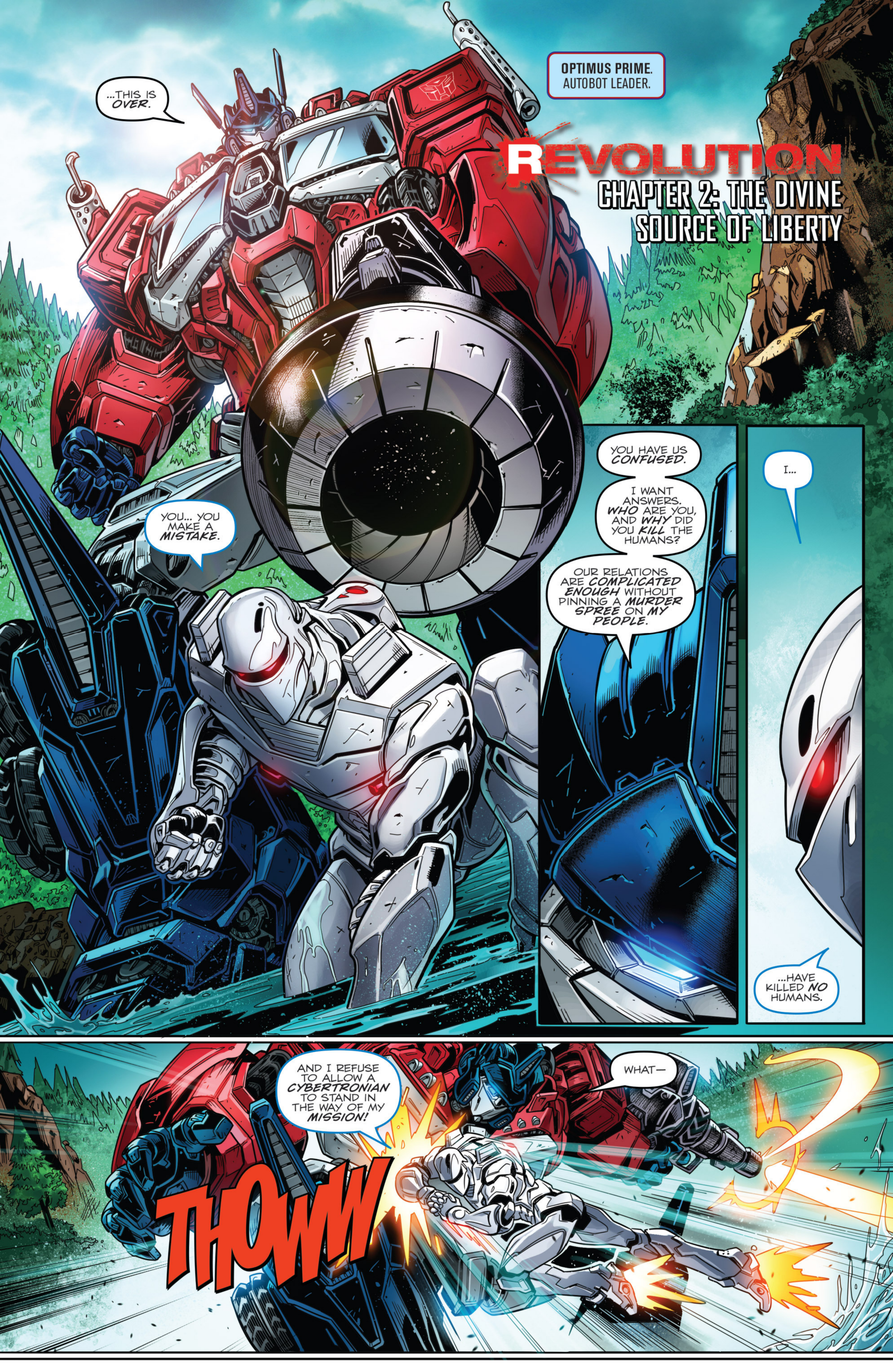

NO!
WAIT!
I CAN GET YOU *FREE!*
THERE'S NO *TIME,* LAD!
TELL THEM— TELL THEM *ALL*—
*ROBOT INVADERS* FROM SPACE—
—ARE EXACTLY THE SORT OF THING *G.I. JOE* WAS *BORN* TO FIGHT.
YOU WANT *ANSWERS*...
*MOUNT OLYMPUS* CONTAINED A CACHE OF *ORE-13.*
THAT MUCH I UNDERSTAND.
BUT WHAT CAUSED IT TO EXPLODE?
AND SINCE *AUTOBOT CITY* IS SITTING ON TOP OF A MUCH *LARGER* SUPPLY OF THE MINERAL... ARE *WE* IN DANGER?
**OPTIMUS PRIME.** AUTOBOT LEADER.
"THIS MIGHT BE A LITTLE AWKWARD, UH, *MA'AM*...
"...BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE *ROBOTS* ARE ENGAGED IN *HUMANITARIAN* EFFORTS..."
—TAKE 'EM DOWN!
BRAKKA-BRAK-BRAKKA-BRAKKA-
EASIER *SAID* THAN *DONE!*
ZZRAK
**GENERAL JOE COLTON.** THE ORIGINAL "G.I. JOE."
THEY'RE *BOLTING!*
DON'T LET THEM *GET AWAY!*
WE'VE LOST TOO MUCH TO LET THEM JUST—
VICTORION...

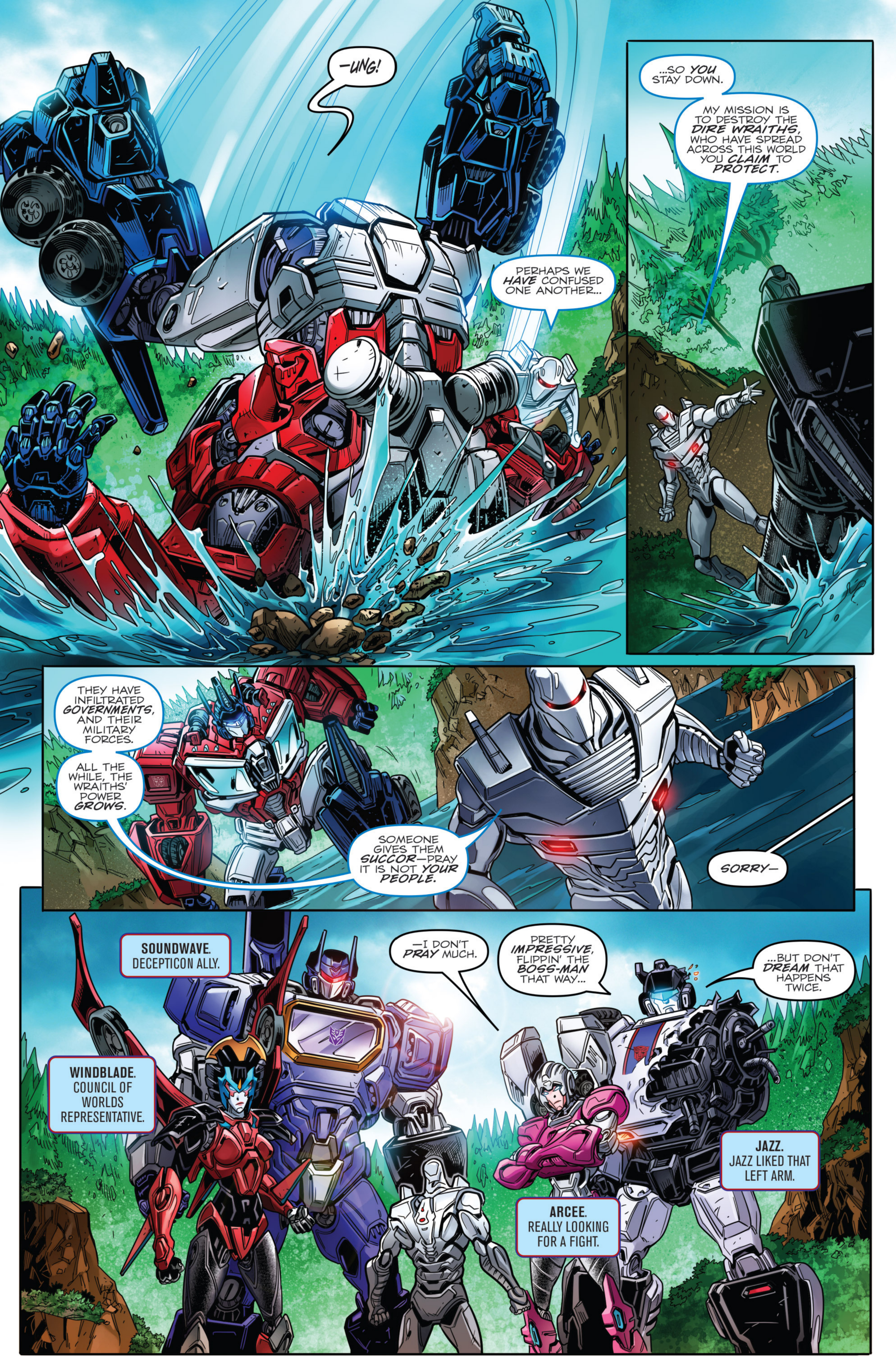

PORTLAND, OREGON.
SOMETHING'S NOT *RIGHT*, SCARLETT.
WHY WOULD THE CYBERTRONIANS *DECIMATE* US, THEN TURN OUR SYSTEMS ON AND *LEAVE?*
I DON'T KNOW THE MIND OF AN *ALIEN*.
*HELIX?* THOUGHTS?
"DECIMATE" MEANS KILL *ONE* IN *TEN*.
**MAINFRAME** BLAINE PARKER; COMPUTER SPECIALIST.
**SCARLETT.** SHANA O'HARA, FIELD COMMAND- G.I. JOE.
**AGENT HELIX** REAL NAME CLASSIFIED. TOTAL BATTLEFIELD AWARENESS.
SHE'S RIGHT. THAT'S *NOT* WHAT THEY DID.
THEY KILLED *FOUR G.I. JOES*.
AND NO MORE.
*ZERO* CIVILIAN FATALITIES.
*I* WAS INFLICTING DAMAGE, AND IT DIDN'T RETURN *FIRE*.
IT'S OKAY... WE'RE HERE TO *HELP*.
THAT'S WHAT THE *MACHINES* SAID.
**ROADBLOCK** MARVIN HINTON. HEAVY MACHINE GUNNER.
IT RETURNED FIRE ON *JOE COLTON*.
NO. IT *OPENED* FIRE ON HIM...
LET IT *GO*, HELIX.
YOU WANT TO GET *PEDANTIC?* TRY *THIS—*

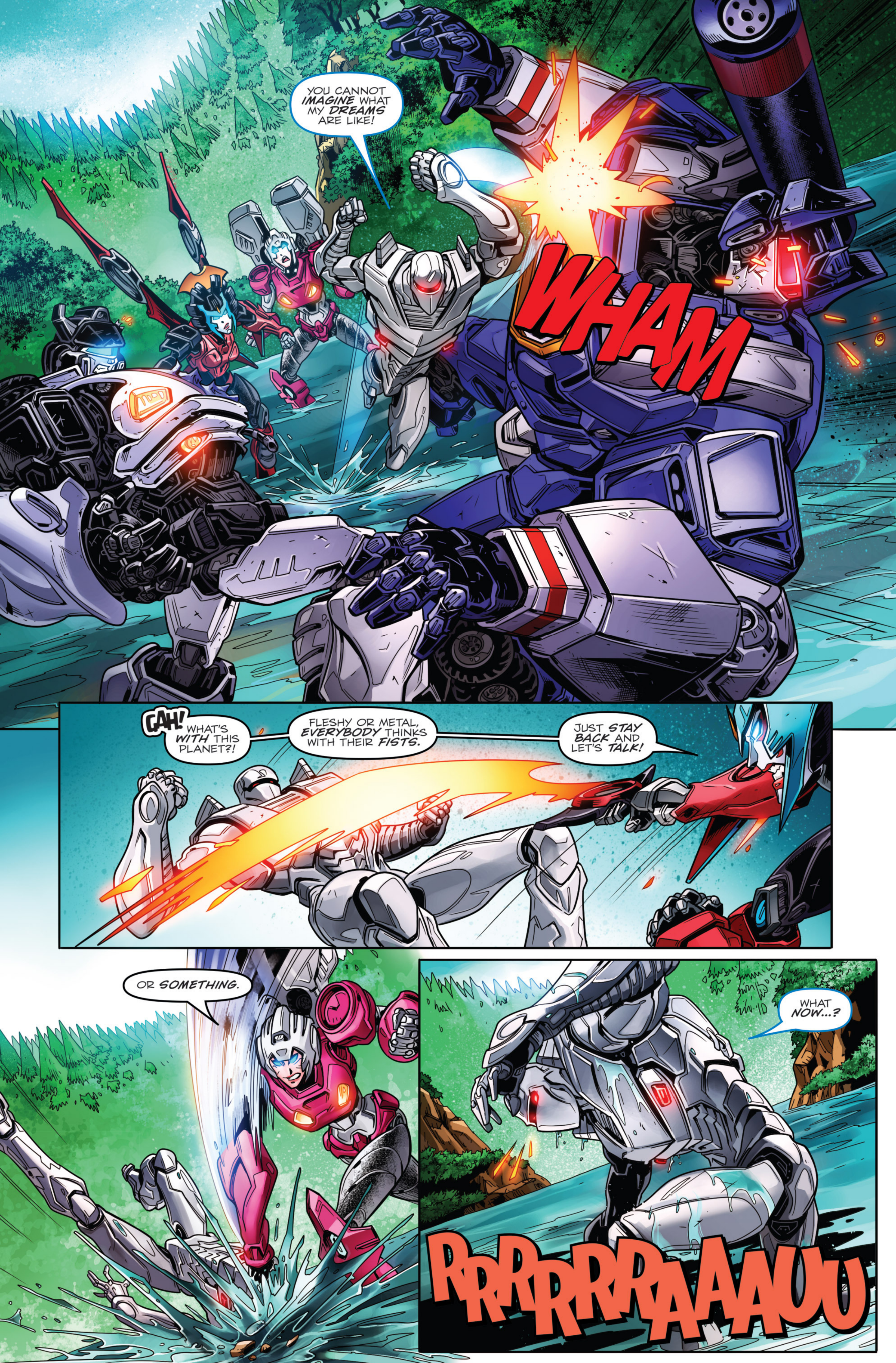

"—THEY OPENED FIRE, BUT I'M GOING TO *CLOSE* IT."
UMPQUA NATIONAL FOREST, OREGON.
*EARTH CREATURE*... I FEAR YOU ARE NOT *SAFE* ON THIS *SHORE*.
I BID YOU— *RUN*.
**ROM.** SPACE KNIGHT OF THE SOLSTAR ORDER.
RAAAUR!?
STAY DOWN.
EH?
FWAM
DON'T.
I'M TELLING YOU FOR YOUR *OWN GOOD*...

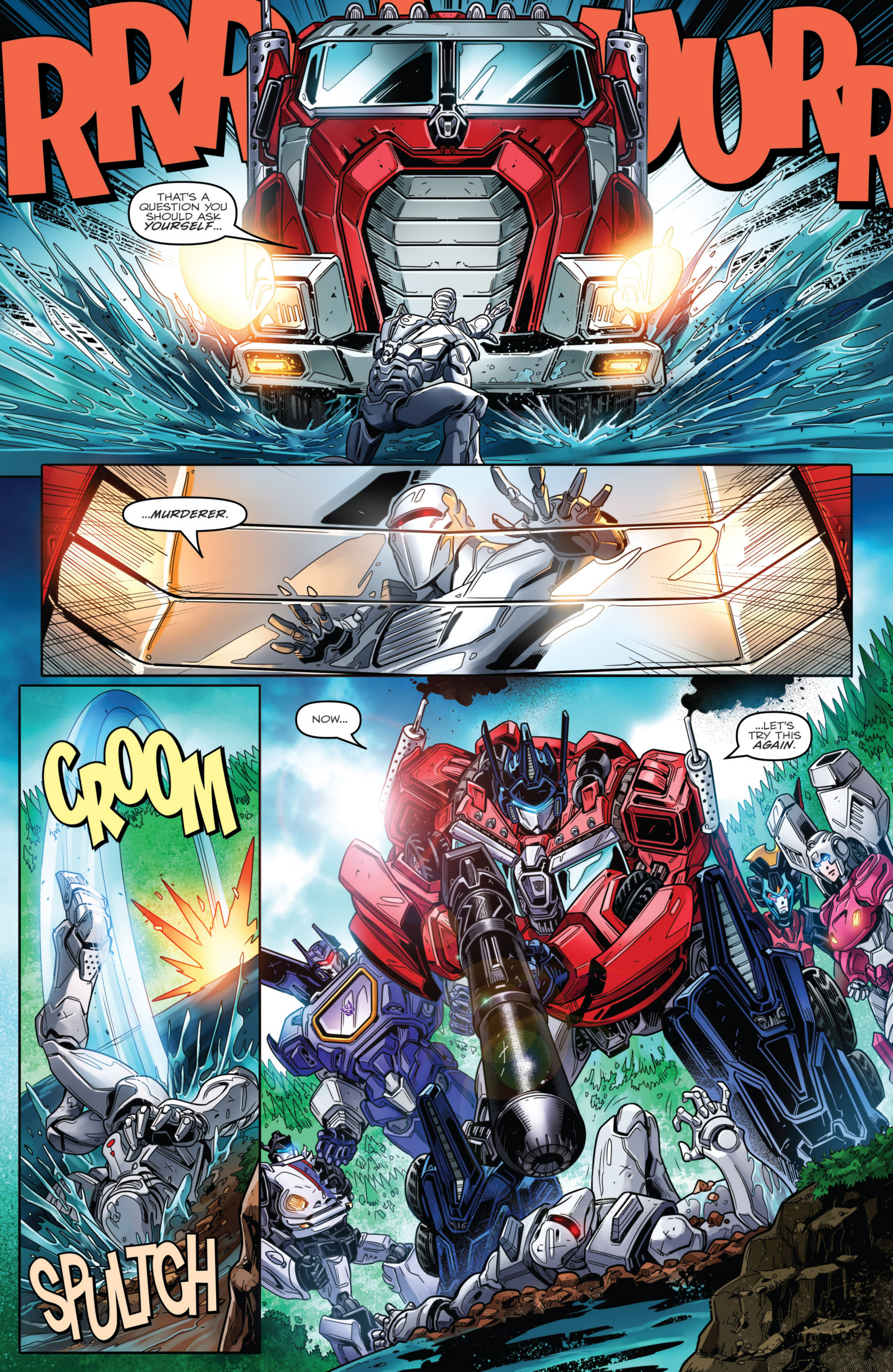
# REVOLUTION

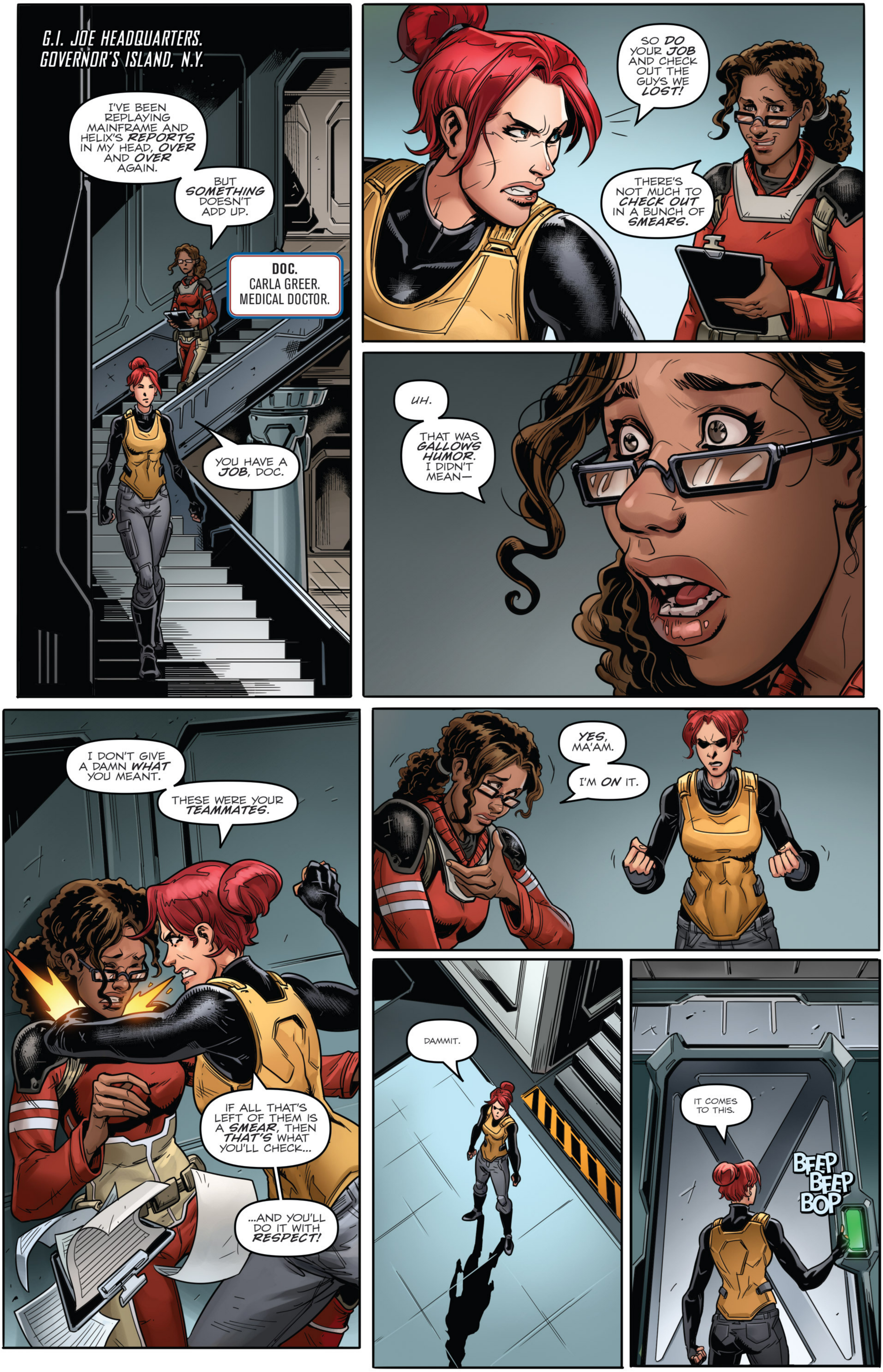
## CHAPTER 2: THE DIVINE SOURCE OF LIBERTY

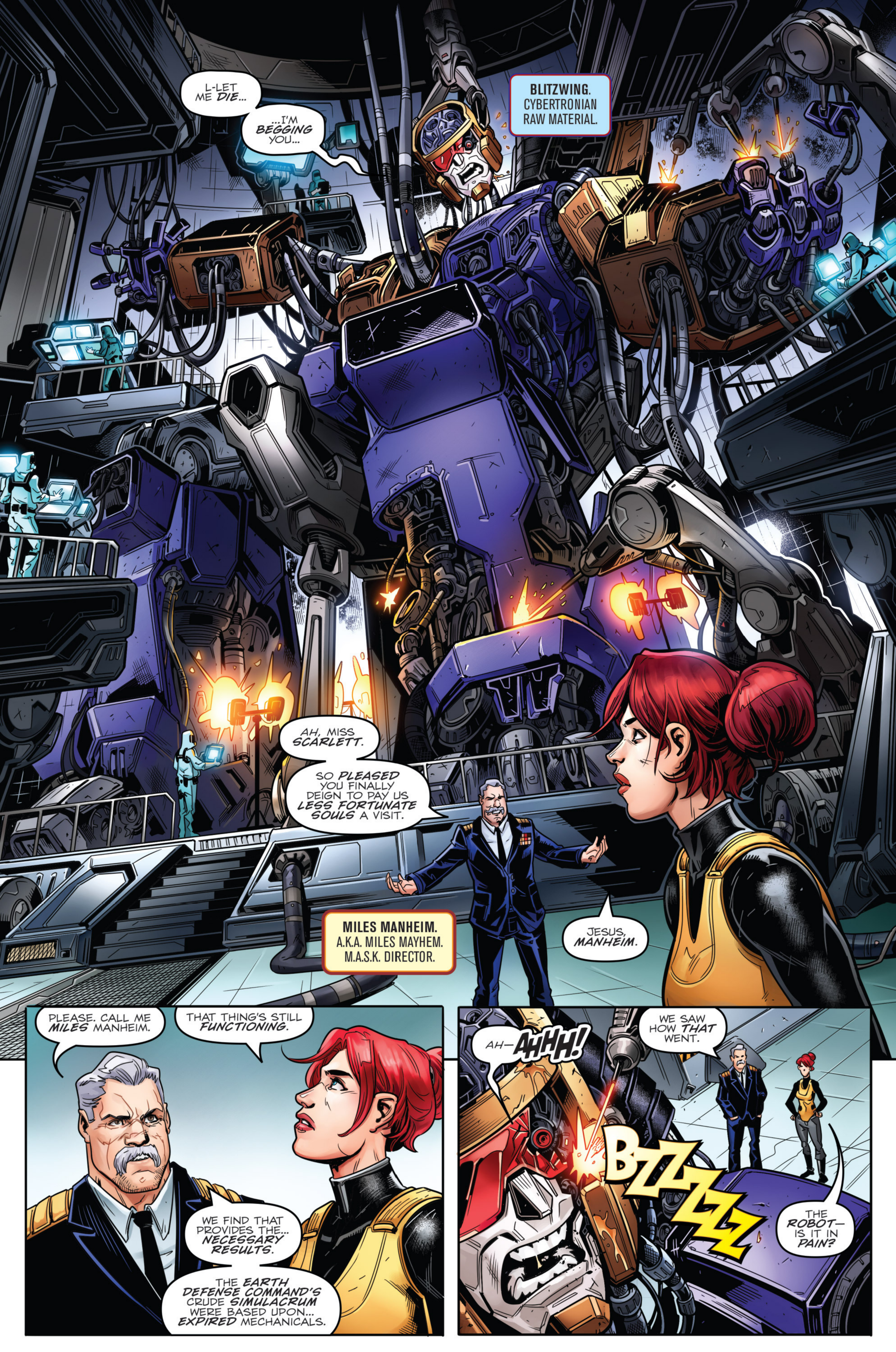

**OPTIMUS PRIME.** AUTOBOT LEADER.
...THIS IS *OVER*.
YOU... YOU MAKE A *MISTAKE*.
YOU HAVE US *CONFUSED*.
I WANT ANSWERS. ***WHO*** ARE YOU, AND ***WHY*** DID YOU ***KILL*** THE HUMANS?
OUR RELATIONS ARE ***COMPLICATED ENOUGH*** WITHOUT PINNING A ***MURDER SPREE*** ON ***MY PEOPLE***.
I...
...HAVE KILLED ***NO*** HUMANS.
AND I REFUSE TO ALLOW A ***CYBERTRONIAN*** TO STAND IN THE WAY OF MY ***MISSION!***
WHAT—
THOWW

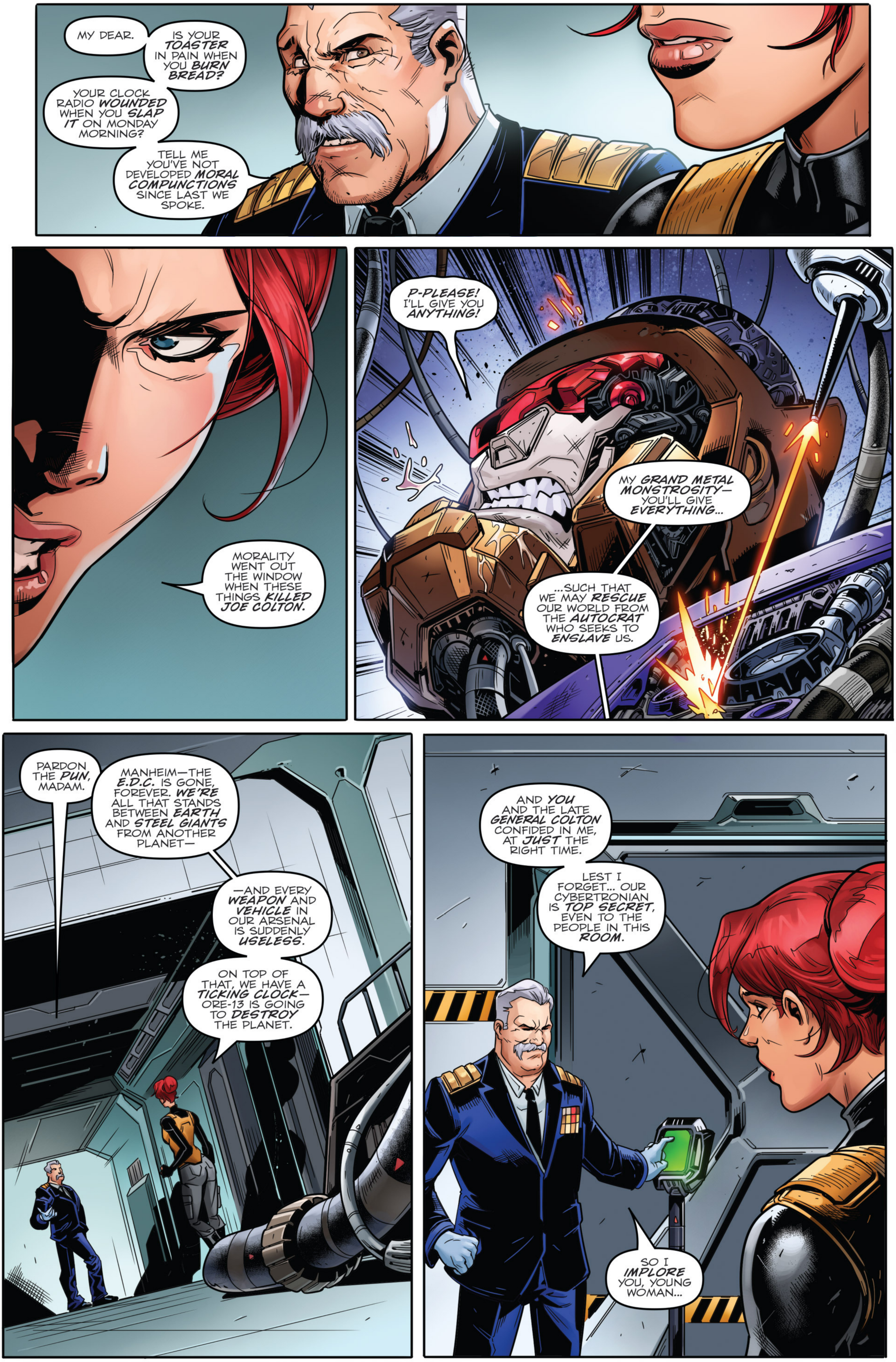

—UNG!
PERHAPS WE *HAVE* CONFUSED ONE ANOTHER...
...SO *YOU* STAY DOWN.
MY MISSION IS TO DESTROY THE *DIRE WRAITHS*, WHO HAVE SPREAD ACROSS THIS WORLD YOU *CLAIM* TO *PROTECT*.
THEY HAVE INFILTRATED *GOVERNMENTS*, AND THEIR MILITARY FORCES.
ALL THE WHILE, THE WRAITHS' POWER *GROWS*.
SOMEONE GIVES THEM *SUCCOR*—PRAY IT IS NOT *YOUR PEOPLE*.
SORRY—
**SOUNDWAVE**. DECEPTICON ALLY.
**WINDBLADE**. COUNCIL OF WORLDS REPRESENTATIVE.
—I DON'T *PRAY* MUCH.
PRETTY *IMPRESSIVE*, FLIPPIN' THE *BOSS-MAN* THAT WAY...
...BUT DON'T *DREAM* THAT HAPPENS TWICE.
**ARCEE**. REALLY LOOKING FOR A FIGHT.
**JAZZ**. JAZZ LIKED THAT LEFT ARM.

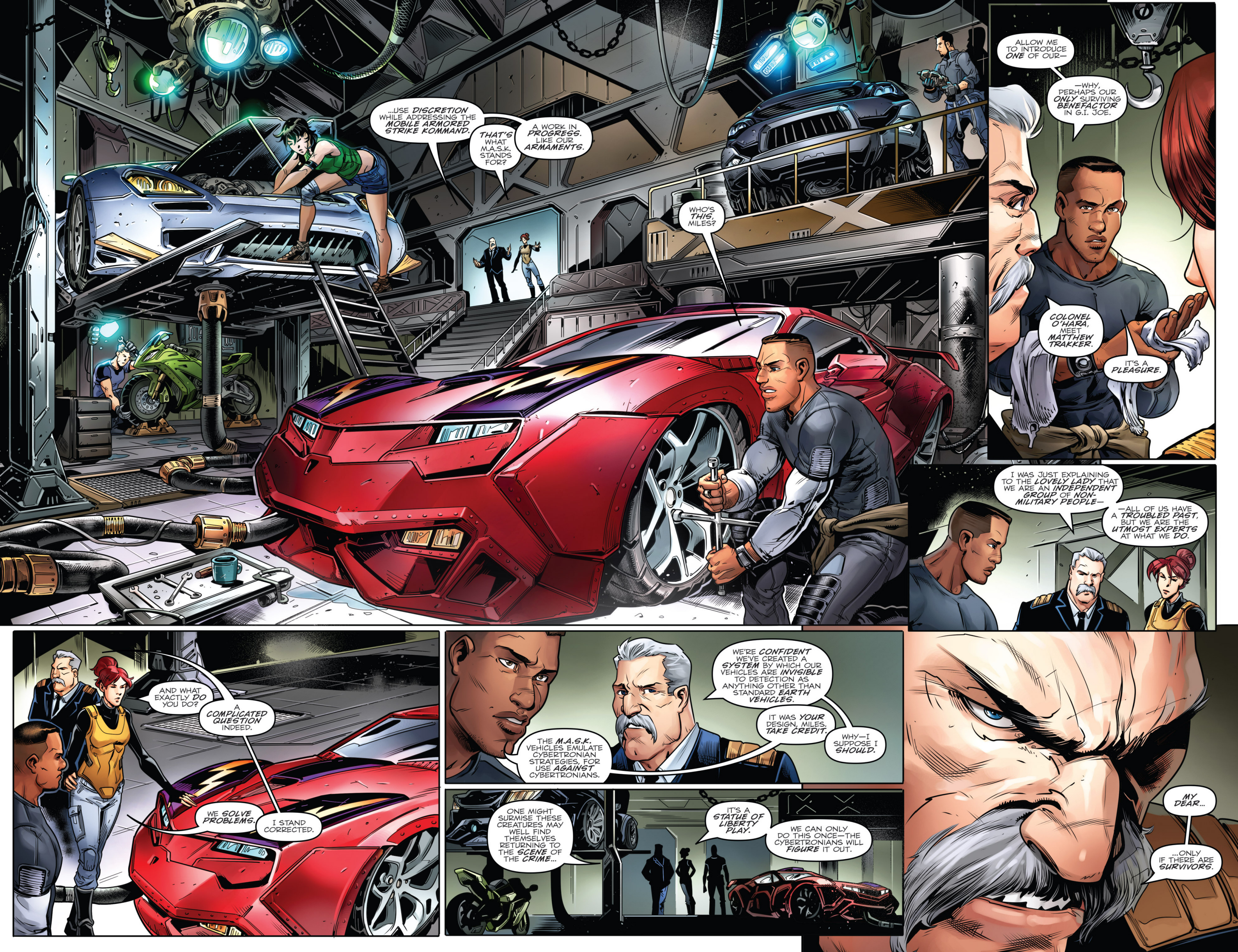

YOU CANNOT *IMAGINE* WHAT MY *DREAMS* ARE LIKE!
WHAM
CAH! WHAT'S *WITH* THIS PLANET?!
FLESHY OR METAL, *EVERYBODY* THINKS WITH THEIR *FISTS*.
JUST *STAY BACK* AND LET'S *TALK*!
OR *SOMETHING*.
WHAT *NOW*...?
RRRRRRAAAUU

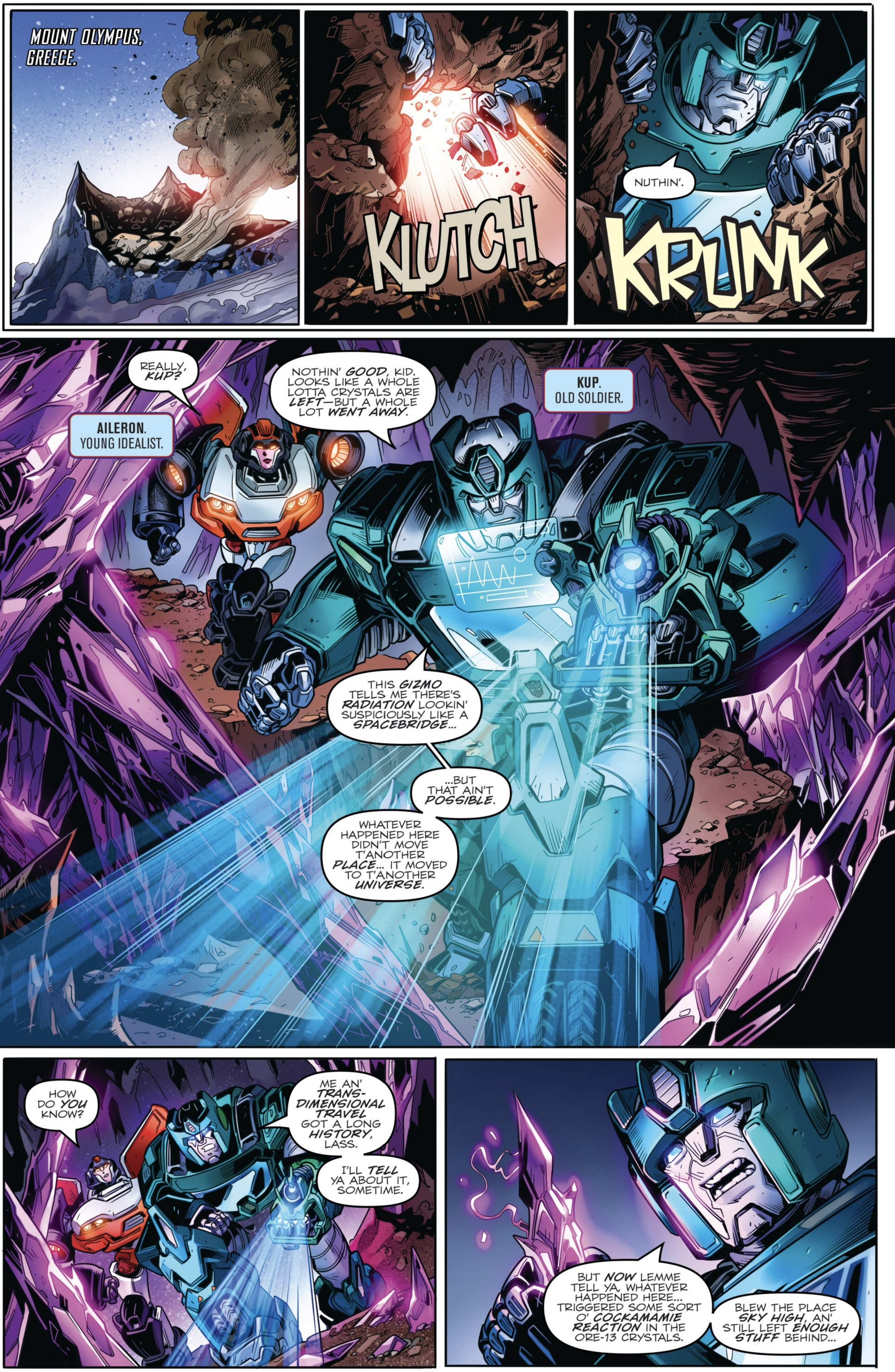

RRR
UURR
THAT'S A QUESTION YOU SHOULD ASK *YOURSELF*...
...*MURDERER*.
CROOM
SPLUTCH
NOW...
...LET'S TRY THIS *AGAIN*.

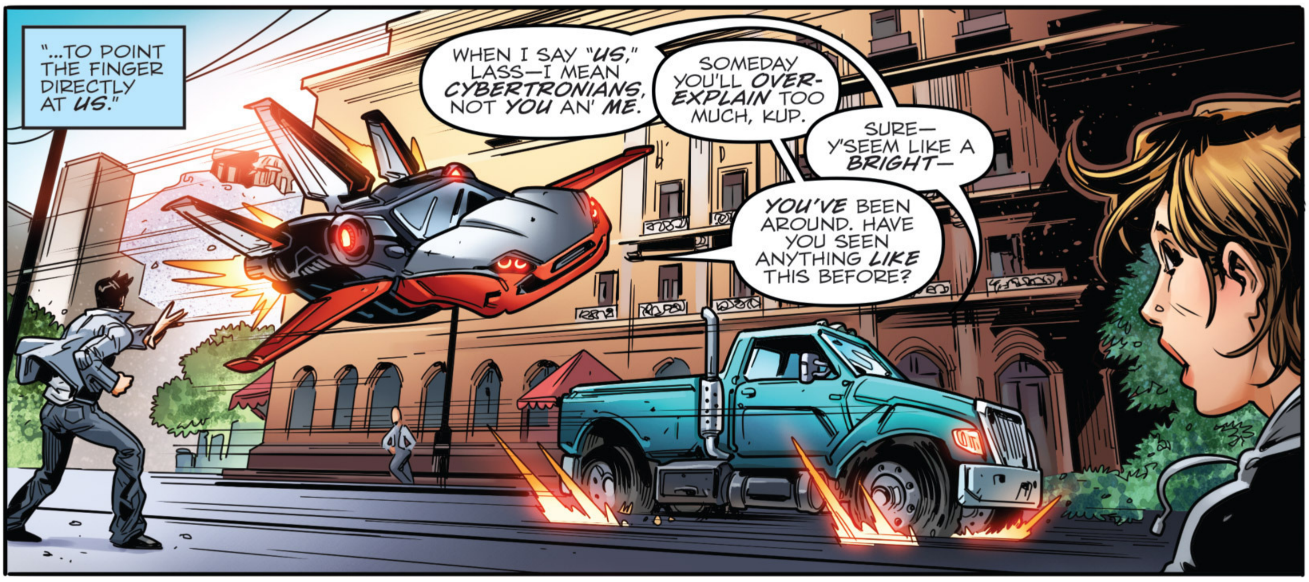

G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS. GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N.Y.
I'VE BEEN REPLAYING MAINFRAME AND HELIX'S REPORTS IN MY HEAD, OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
BUT SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP.
DOC. CARLA GREER. MEDICAL DOCTOR.
YOU HAVE A JOB, DOC.
SO DO YOUR JOB AND CHECK OUT THE GUYS WE LOST!
THERE'S NOT MUCH TO CHECK OUT IN A BUNCH OF SMEARS.
UH.
THAT WAS GALLOWS HUMOR. I DIDN'T MEAN—
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU MEANT.
THESE WERE YOUR TEAMMATES.
IF ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THEM IS A SMEAR, THEN THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL CHECK...
...AND YOU'LL DO IT WITH RESPECT!
YES, MA'AM.
I'M ON IT.
DAMMIT.
IT COMES TO THIS.
BEEP BEEP BOP

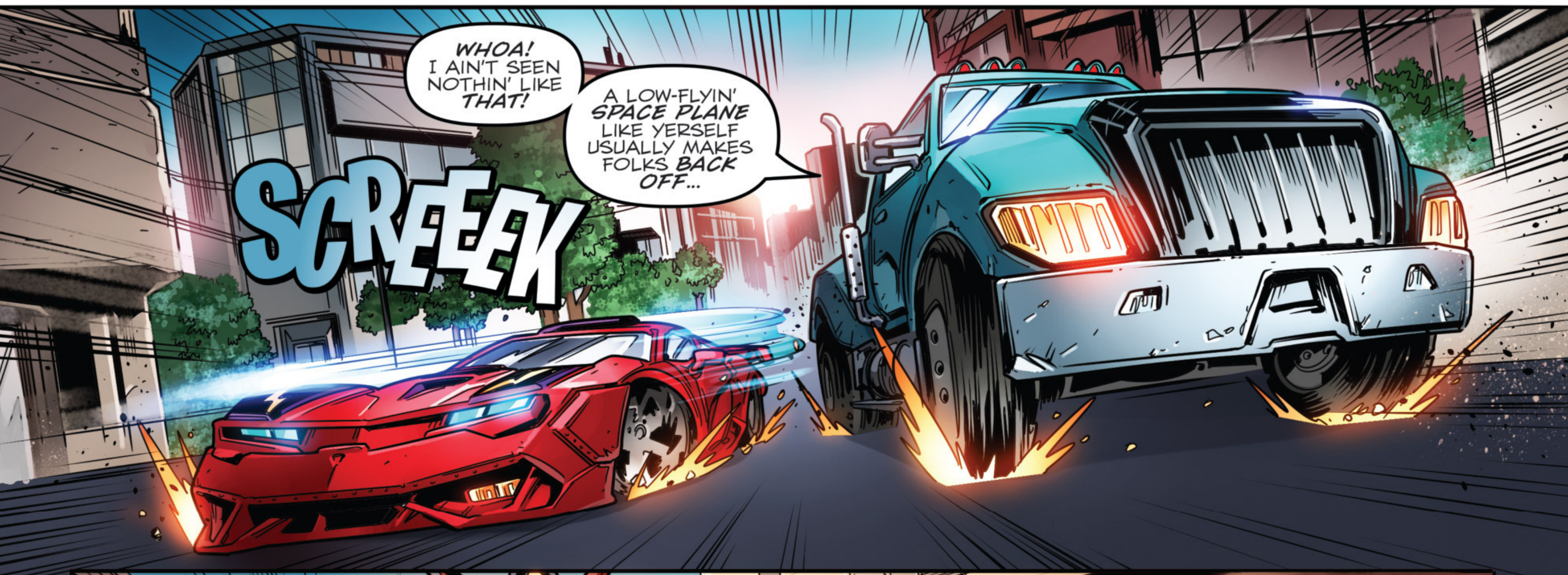

L-LET ME *DIE*...
...I'M *BEGGING* YOU...
**BLITZWING.** CYBERTRONIAN RAW MATERIAL.
*AH, MISS SCARLETT.*
SO *PLEASED* YOU FINALLY DEIGN TO PAY US *LESS FORTUNATE SOULS* A VISIT.
**MILES MANHEIM.** A.K.A. MILES MAYHEM. M.A.S.K. DIRECTOR.
JESUS, *MANHEIM*.
PLEASE. CALL ME *MILES* MANHEIM.
THAT THING'S STILL *FUNCTIONING*.
WE FIND THAT PROVIDES THE... *NECESSARY RESULTS*.
THE *EARTH DEFENSE COMMAND'S* CRUDE *SIMULACRUM* WERE BASED UPON... *EXPIRED* MECHANICALS.
AH—AHHH!
WE SAW HOW *THAT* WENT.
BZZZZZ
THE *ROBOT*— IS IT IN *PAIN?*

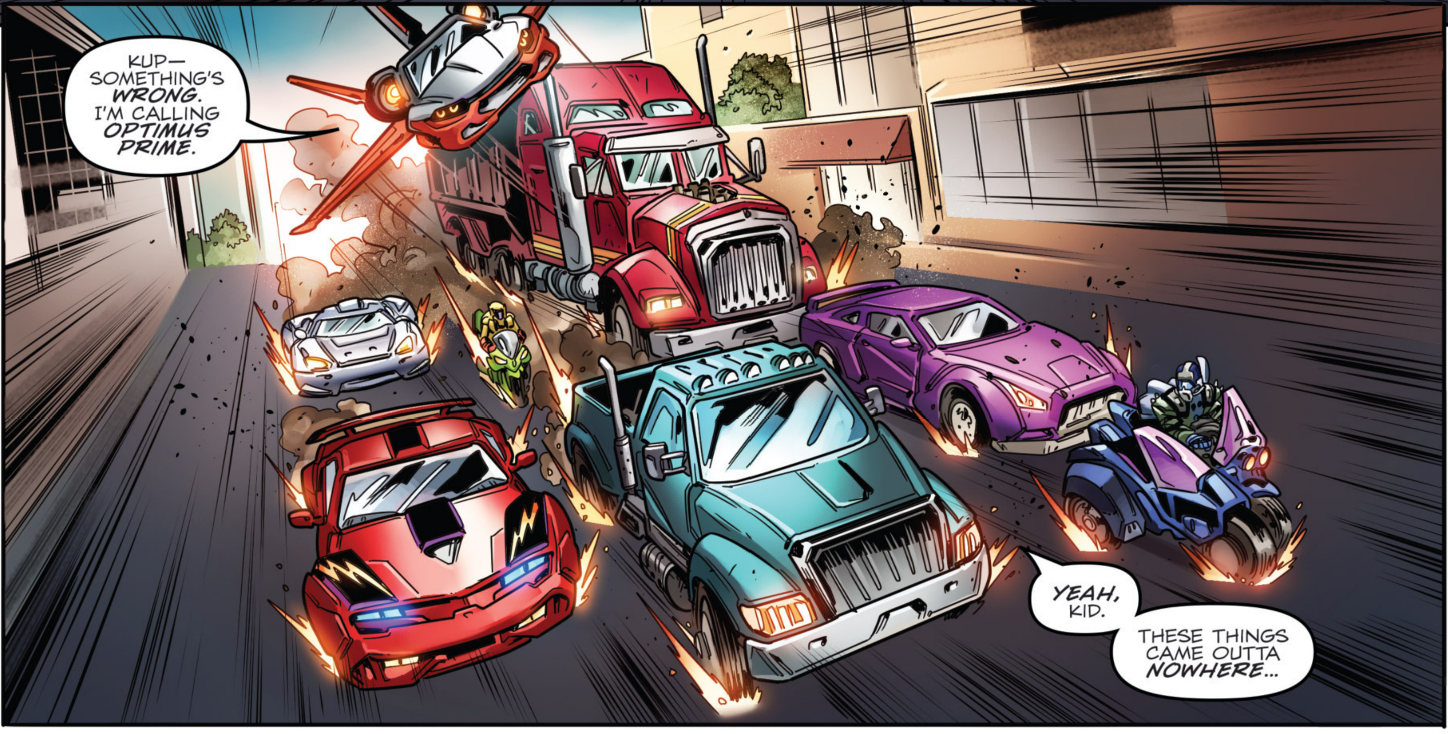

MY DEAR.
IS YOUR *TOASTER* IN PAIN WHEN YOU *BURN BREAD?*
YOUR CLOCK RADIO *WOUNDED* WHEN YOU *SLAP IT* ON MONDAY MORNING?
TELL ME YOU'VE NOT DEVELOPED *MORAL COMPUNCTIONS* SINCE LAST WE SPOKE.
MORALITY WENT OUT THE WINDOW WHEN THESE THINGS *KILLED JOE COLTON.*
*P-PLEASE!* I'LL GIVE YOU *ANYTHING!*
MY *GRAND METAL MONSTROSITY*— YOU'LL GIVE *EVERYTHING...*
...SUCH THAT WE MAY *RESCUE* OUR WORLD FROM THE *AUTOCRAT* WHO SEEKS TO *ENSLAVE* US.
PARDON THE *PUN,* MADAM.
MANHEIM—THE *E.D.C.* IS GONE, FOREVER. *WE'RE* ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN *EARTH* AND *STEEL GIANTS* FROM ANOTHER PLANET—
—AND EVERY *WEAPON* AND *VEHICLE* IN OUR ARSENAL IS SUDDENLY *USELESS.*
ON TOP OF THAT, WE HAVE A *TICKING CLOCK*— ORE-13 IS GOING TO *DESTROY* THE PLANET.
AND *YOU* AND THE LATE *GENERAL COLTON* CONFIDED IN ME, AT *JUST* THE RIGHT TIME.
LEST I FORGET... OUR CYBERTRONIAN IS *TOP SECRET,* EVEN TO THE PEOPLE IN THIS *ROOM.*
SO I *IMPLORE* YOU, YOUNG WOMAN...

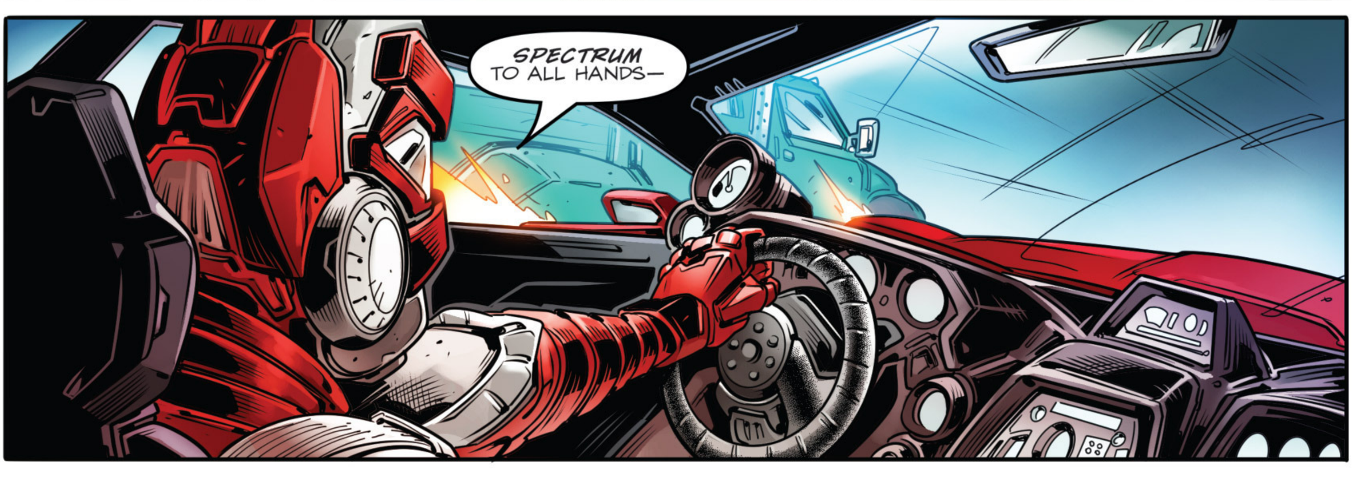

...USE DISCRETION WHILE ADDRESSING THE MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND.
THAT'S WHAT M.A.S.K. STANDS FOR?
A WORK IN PROGRESS. LIKE OUR ARMAMENTS.
WHO'S THIS, MILES?
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE ONE OF OUR—
—WHY, PERHAPS OUR ONLY SURVIVING BENEFACTOR IN G.I. JOE.
COLONEL O'HARA, MEET MATTHEW TRAKKER.
IT'S A PLEASURE.
I WAS JUST EXPLAINING TO THE LOVELY LADY THAT WE ARE AN INDEPENDENT GROUP OF NON-MILITARY PEOPLE—
—ALL OF US HAVE A TROUBLED PAST, BUT WE ARE THE UTMOST EXPERTS AT WHAT WE DO.
AND WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU DO?
A COMPLICATED QUESTION INDEED.
WE SOLVE PROBLEMS.
I STAND CORRECTED.
WE'RE CONFIDENT WE'VE CREATED A SYSTEM BY WHICH OUR VEHICLES ARE INVISIBLE TO DETECTION AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN STANDARD EARTH VEHICLES.
IT WAS YOUR DESIGN, MILES. TAKE CREDIT.
WHY—I SUPPOSE I SHOULD.
THE M.A.S.K. VEHICLES EMULATE CYBERTRONIAN STRATEGIES, FOR USE AGAINST CYBERTRONIANS.
ONE MIGHT SURMISE THESE CREATURES MAY WELL FIND THEMSELVES RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...
IT'S A STATUE OF LIBERTY PLAY.
WE CAN ONLY DO THIS ONCE—THE CYBERTRONIANS WILL FIGURE IT OUT.
MY DEAR...
...ONLY IF THERE ARE SURVIVORS.

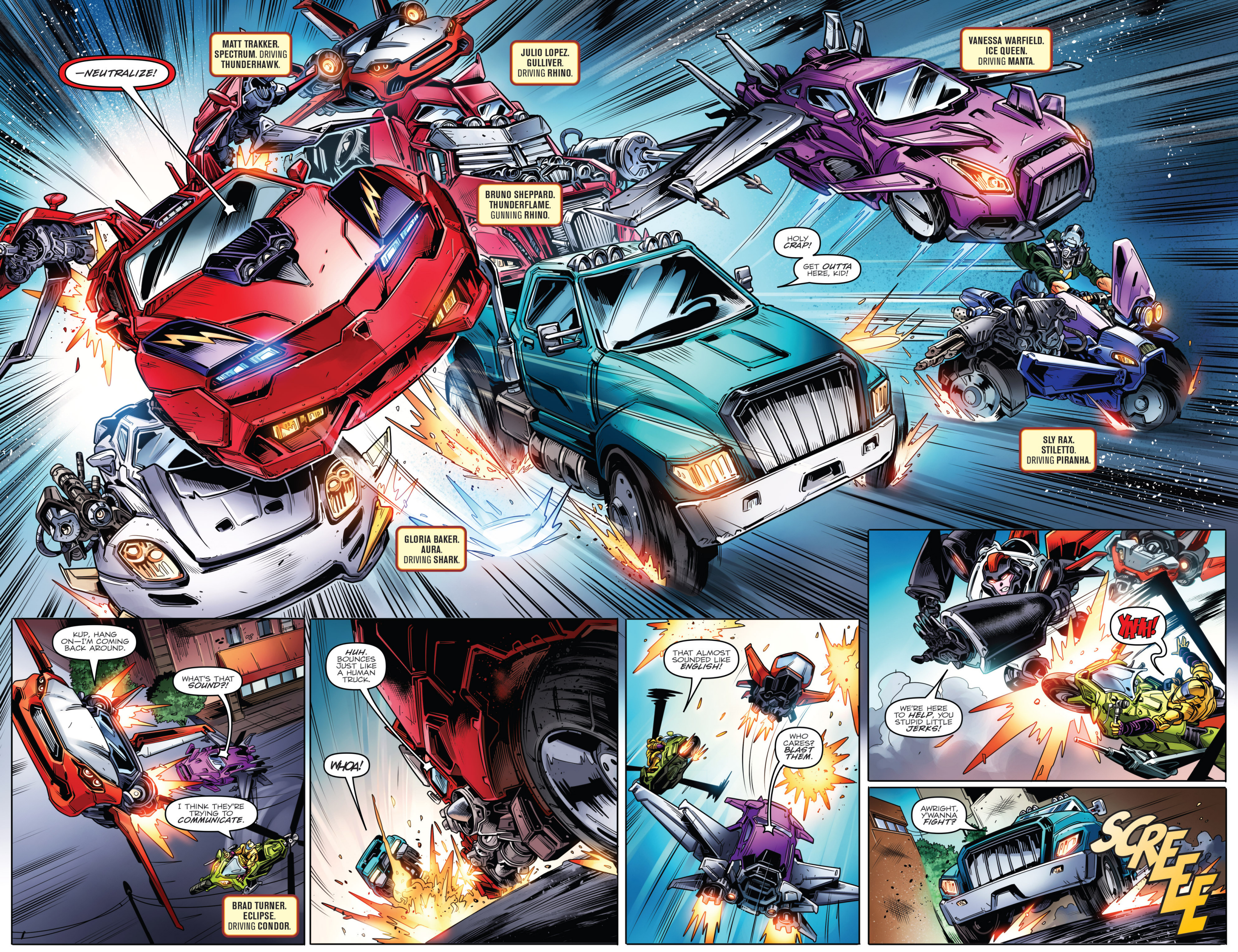

MOUNT OLYMPUS, GREECE.
KLUTCH
NUTHIN'.
KRUNK
REALLY, KUP?
AILERON. YOUNG IDEALIST.
NOTHIN' GOOD, KID. LOOKS LIKE A WHOLE LOTTA CRYSTALS ARE LEFT—BUT A WHOLE LOT WENT AWAY.
KUP. OLD SOLDIER.
THIS GIZMO TELLS ME THERE'S RADIATION LOOKIN' SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE A SPACEBRIDGE...
...BUT THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE.
WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE DIDN'T MOVE T'ANOTHER PLACE... IT MOVED TO T'ANOTHER UNIVERSE.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
ME AN' TRANS-DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL GOT A LONG HISTORY, LASS.
I'LL TELL YA ABOUT IT, SOMETIME.
BUT NOW LEMME TELL YA, WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE... TRIGGERED SOME SORT O' COCKAMAMIE REACTION IN THE ORE-13 CRYSTALS.
BLEW THE PLACE SKY HIGH, AN' STILL LEFT ENOUGH STUFF BEHIND...

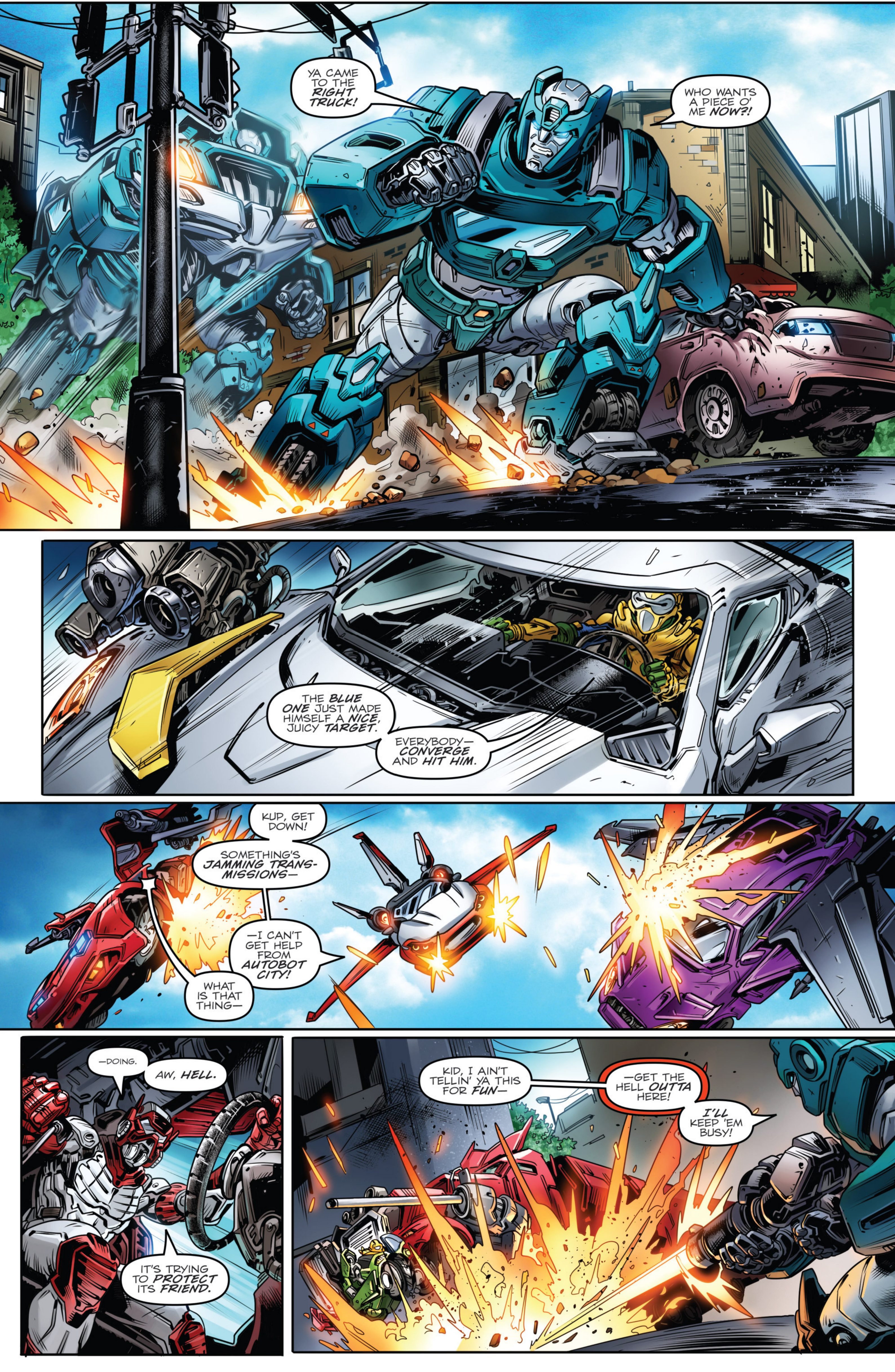

"...TO POINT THE FINGER DIRECTLY AT *US*."
WHEN I SAY "*US*," LASS—I MEAN *CYBERTRONIANS*, NOT *YOU* AN' *ME*.
SOMEDAY YOU'LL *OVER-EXPLAIN* TOO MUCH, KUP.
SURE— Y'SEEM LIKE A *BRIGHT*—
*YOU'VE* BEEN AROUND. HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING *LIKE* THIS BEFORE?

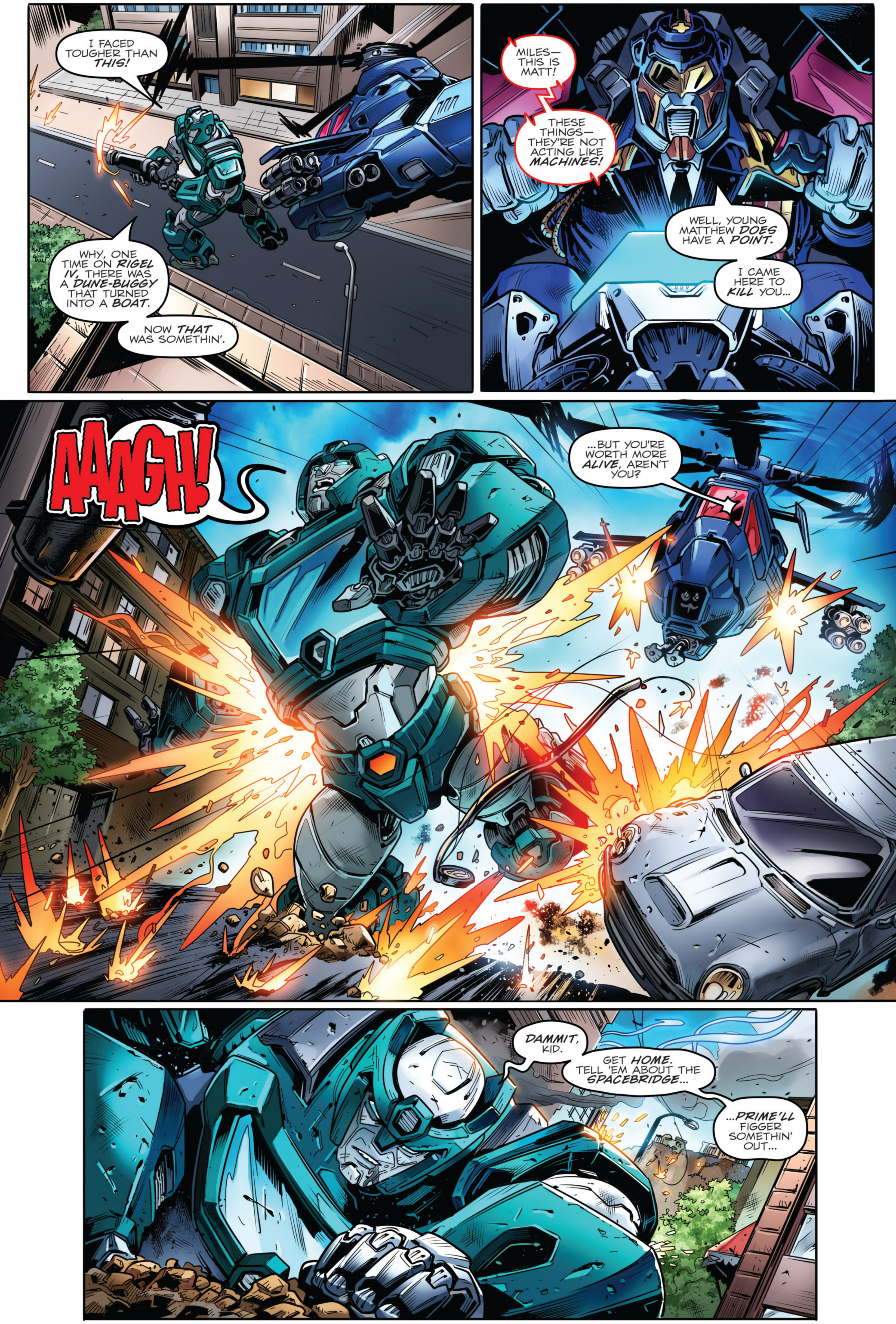

*WHOA!* I AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE *THAT!*
A LOW-FLYIN' *SPACE PLANE* LIKE YERSELF USUALLY MAKES FOLKS *BACK OFF*...
SCREEEK

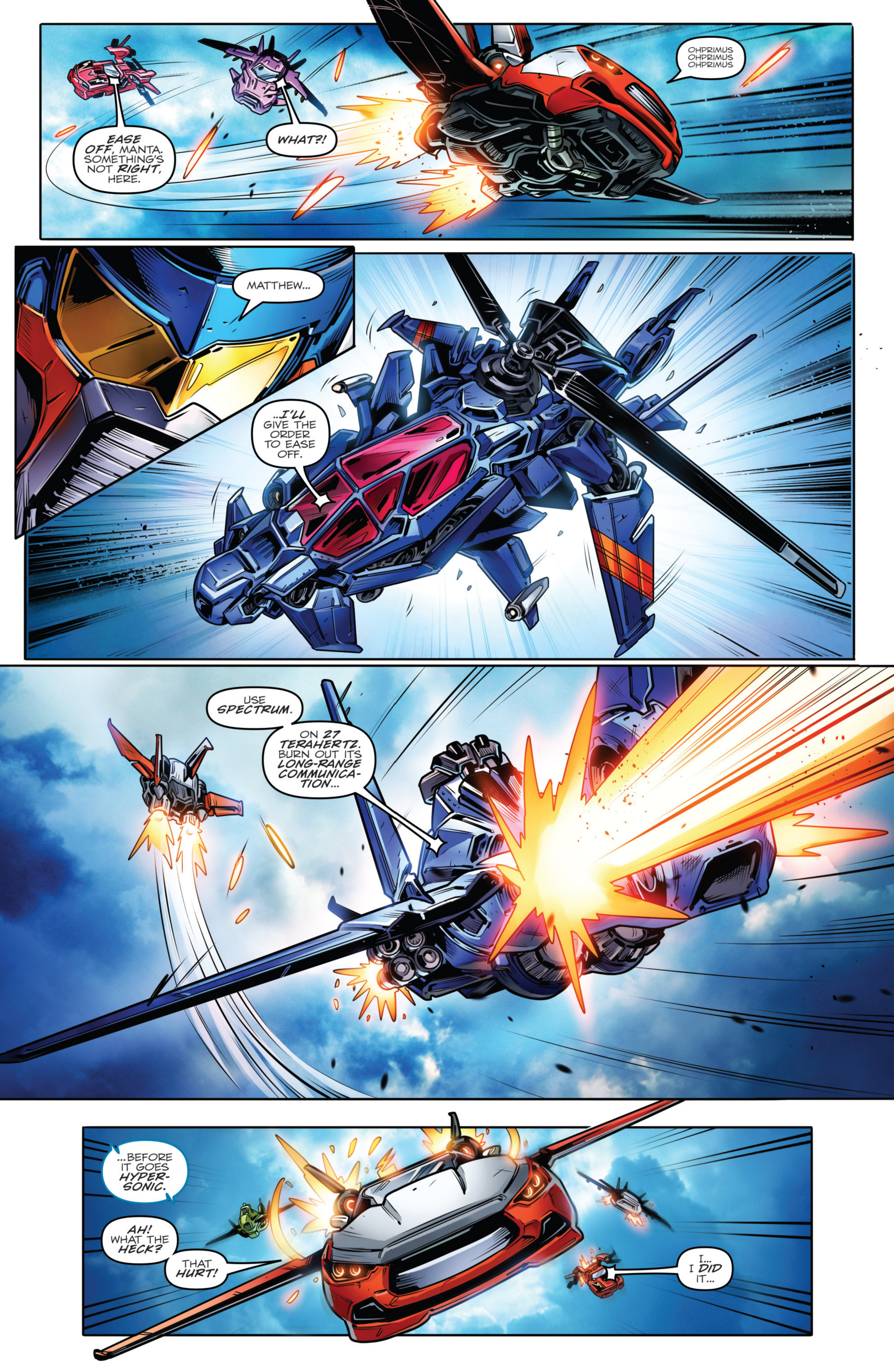

KUP— SOMETHING'S *WRONG*. I'M CALLING *OPTIMUS PRIME*.
*YEAH,* KID.
THESE THINGS CAME OUTTA *NOWHERE*...

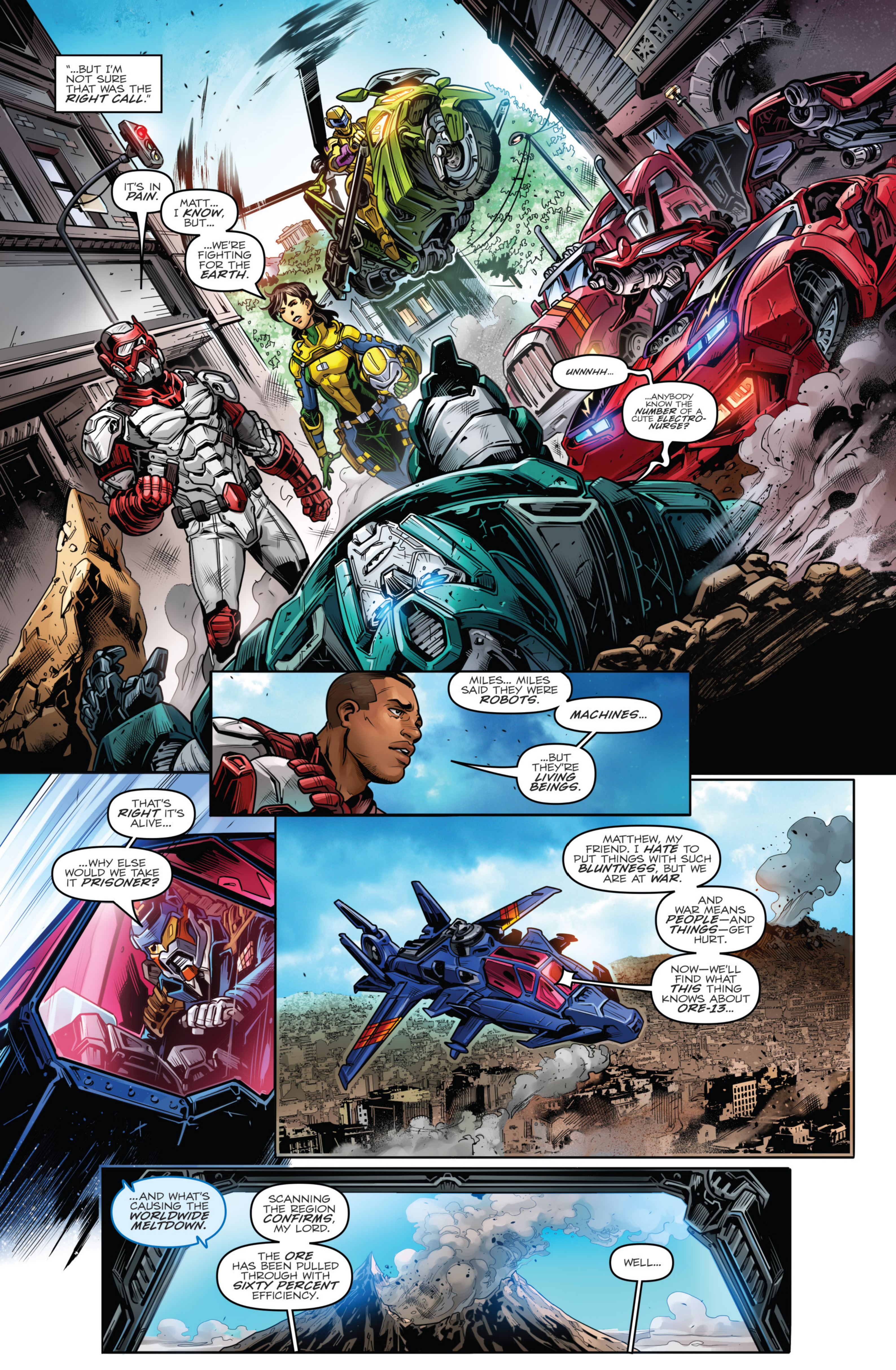

*SPECTRUM* TO ALL HANDS—

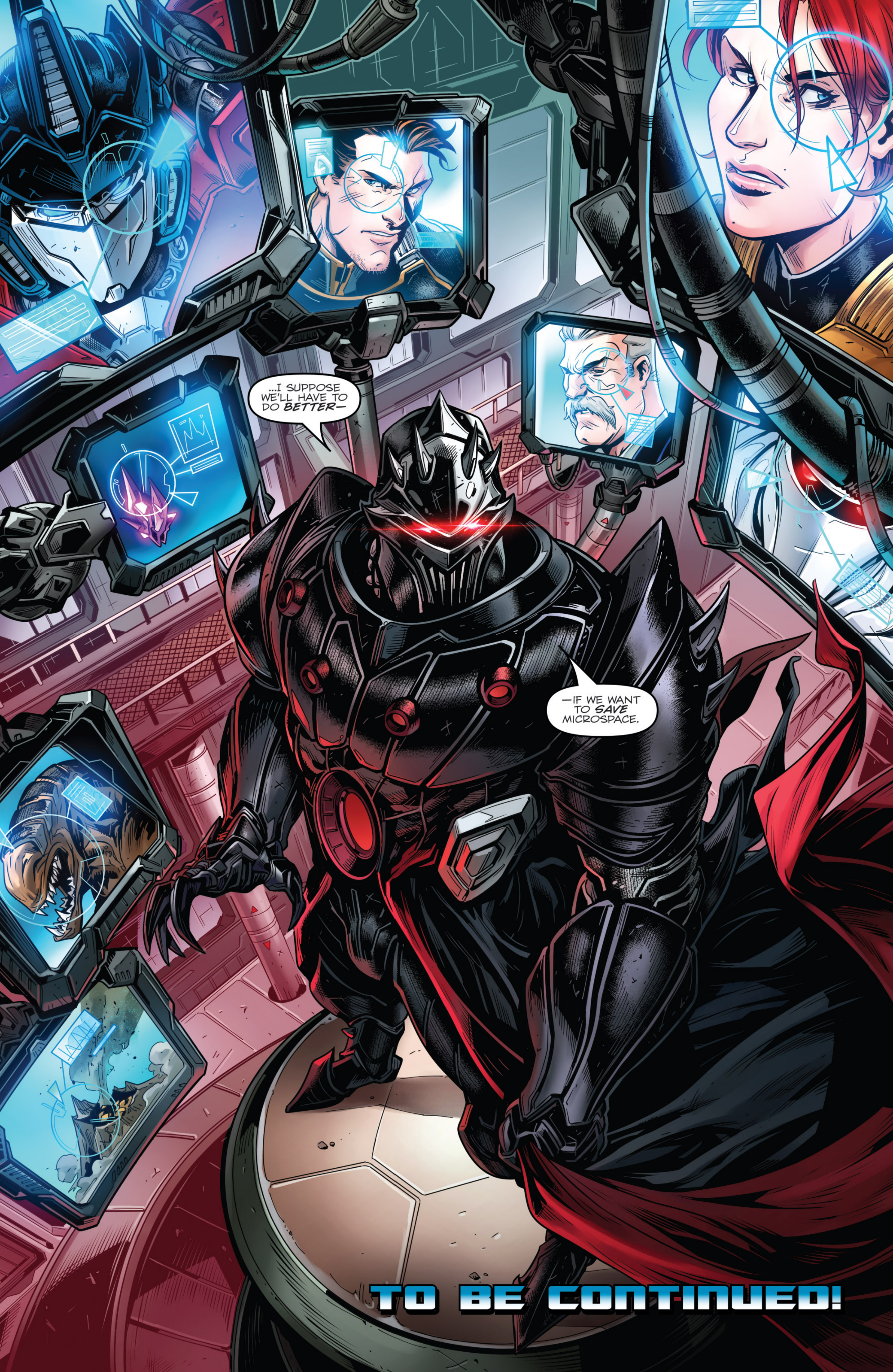

—NEUTRALIZE!
MATT TRAKKER. SPECTRUM. DRIVING THUNDERHAWK.
JULIO LOPEZ. GULLIVER. DRIVING RHINO.
BRUNO SHEPPARD. THUNDERFLAME. GUNNING RHINO.
VANESSA WARFIELD. ICE QUEEN. DRIVING MANTA.
HOLY CRAP!
GET OUTTA HERE, KID!
SLY RAX. STILETTO. DRIVING PIRANHA.
GLORIA BAKER. AURA. DRIVING SHARK.
KUP, HANG ON—I'M COMING BACK AROUND.
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?!
I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO COMMUNICATE.
BRAD TURNER. ECLIPSE. DRIVING CONDOR.
HUH. BOUNCES JUST LIKE A HUMAN TRUCK.
WHOA!
THAT ALMOST SOUNDED LIKE ENGLISH!
WHO CARES? BLAST THEM.
YAHH!
WE'RE HERE TO HELP, YOU STUPID LITTLE JERKS!
AWRIGHT, Y'WANNA FIGHT?
SCREEEE


YA CAME TO THE ***RIGHT TRUCK!***
WHO WANTS A PIECE O' ME ***NOW?!***
THE ***BLUE ONE*** JUST MADE HIMSELF A ***NICE***, JUICY ***TARGET***.
EVERYBODY— ***CONVERGE*** AND ***HIT HIM***.
KUP, GET DOWN!
SOMETHING'S ***JAMMING TRANSMISSIONS***—
—I CAN'T GET HELP FROM ***AUTOBOT CITY!***
WHAT IS THAT THING—
—DOING.
AW, ***HELL.***
IT'S TRYING TO ***PROTECT*** ITS ***FRIEND.***
KID, I AIN'T TELLIN' YA THIS FOR ***FUN***—
—GET THE HELL ***OUTTA*** HERE!
***I'LL*** KEEP 'EM BUSY!

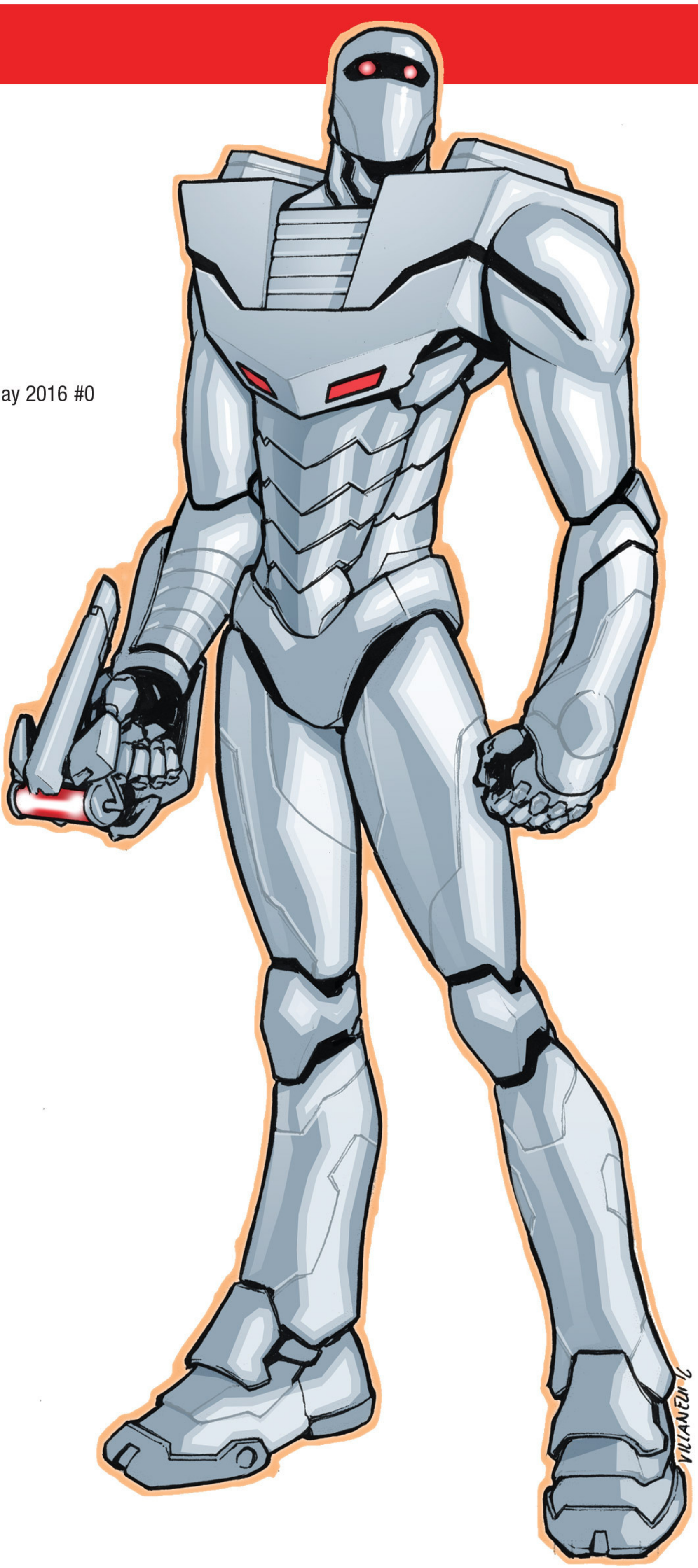

I FACED TOUGHER THAN *THIS!*
WHY, ONE TIME ON *RIGEL IV*, THERE WAS A *DUNE-BUGGY* THAT TURNED INTO A *BOAT*.
NOW *THAT* WAS SOMETHIN'.
MILES— THIS IS MATT!
THESE THINGS— THEY'RE NOT ACTING LIKE *MACHINES!*
WELL, YOUNG MATTHEW *DOES* HAVE A *POINT*.
I CAME HERE TO *KILL* YOU...
AAAGH!
...BUT YOU'RE WORTH MORE *ALIVE*, AREN'T YOU?
*DAMMIT*, KID.
GET *HOME*. TELL 'EM ABOUT THE *SPACEBRIDGE*...
...*PRIME'LL* FIGGER SOMETHIN' OUT...


OHPRIMUS OHPRIMUS OHPRIMUS
*EASE OFF*, MANTA. SOMETHING'S NOT *RIGHT*, HERE.
*WHAT?!*
MATTHEW...
...*I'LL* GIVE THE ORDER TO EASE OFF.
USE *SPECTRUM*.
ON *27 TERAHERTZ*. BURN OUT ITS *LONG-RANGE COMMUNICATION*...
...BEFORE IT GOES *HYPERSONIC*.
*AH!* WHAT THE *HECK?*
THAT *HURT!*
I... I *DID* IT...


"...BUT I'M NOT SURE THAT WAS THE *RIGHT CALL*."
IT'S IN *PAIN*.
MATT... I *KNOW*, BUT...
...WE'RE FIGHTING FOR THE *EARTH*.
UNNNHH...
...ANYBODY KNOW THE *NUMBER* OF A CUTE *ELECTRO-NURSE*?
MILES... MILES SAID THEY WERE *ROBOTS*.
*MACHINES*...
...BUT THEY'RE *LIVING BEINGS*.
THAT'S *RIGHT* IT'S ALIVE...
...WHY ELSE WOULD WE TAKE IT *PRISONER*?
MATTHEW, MY FRIEND. I *HATE* TO PUT THINGS WITH SUCH *BLUNTNESS*, BUT WE ARE AT *WAR*.
AND WAR MEANS *PEOPLE*—AND *THINGS*—GET HURT.
NOW—WE'LL FIND WHAT *THIS* THING KNOWS ABOUT *ORE-13*...
...AND WHAT'S CAUSING THE *WORLDWIDE MELTDOWN*.
SCANNING THE REGION *CONFIRMS*, MY LORD.
THE *ORE* HAS BEEN PULLED THROUGH WITH *SIXTY PERCENT* EFFICIENCY.
WELL...


...I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO DO *BETTER*—
—IF WE WANT TO *SAVE* MICROSPACE.
TO BE CONTINUED!

# ROM



**Real name:** Rom (surname not yet known)
**Occupation:** Solstar Order Space Knight
**Legal status:** Citizen of Elonia
**Place of birth:** Elonia
**Marital status:** Unknown
**Known relatives:** Unknown
**Group affiliation:** The Solstar Order
**Current base of operations:** Northern California, USA, Earth
**First appearance (historical):** 1979 toy line
**First appearance (this continuity):** Rom Free Comic Book Day 2016 #0

**History:** Not much is yet known of Rom before his fiery arrival in a forested area near California's central coast. The impact brought in soldiers from nearby Vandenberg Air Force Base and the local police as well. Some of whom Rom discovered were actually Dire Wraiths, the shape-shifting alien race that Rom has pursued across the galaxy.

Dire Wraiths use black-magic abilities to assume the forms of other lifeforms they possess and kill—flora and fauna alike. Two hundred years ago, Wraiths used their insidious magics to devastate Rom's home planet of Elonia for purposes still unknown to Rom. For the past two centuries, he and other Space Knights have gallantly fought the Wraiths' growing threat across the galaxy.

Rom was victorious in his initial battle. Two humans caught in the crossfire were less lucky: a Wraith viciously slashed a human police officer, Camilla Byers, creating the Wraithmark, as Rom called it, which allows her to read the Wraiths' thoughts even as it slowly turns her into one of them.

Rom also came into contact with a woman named Darby Mason, the sole survivor of a subsequent Wraith attack on the nearby town of Cooper's Mill. At first, Darby and Camilla questioned what they saw, thinking Rom was killing other humans. But subsequent attacks have shown them the reality, that the Wraiths have infiltrated Earth at all levels, including the military. The fact that this killer "robot" from space is telling the truth is the most frightening thing of all.

**Height:** 7'2"
**Weight:** 900 lbs
**Eyes (humanoid):** Unknown
**Eyes (in armor):** Red
**Hair:** Unknown

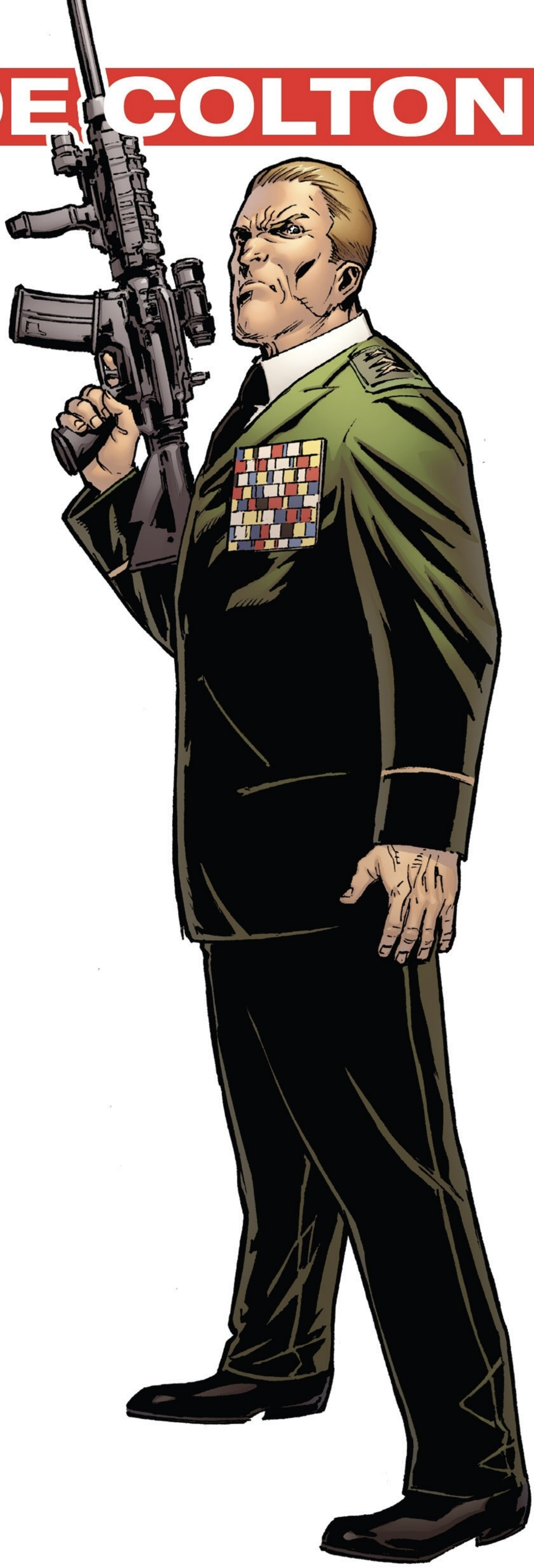
**Strength level:** Rom's metal suit greatly enhances his life support, longevity, strength, and stamina but its upper levels are thus far unknown.

**Unusual powers:** Rom's metal suit possesses the power of interstellar travel, seemingly endless life support, and the ability to mentally morph the metal into handheld weapons and scanners that allow him to determine if any living thing is secretly a Wraith. Trained as a soldier in a war stretching out over centuries, Rom has great military acumen and battle-honed decision-making.

**Weapons:** Rom's outer wrist gauntlets house his Wraith-detecting Energy Analyzer. Rom can also morph his armor into his Neutralizer, a weapon of immense power. The weapon seems keyed to Rom's lifeforce, because the more he uses the weapon's most powerful settings, the more it weakens him overall. His armor is also equipped with a built-in Translator that converts his language to others'.

Text: **Chris Ryall** • Art: **Paolo Villanelli** & **David Messina**

# GENERAL JOE COLTON



**Real name:** Joseph B. Colton
**Occupation:** General, United States Army
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United States of America
**Place of birth:** Central Falls, Rhode Island
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None
**Group affiliation:** G.I. Joe
**Current base of operations:** Governor's Island
**First appearance (historical):** *G.I. Joe* (1982) #86
**First appearance (this continuity):** *G.I. Joe* (2012) #1

**History:** Born in Central Falls, Rhode Island, Joseph B. Colton demonstrated a preternatural skill for leadership, one that even as a young child he hoped to use in service of his country. With the inspiration provided by World War II legend Sgt. Robert Stephan Savage, this desire—along with a tireless work ethic, bottomless reserves of stamina, gifted levels of athleticism, and, most importantly, a refusal to ever give up or quit—led Colton to graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point with the highest honors.

Post graduation, Colton, due to his distinguished record and expert marksmanship, was selected for the Green Berets, where he continued to serve his country with the flawless dedication that has always defined him. Covert operations were nothing new for Colton, so he was later a natural fit for the Adventure Team, a group assembled to combat the threats that were beyond the capabilities of the traditional military establishment. It was during this time that Colton received the codename G.I. Joe.

Though the original Adventure Team fell by the wayside, the group's success inspired the creation of a new group, one commissioned by the highest echelons of the United States government, tasked to operate in secret and protect America at all costs. Not only was Colton handpicked to lead this group, but he even lent the program his old Adventure Team codename: G.I. Joe.

As the head of the G.I. Joe program and team, Colton spent more time than he would have liked sitting behind a desk, negotiating budgets with senators and bureaucrats. But whenever the need arose, whenever his country needed him, Colton was the first to leap into the fray and put his Green Beret training to use.

With the arrival of the massive, frighteningly powerful Cybertronians, the world changed dramatically, as did Colton's view of it. He watched his primary objective grow from not merely protecting America from other threats on Earth, but the increasingly powerful and domineering entities that have begun to call it their home.

**Height:** 6'1"
**Weight:** 190 lbs
**Eyes:** Brown
**Hair:** Brown with greying temples

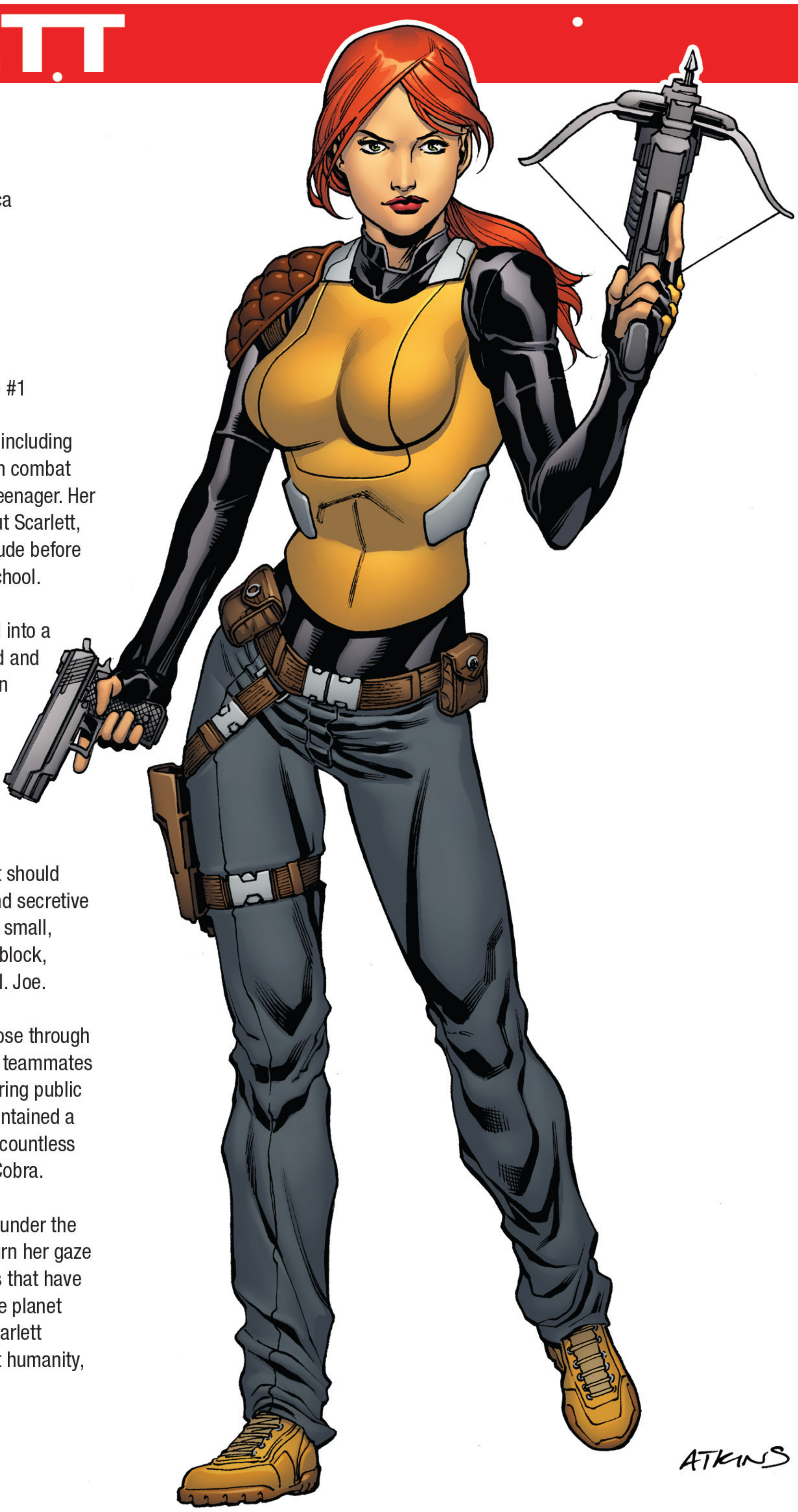
**Strength level:** Joe Colton possesses the strength and endurance of a middle-aged man who engages in regular, intensive exercise and personal training.

**Unusual powers:** While not a power per se, Colton, as the original G.I. Joe, possesses an uncanny ability to not only lead men and women, but to inspire them. It is through his leadership and shining example that the G.I. Joe team has been able to accomplish feats and conquer threats that would have ordinarily been outside the abilities of mere humans.

**Weapons:** As a former member of the Green Berets, Colton is an expert in all small arms, rifles, and hand-to-hand combat. He is also competent in standard Army vehicles, as well as the specialized machinery utilized by the G.I. Joe team.

Text: **Aubrey Sitterson** • Art: **Steve Kurth** & **Simon Gough**

# SCARLETT



**Real name:** Shana M. O'Hara
**Occupation:** Master Sergeant, United States Army
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United States of America
**Place of birth:** Atlanta, Georgia
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** Father and three brothers
**Group affiliation:** G.I. Joe
**Current base of operations:** ??????
**First appearance (historical):** G.I. Joe (1982) #1
**First appearance (this continuity):** G.I. Joe (2009) #1

**History:** Growing up in a house full of military men, including her father and three brothers, Scarlett was trained in combat from a young age, earning her first black belt as a teenager. Her fists and feet weren't the only formidable thing about Scarlett, however, as she graduated college Summa Cum Laude before passing the bar exam without even attending law school.

Rather than practicing law, however, Scarlett moved into a profession that would allow her to put both her mind and her impressive martial capabilities to use: a career in the United States military. With time logged in Advanced Infantry Training, Ranger School, Covert Ops School, Marine Sniper School, Special Air Service School, and the Marine Tae Kwon Do Symposium, Scarlett only became more formidable.

With such an exquisite, multi-faceted background, it should come as no surprise that the country's most elite and secretive fighting force came calling for Scarlett. Along with a small, select group, including Duke, Snake Eyes, and Roadblock, Scarlett was handpicked by General Hawk to join G.I. Joe.

As a member of this covert team, Scarlett steadily rose through the ranks, earning the respect and allegiance of her teammates in the process. In the midst of budget cutbacks, souring public opinion, and bureaucratic malfeasance, Scarlett maintained a steady hand on the rudder, guiding G.I. Joe through countless battles against the terrorist organization known as Cobra.

Now, with Cobra defeated and dismantled, Scarlett, under the guidance of her mentor, General Joe Colton, must turn her gaze to another threat: that of the numerous alien entities that have decided to make their home on Earth. With her home planet becoming increasingly overrun by Cybertronians, Scarlett recognizes that G.I. Joe, and their mission to protect humanity, is more important than ever.

**Height:** 5'10"
**Weight:** 150 lbs
**Eyes:** Green
**Hair:** Red

**Strength level:** Scarlett possesses the strength and endurance of an adult woman who engages in regular, intensive exercise and personal training.

**Unusual powers:** Like the rest of the G.I. Joe team, Scarlett possesses no special powers, but what she does boast is an absolutely stunning mind for combat. Scarlett can not only devise all-encompassing strategic plans, but she is capable of revising them on the fly with up-to-the-minute tactical considerations.

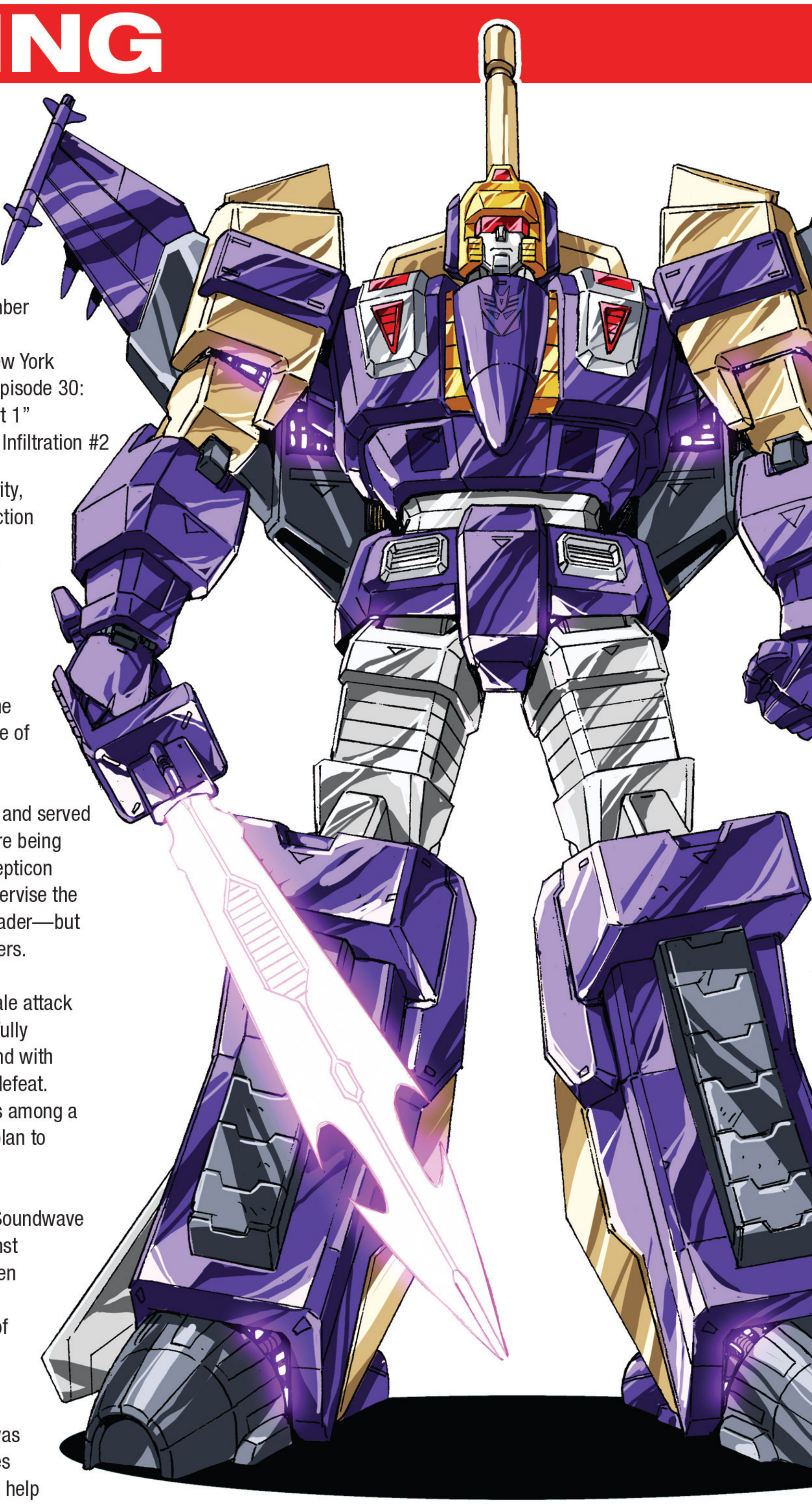
While Scarlett's most dangerous ability is her razor-sharp mental acuity, she, like all members of G.I. Joe, is also a highly trained field combatant.

**Weapons:** As a member of the United States Army, Scarlett is proficient in all standard military-grade guns, rifles, and knives, and has also received specialized Sniper training, as well as possessing an extensive background in hybridized martial arts. Her weapon of choice, however, is the XK-1 power crossbow and the specialized bolts she likes best.

Text: **Aubrey Sitterson** • Art: **Robert Atkins** & **Simon Gough**

# BLITZWING

**Real name:** Blitzwing
**Occupation:** Spare parts
**Legal status:** Citizen of Cybertron
**Place of birth:** Unknown region of Cybertron
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None
**Group affiliation:** Former Decepticon; former member of the Triorian Guard
**Current base of operations:** Governor's Island, New York
**First appearance (historical):** *The Transformers* episode 30: "Dinobot Island, Part 1"
**First appearance (this continuity):** Transformers: Infiltration #2



**History:** Though he frequently rages against authority, Blitzwing is a follower, not a leader. His lack of direction in life is likely responsible for his current predicament—a test subject under the auspices of anti-Cybertronian human forces.

Millions of years ago, Blitzwing was one of the Cybertronian Senate's elite Triorian Guard, a unit comprised of Triple Changers assigned to protect the Primal Basilica (the burial place for the second wave of Primes).

He was an early recruit to Megatron's Decepticons, and served as part of Bludgeon's Titan-seeking squadron, before being assigned to deep cover on Earth as part of the Decepticon infiltration protocols. When Megatron arrived to supervise the invasion, Blitzwing briefly battled the Decepticon leader—but subsequently became one of his most trusted soldiers.

Blitzwing served under Megatron during his full-scale attack on Earth, and both fled when the Autobots successfully countered the blitzkrieg. Blitzwing continued to stand with Megatron through his return to Earth and ultimate defeat. While Megatron was presumed dead, Blitzwing was among a handful of Decepticons privy to Megatron's secret plan to conquer the reborn Cybertron.

After this proved unsuccessful, Blitzwing followed Soundwave (again bristling against leadership) in his fight against Shockwave's mad plan to destroy the universe. When Galvatron assumed command of the reformed Decepticon army, Blitzwing returned to Earth, part of the warlord's unsuccessful attempt to kill Optimus Prime and take over the planet.

Following Galvatron's defeat, an injured Blitzwing was captured by G.I. Joe forces and handed over to Miles Manheim, who dissected the still-living Blitzwing to help build his mode-changing M.A.S.K. vehicles—using Blitzwing's Cybertronian biology to render them invisible to Cybertronian sensors, and to increase their offensive power.

**Height:** 30'
**Weight:** 12 tons
**Eyes:** Red
**Hair:** None

**Strength level:** Blitzwing possesses above-average strength and endurance compared to other Cybertronians of his stature.

**Unusual powers:** Blitzwing is a Triple Changer—a relatively rare type of Cybertronian able to change into two distinct alt-modes. In Blitzwing's case, one mode (jet) allows for flight (in-atmosphere and in space) and the other (tank) is a heavily armored ground vehicle.

**Weapons:** Blitzwing is well versed in Cybertronian weaponry, usually carrying a rifle or other handgun in addition to his in-built cannons.

Text: **John Barber** • Art: **Guido Guidi**

# ACTION MAN

**Real name:** Ian Noble
**Occupation:** The Greatest Hero of Them All
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United Kingdom
**Place of birth:** Cambridge, England
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** Parents (mentioned)
**Group affiliation:** Action Man Programme (part of the British Secret Intelligence Service)
**Current base of operations:** Secret Intelligence Service Headquarters, London
**First appearance (historical):** 1966 toy line
**First appearance (this continuity):** Rom Free Comic Book Day 2016 #0

**History:** Four years ago, Ian Noble was a Sixth-Form student in North London—unhappy with the life he was leading. Disliked by his fellow students (and teachers), Ian engaged in petty crimes, easily evading detection. His physical prowess was excellent, and he developed extensive pick-pocketing skills.

One night while walking near the Thames, Ian witnessed a man using a suspiciously high-tech lock on what seemed to be a derelict building. Without hesitation, Ian stole the man's entry card and bypassed an I.D. scanner, gaining entry to the building—the then-headquarters of the Action Man Programme, where Ian was confronted by Agent Brogan—a.k.a. Action Man.

Impressed with Ian's breaking and entering abilities—and his ability to avoid capture, at least for a moment—Brogan offered Ian employment. Ian joined the technology division of the Action Man Programme, working with (among others) Bryce Chan, a brilliant contemporary of Ian's.

Ian learned the A.M.P.'s history of service to the British Crown stretched far into the past—at least to the mid-19th century, possibly much longer. Over the years, many individuals had taken the role of "Action Man"; Brogan was only the most recent. The program in the present day was run by Director Pauline Bestley.

Working in the tech division for nearly four years, Ian would occasionally do fieldwork—sometimes authorized, sometimes not—often in pursuit of the mysterious villain Doctor X. On one unauthorized expedition, Ian uncovered a plot involving the theft of an experimental spacecraft with an antimatter drive—which had been inadvertently set to overload, threatening a chain reaction which might have led to the destruction of the Earth.

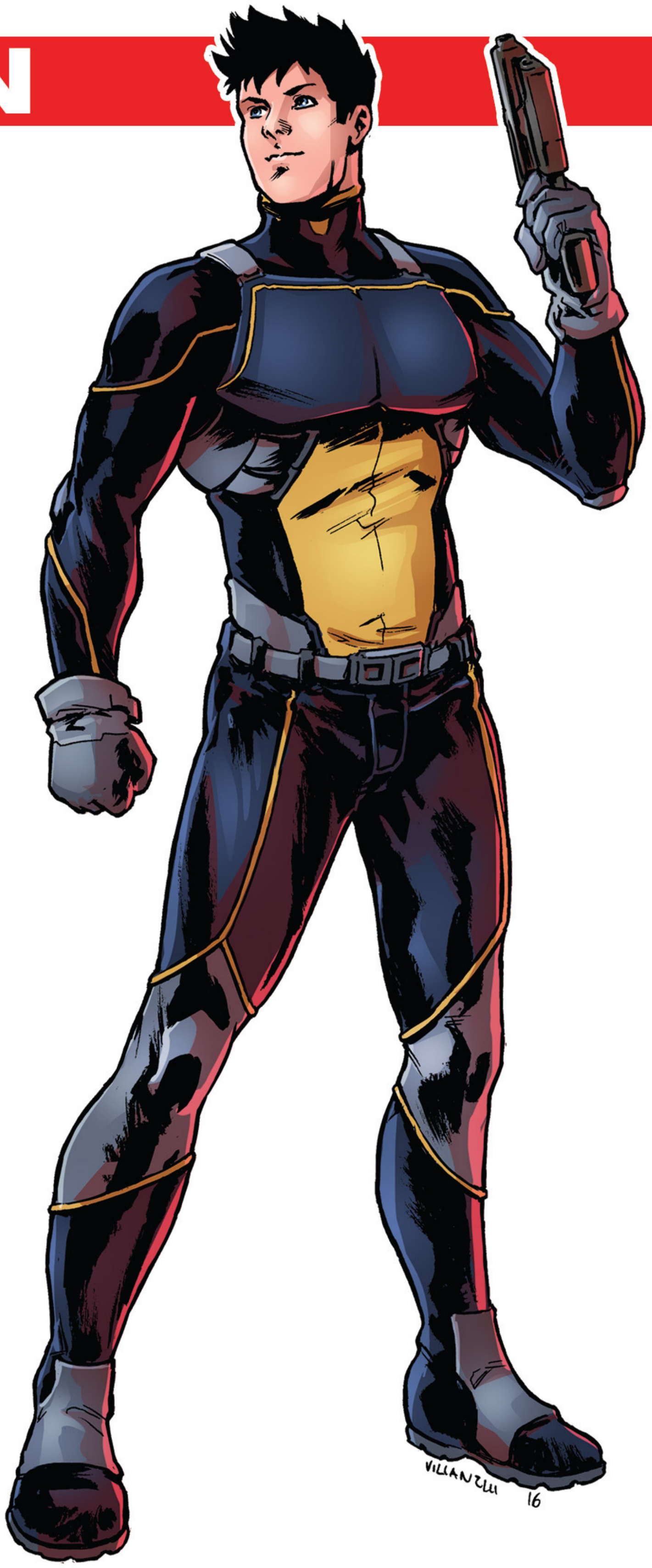
Ian's infiltration was uncovered by Doctor X's forces, and Action Man was called in. Rescuing Ian, Action Man saw no choice other than piloting the spacecraft away from Earth—where it exploded, swallowing Action Man.

The Prime Minister considered Ian a hero for uncovering the plot, and put pressure on Director Bestley to make Ian the new Action Man—over Agent Terrence Salmons, who Bestley (and Salmons) considered the better choice.

Ian blamed himself for Agent Brogan's death, and with the help of Agent Chan (now promoted to Quartermaster) Ian pursued Doctor X. Ian was pushed by Agent Salmons to be better at his job, and formed a more pleasant bond with Agent Mercy Gale, head of Intel, who had been Brogan's friend.

After capturing a mercenary working for Doctor X, Ian gained access to X's mountain laboratory, the Chateau. The mission didn't go as planned—but in the process, Agent Gale revealed she was Doctor X, and had been playing the A.M.P. against her own forces for years. Her goal was to manipulate world events to affect change.

Gale escaped capture, and remains at large. Ian remains Action Man.



**Height:** 5' 9"
**Weight:** 155 lbs
**Eyes:** Blue
**Hair:** Black

**Strength level:** Ian Noble possesses above-average strength and extremely high agility for a human of his age and build.

**Unusual powers:** None, though Ian's reflexes are at the upper end of the baseline human scale, and he possesses excellent sleight-of-hand skills—as well as exemplary battlefield reasoning.

**Weapons:** Action Man is well versed in small arms and is often equipped with top-of-the-line weapons, vehicles, and gadgets. These devices vary depending on mission parameters.

Text: **John Barber** • Art: **Paolo Villanelli** & **John-Paul Bove**

# ROM—A MURDERER?!

That's what OPTIMUS PRIME thinks—and right or wrong, there's only one outcome: all-out war! Meanwhile, G.I. JOE turns to the one person who can save the world from ultimate destruction—MILES MAYHEM! Meet MATT TRAKKER and the M.A.S.K.: Mobile Armored Strike Kommand team—in their first appearance since 1986! With top-of-the-line cars rebuilt using bootleg Cybertronian parts, they're ready for a high-octane rumble head-to-head with the TRANSFORMERS!

From New York Times best-selling writers Cullen Bunn and John Barber—and superstar-in-the-making artist Fico Ossio—comes a genre-bending crossover that will leave no stone unturned... and no soul unshaken.

The
REVOLUTION
is here—
take a stand!

EASTON | VARGAS | ESCUIN

# REVOLUTION

## M.A.S.K.: MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND

IDW
ISSUE
1

# REVOLUTION

## M.A.S.K.: MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND

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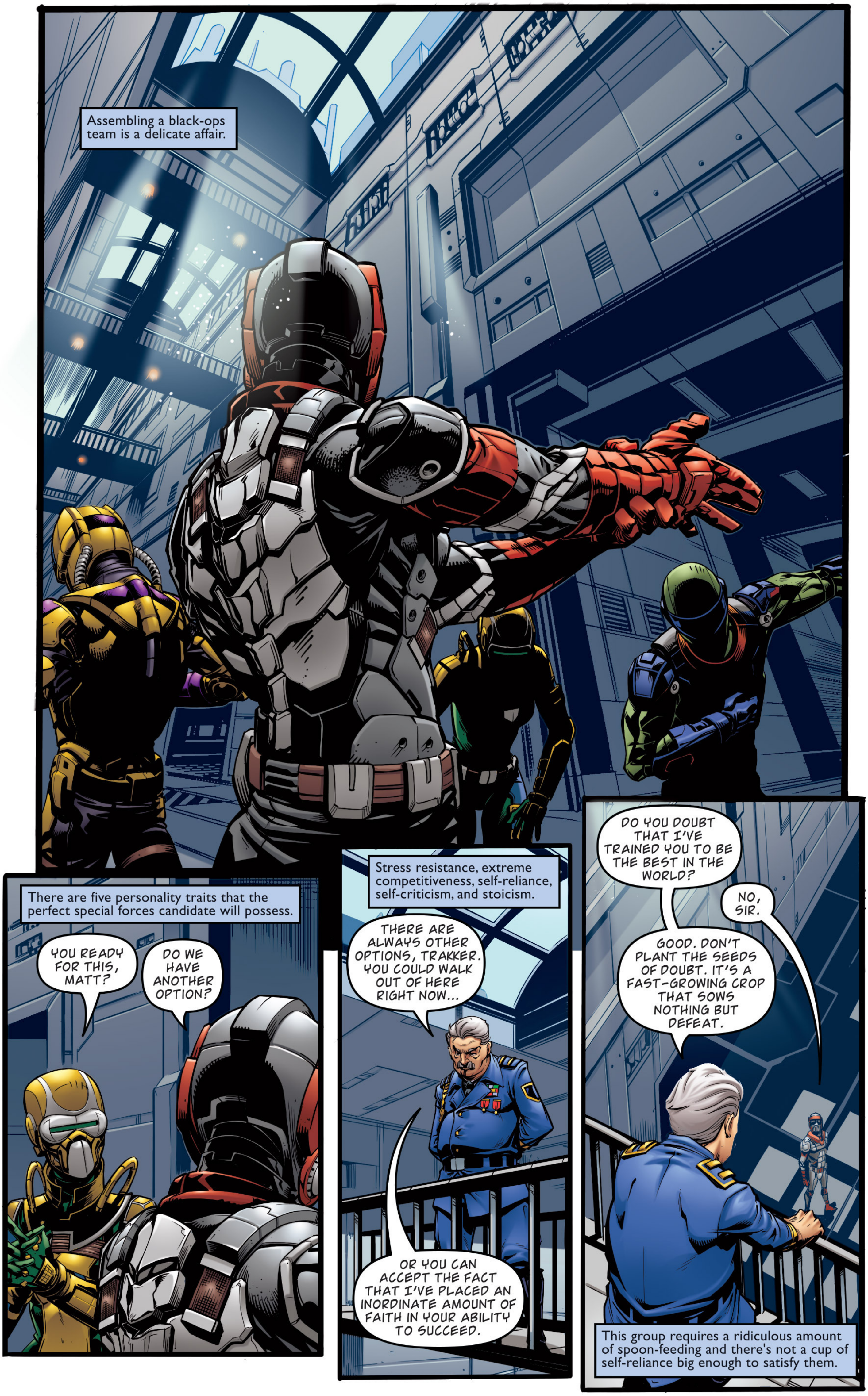
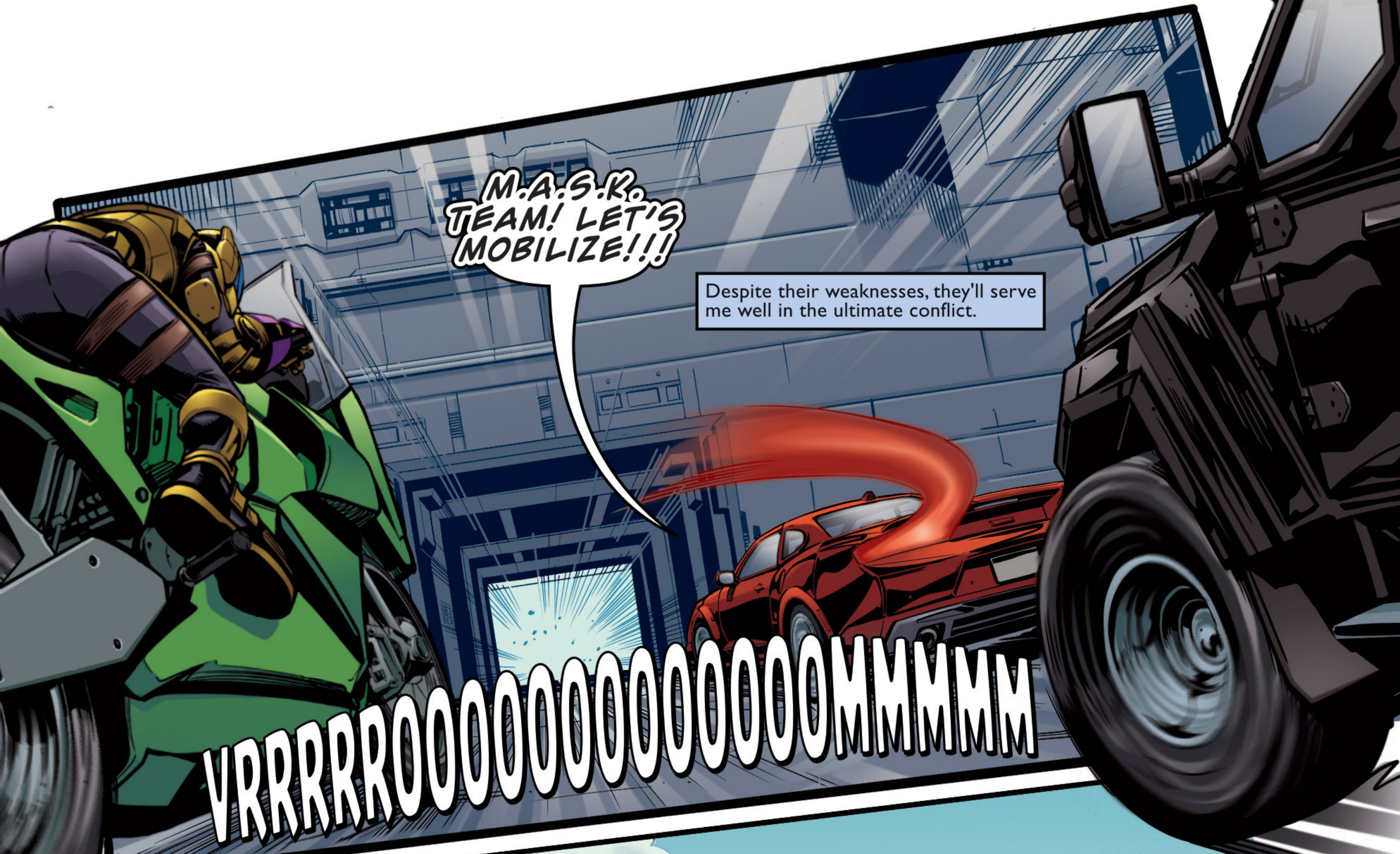
# MASK

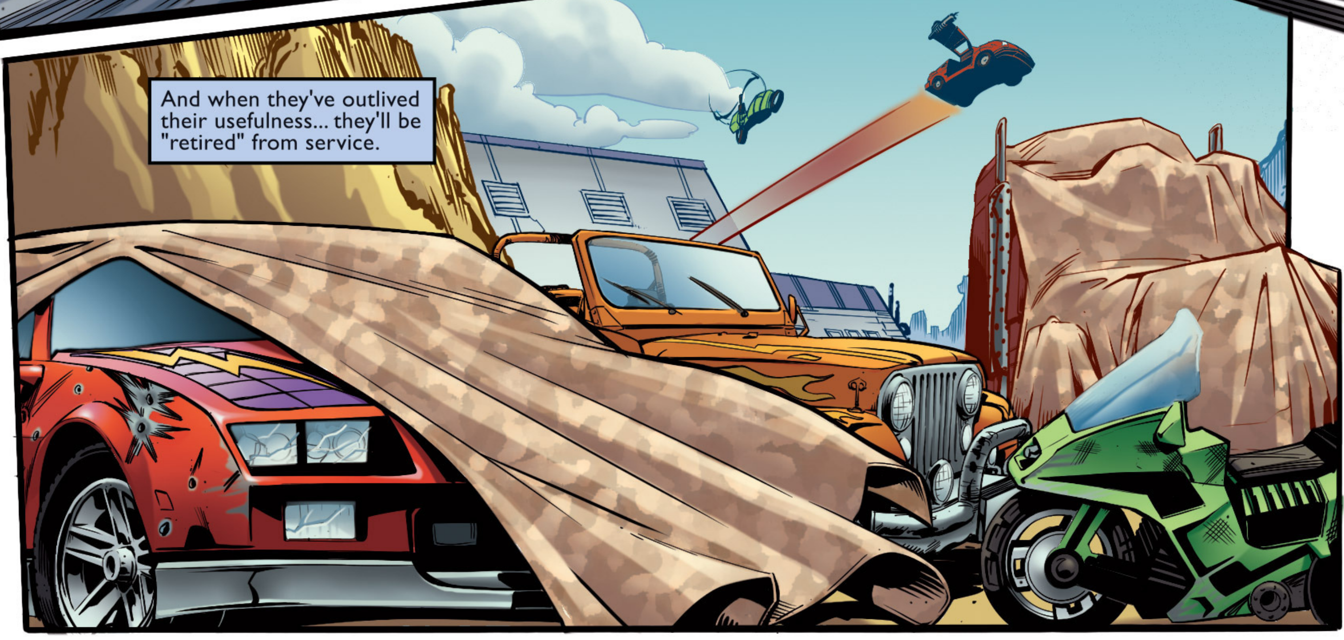
MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND

Miles "Mayhem" Manheim has waged a war against those who would harm the Earth for decades...

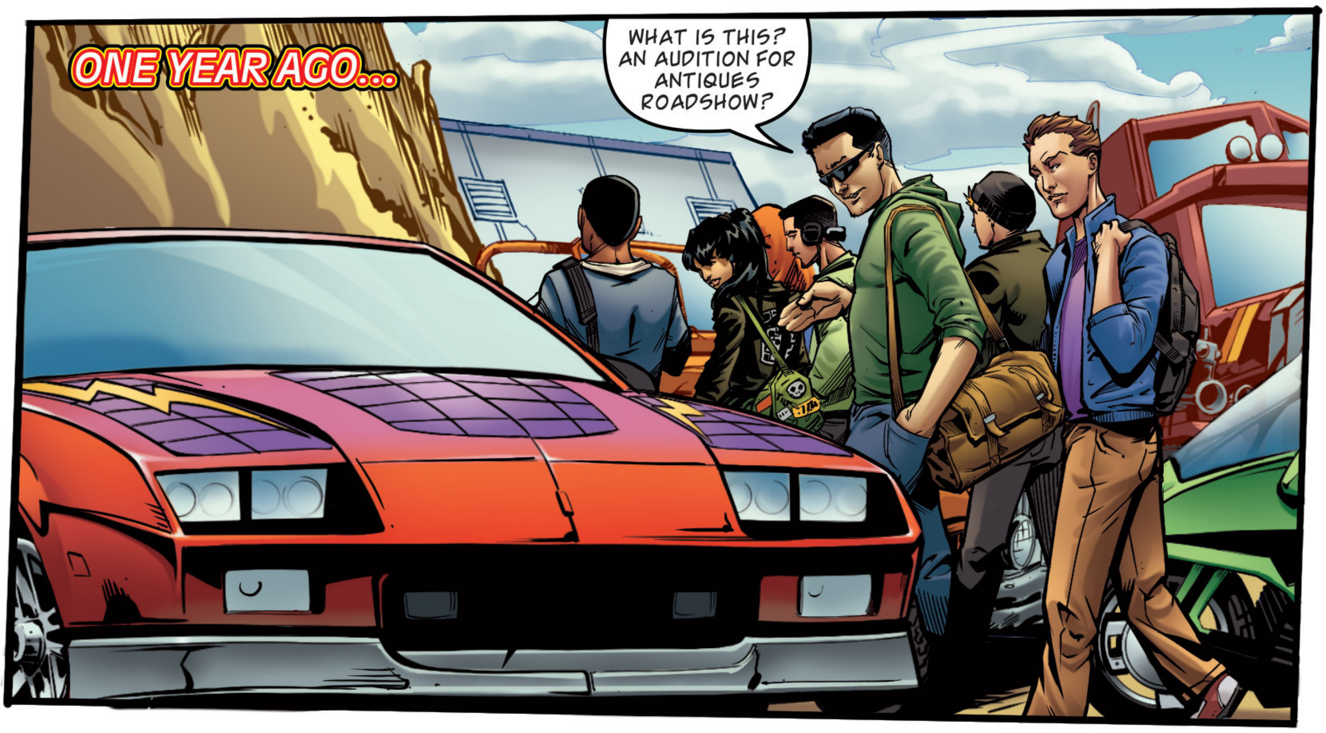

Assembling a black-ops team is a delicate affair.
There are five personality traits that the perfect special forces candidate will possess.
YOU READY FOR THIS, MATT?
DO WE HAVE ANOTHER OPTION?
Stress resistance, extreme competitiveness, self-reliance, self-criticism, and stoicism.
THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHER OPTIONS, TRAKKER. YOU COULD WALK OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW...
OR YOU CAN ACCEPT THE FACT THAT I'VE PLACED AN INORDINATE AMOUNT OF FAITH IN YOUR ABILITY TO SUCCEED.
DO YOU DOUBT THAT I'VE TRAINED YOU TO BE THE BEST IN THE WORLD?
NO, SIR.
GOOD. DON'T PLANT THE SEEDS OF DOUBT. IT'S A FAST-GROWING CROP THAT SOWS NOTHING BUT DEFEAT.
This group requires a ridiculous amount of spoon-feeding and there's not a cup of self-reliance big enough to satisfy them.


M.A.S.K. TEAM! LET'S MOBILIZE!!!
VRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM

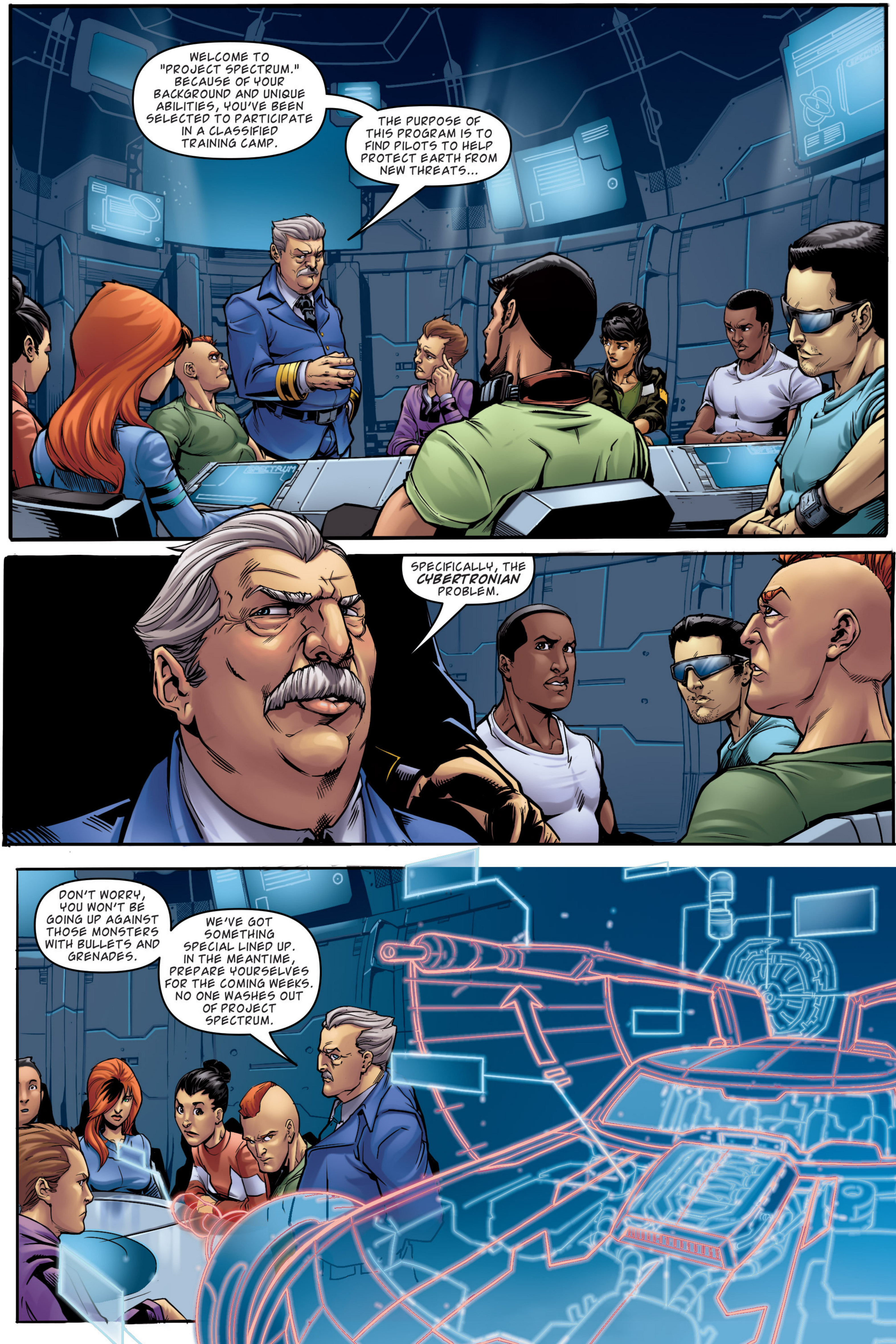
Despite their weaknesses, they'll serve me well in the ultimate conflict.

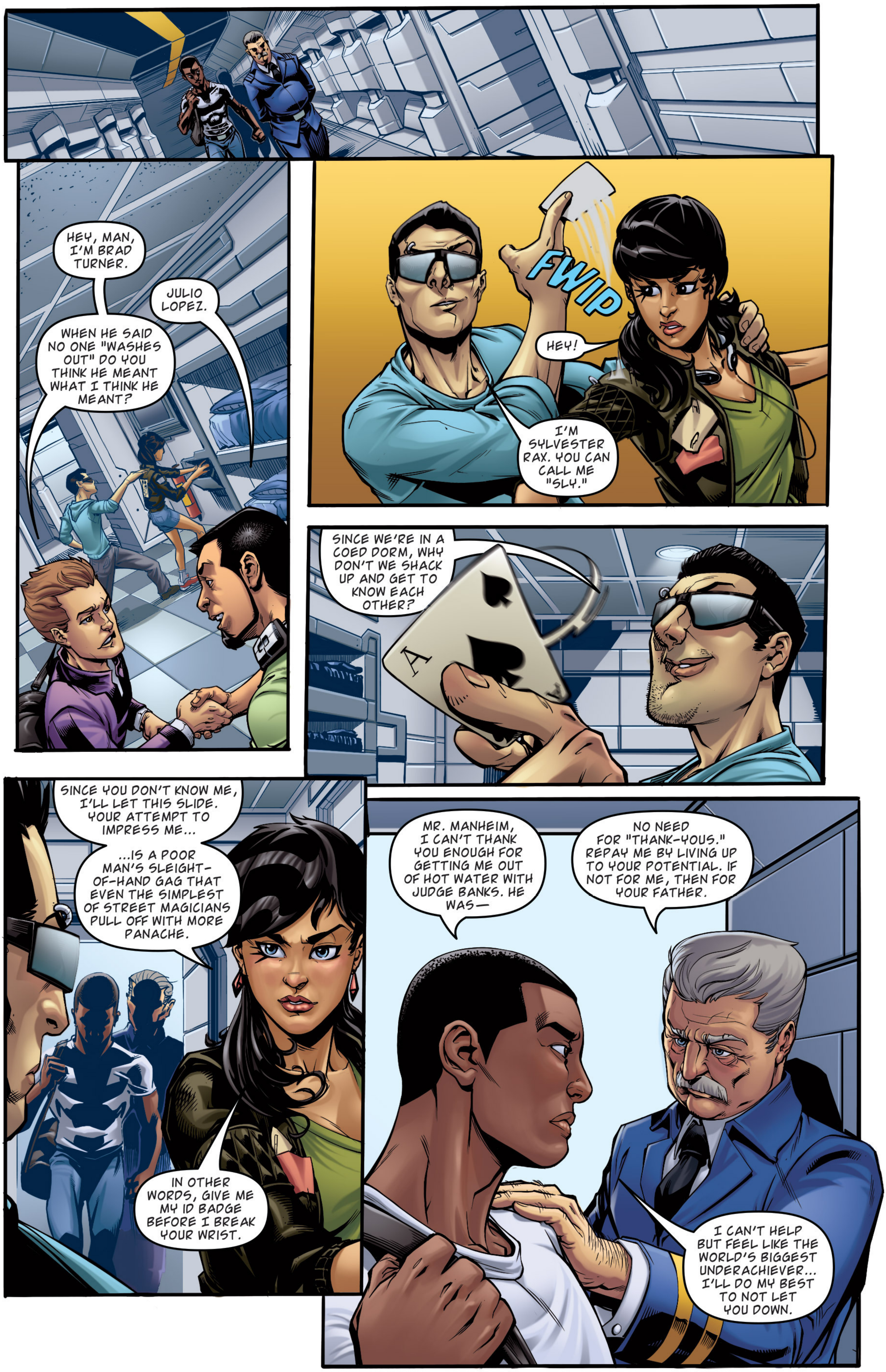


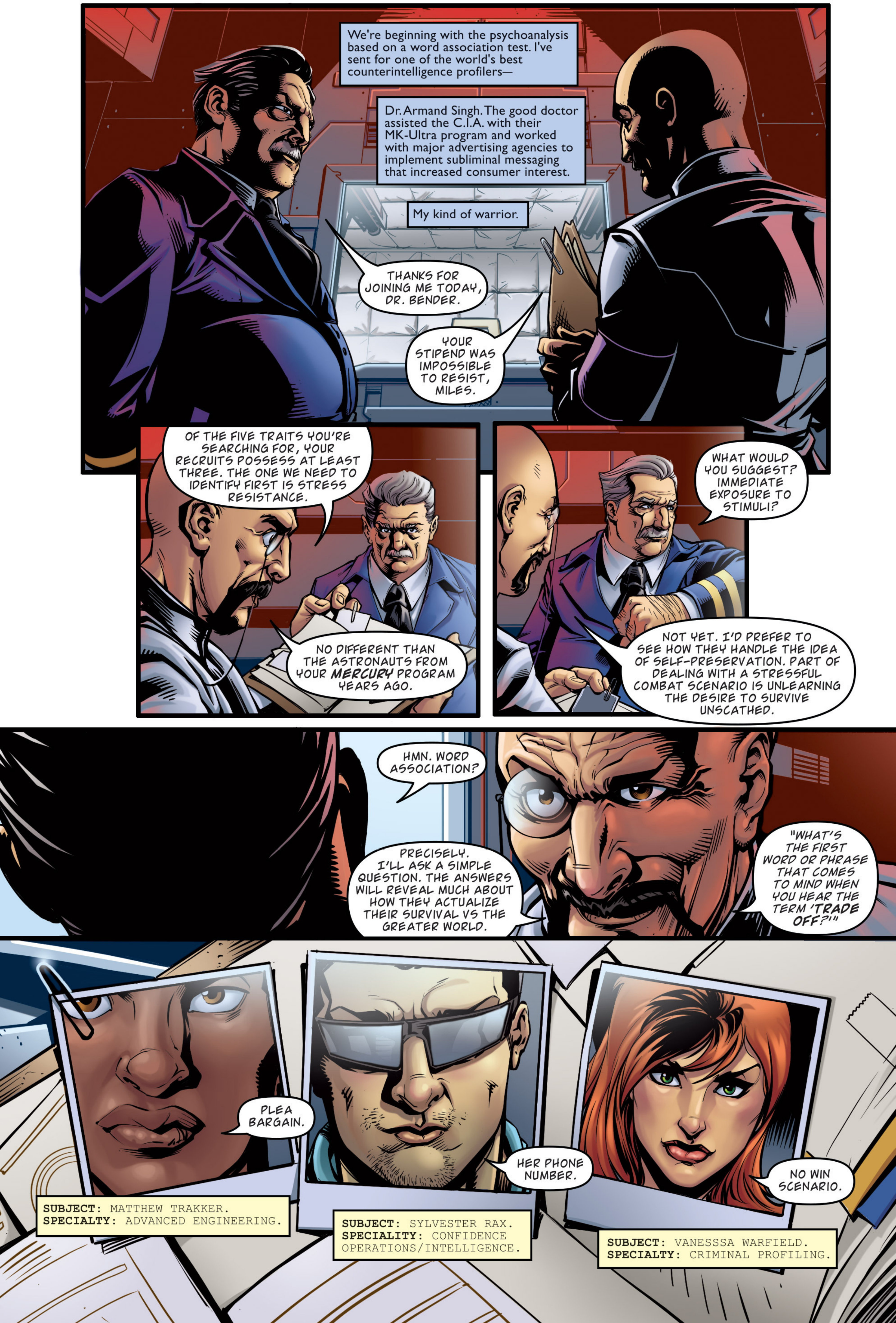
And when they've outlived their usefulness... they'll be "retired" from service.

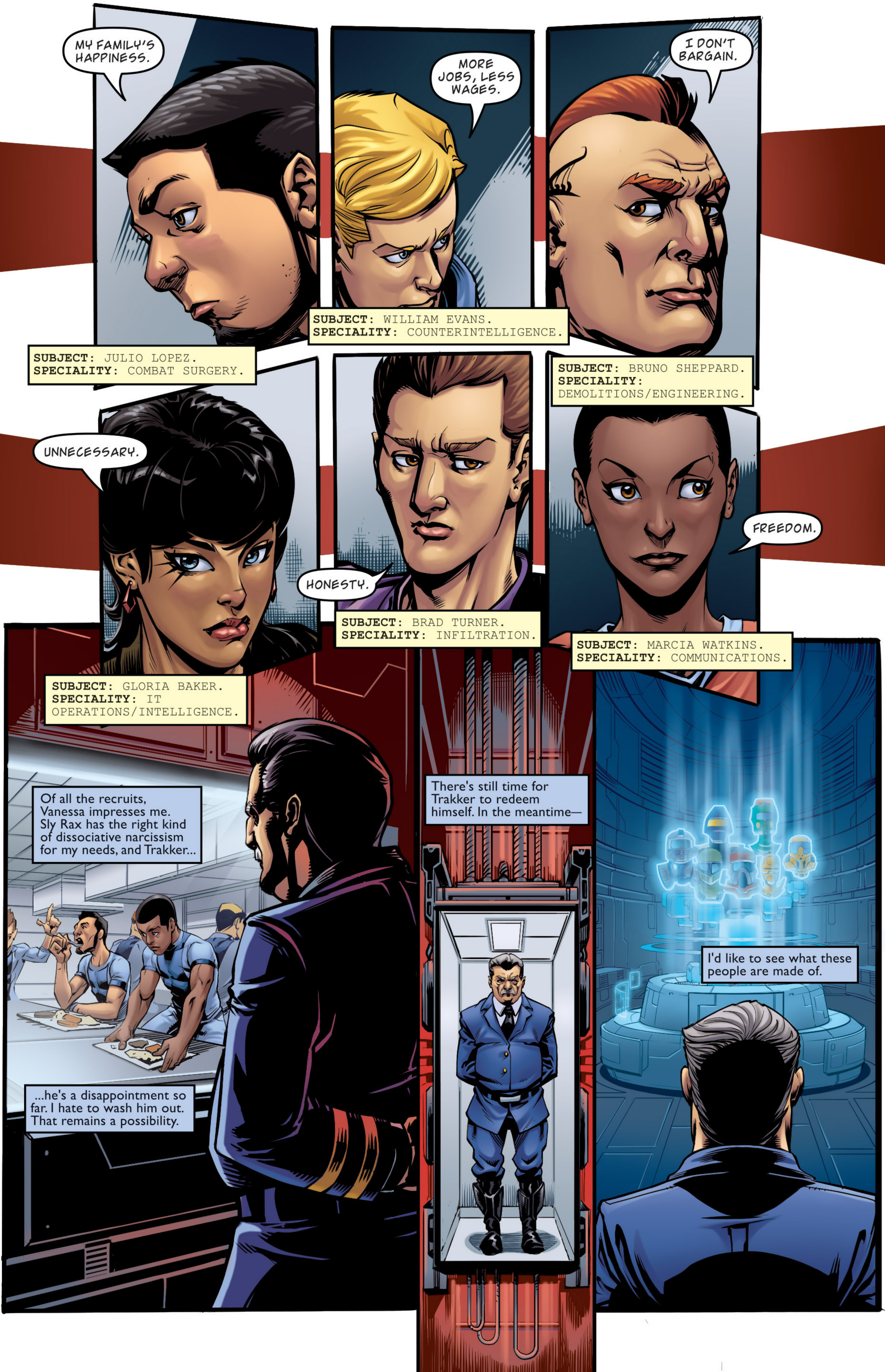

WHAT IS THIS? AN AUDITION FOR ANTIQUES ROADSHOW?

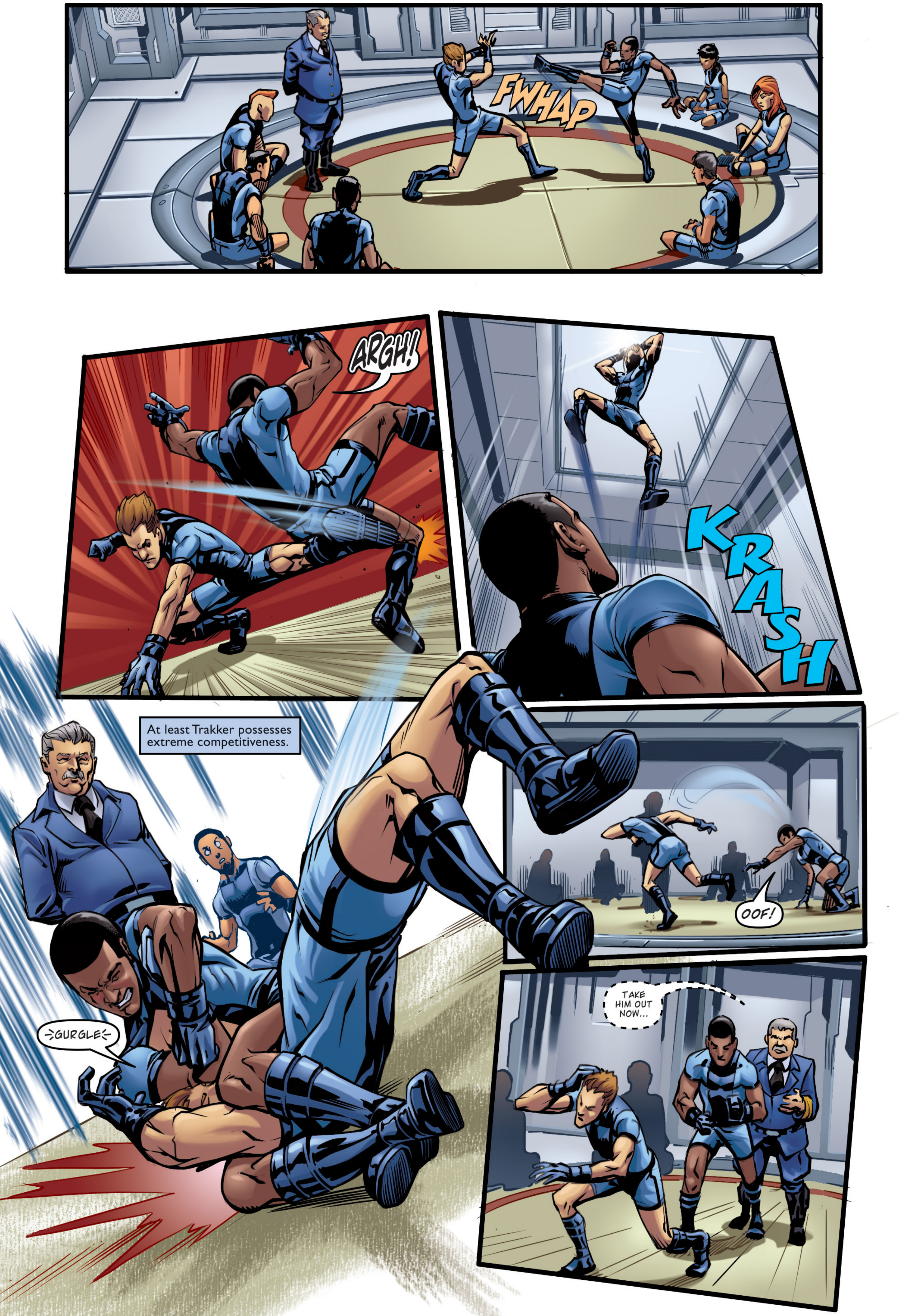
ONE YEAR AGO...

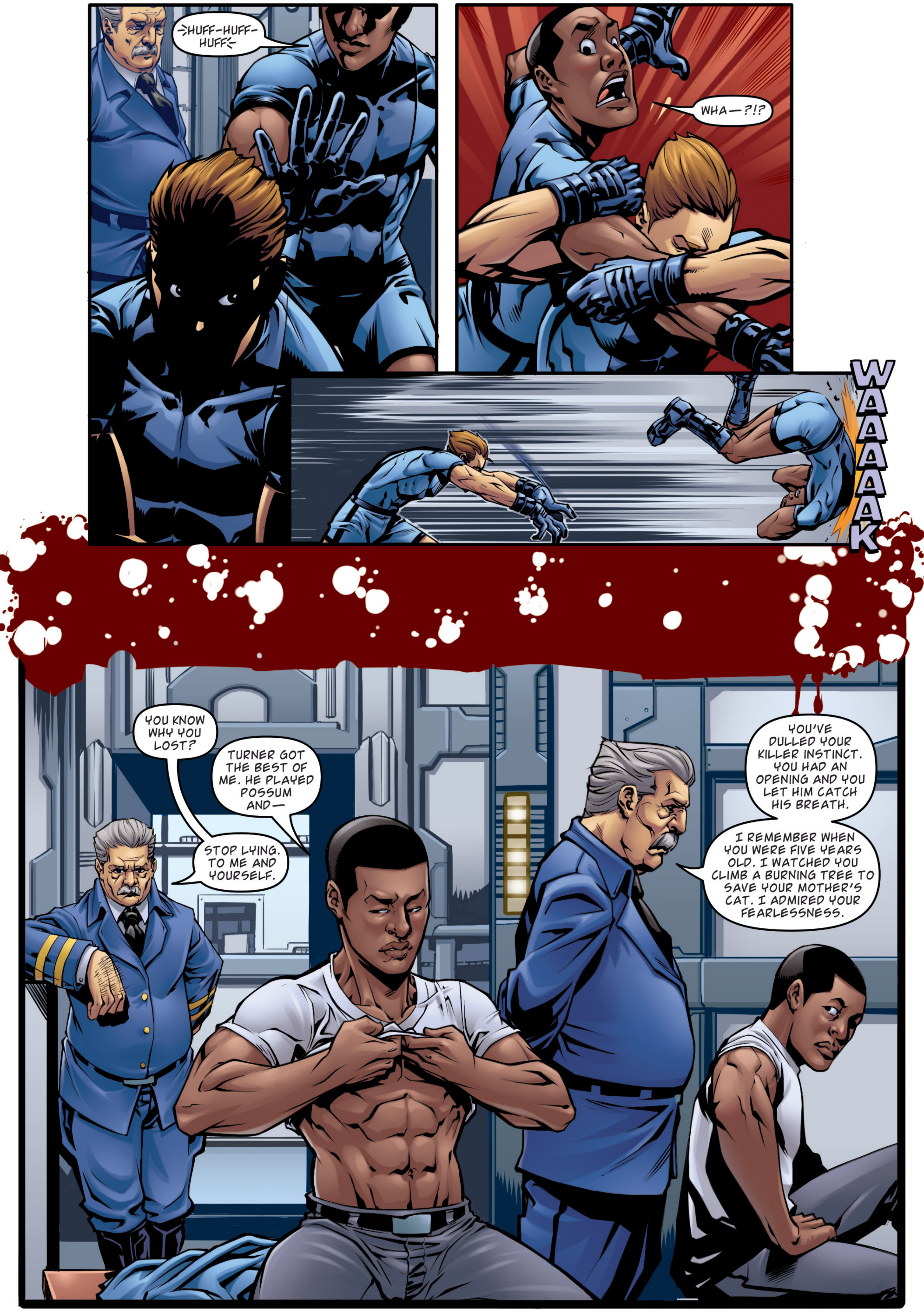

WELCOME TO "PROJECT SPECTRUM." BECAUSE OF YOUR BACKGROUND AND UNIQUE ABILITIES, YOU'VE BEEN SELECTED TO PARTICIPATE IN A CLASSIFIED TRAINING CAMP.
THE PURPOSE OF THIS PROGRAM IS TO FIND PILOTS TO HELP PROTECT EARTH FROM NEW THREATS...
SPECTRUM
SPECIFICALLY, THE *CYBERTRONIAN* PROBLEM.
DON'T WORRY, YOU WON'T BE GOING UP AGAINST THOSE MONSTERS WITH BULLETS AND GRENADES.
WE'VE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL LINED UP. IN THE MEANTIME, PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE COMING WEEKS. NO ONE WASHES OUT OF PROJECT SPECTRUM.

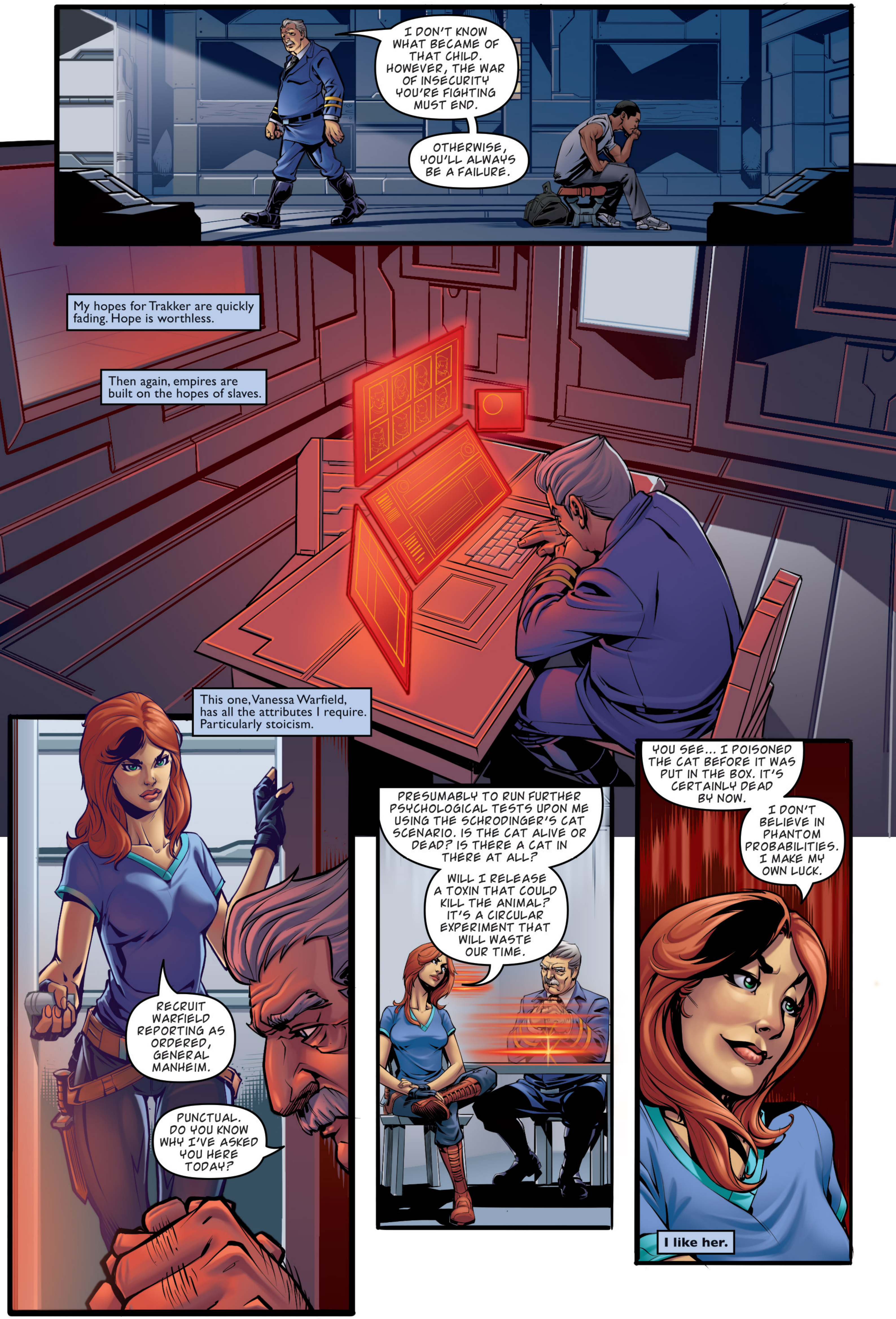

HEY, MAN, I'M BRAD TURNER.
JULIO LOPEZ.
WHEN HE SAID NO ONE "WASHES OUT" DO YOU THINK HE MEANT WHAT I THINK HE MEANT?
FWIP
HEY!
I'M SYLVESTER RAX. YOU CAN CALL ME "SLY."
SINCE WE'RE IN A COED DORM, WHY DON'T WE SHACK UP AND GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER?
A
SINCE YOU DON'T KNOW ME, I'LL LET THIS SLIDE. YOUR ATTEMPT TO IMPRESS ME...
...IS A POOR MAN'S SLEIGHT-OF-HAND GAG THAT EVEN THE SIMPLEST OF STREET MAGICIANS PULL OFF WITH MORE PANACHE.
IN OTHER WORDS, GIVE ME MY ID BADGE BEFORE I BREAK YOUR WRIST.
MR. MANHEIM, I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR GETTING ME OUT OF HOT WATER WITH JUDGE BANKS. HE WAS—
NO NEED FOR "THANK-YOUS." REPAY ME BY LIVING UP TO YOUR POTENTIAL. IF NOT FOR ME, THEN FOR YOUR FATHER.
I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL LIKE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST UNDERACHIEVER... I'LL DO MY BEST TO NOT LET YOU DOWN.

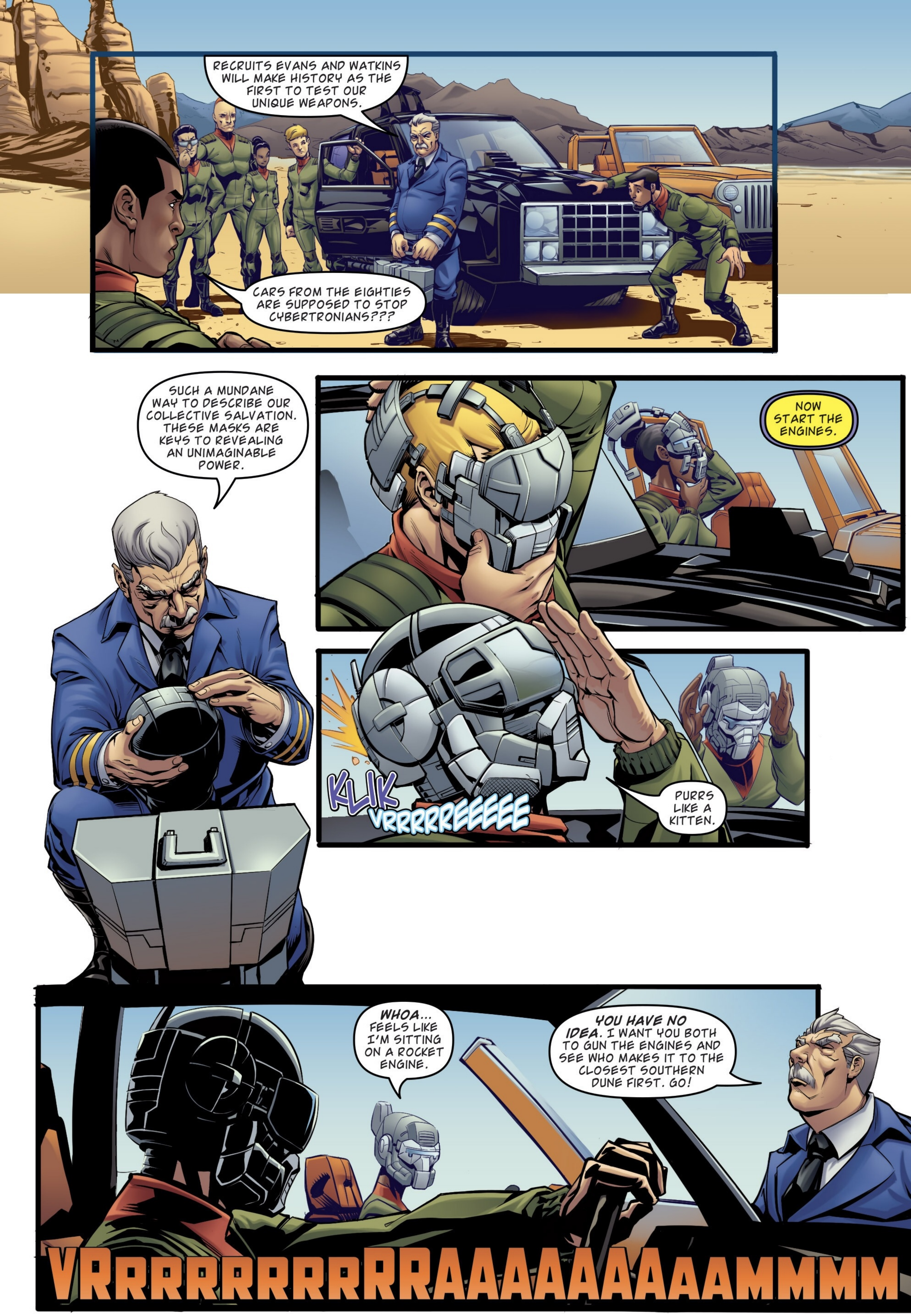

We're beginning with the psychoanalysis based on a word association test. I've sent for one of the world's best counterintelligence profilers—
Dr. Armand Singh. The good doctor assisted the C.I.A. with their MK-Ultra program and worked with major advertising agencies to implement subliminal messaging that increased consumer interest.
My kind of warrior.
THANKS FOR JOINING ME TODAY, DR. BENDER.
YOUR STIPEND WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO RESIST, MILES.
OF THE FIVE TRAITS YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR, YOUR RECRUITS POSSESS AT LEAST THREE. THE ONE WE NEED TO IDENTIFY FIRST IS STRESS RESISTANCE.
NO DIFFERENT THAN THE ASTRONAUTS FROM YOUR *MERCURY* PROGRAM YEARS AGO.
WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST? IMMEDIATE EXPOSURE TO STIMULI?
NOT YET. I'D PREFER TO SEE HOW THEY HANDLE THE IDEA OF SELF-PRESERVATION. PART OF DEALING WITH A STRESSFUL COMBAT SCENARIO IS UNLEARNING THE DESIRE TO SURVIVE UNSCATHED.
HMN. WORD ASSOCIATION?
PRECISELY. I'LL ASK A SIMPLE QUESTION. THE ANSWERS WILL REVEAL MUCH ABOUT HOW THEY ACTUALIZE THEIR SURVIVAL VS THE GREATER WORLD.
"WHAT'S THE FIRST WORD OR PHRASE THAT COMES TO MIND WHEN YOU HEAR THE TERM '*TRADE OFF*?'"
PLEA BARGAIN.
**SUBJECT:** MATTHEW TRAKKER. **SPECIALTY:** ADVANCED ENGINEERING.
HER PHONE NUMBER.
**SUBJECT:** SYLVESTER RAX. **SPECIALITY:** CONFIDENCE OPERATIONS/INTELLIGENCE.
NO WIN SCENARIO.
**SUBJECT:** VANESSSA WARFIELD. **SPECIALTY:** CRIMINAL PROFILING.

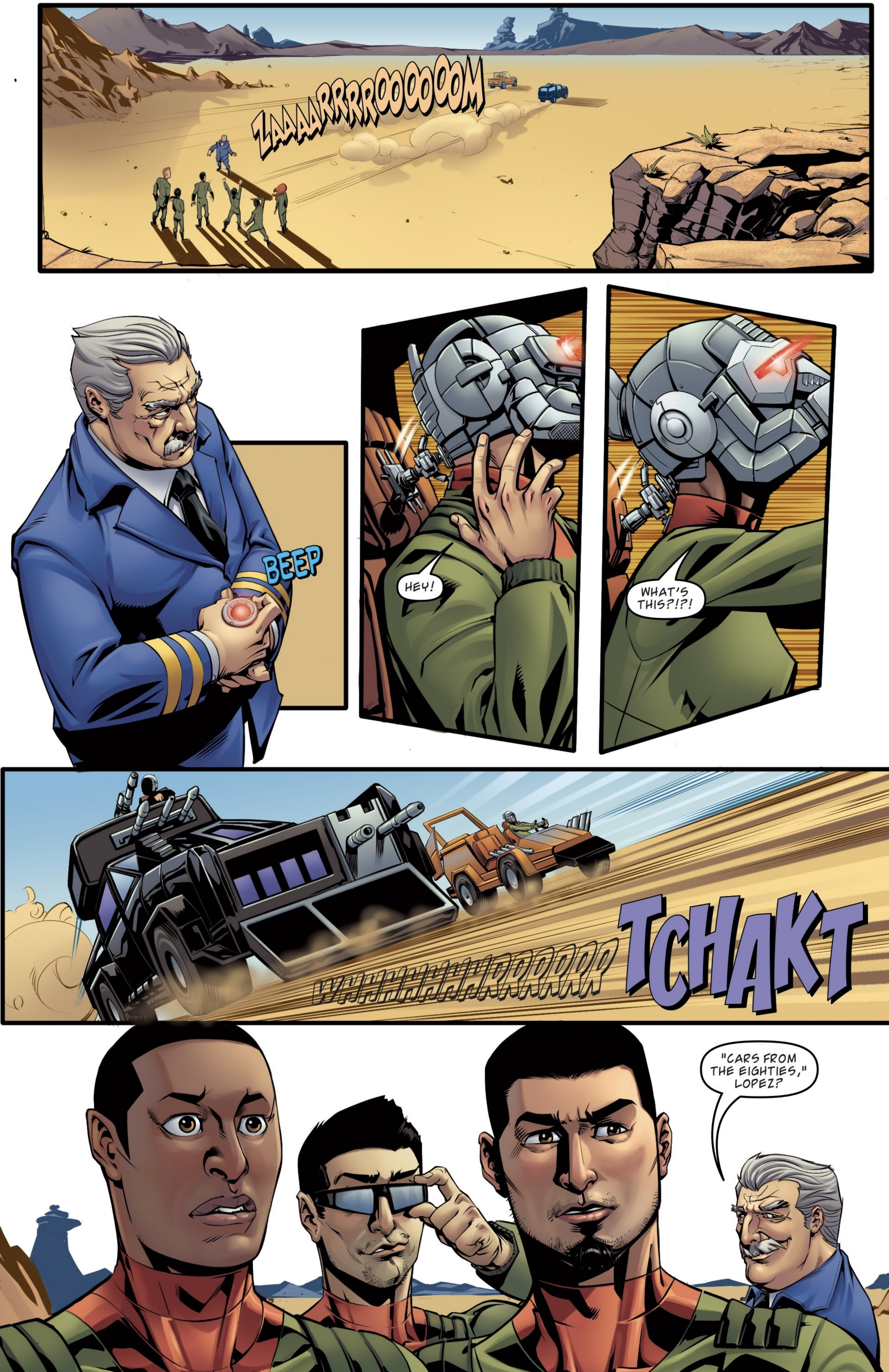

MY FAMILY'S HAPPINESS.
SUBJECT: JULIO LOPEZ.
SPECIALITY: COMBAT SURGERY.
MORE JOBS, LESS WAGES.
SUBJECT: WILLIAM EVANS.
SPECIALITY: COUNTERINTELLIGENCE.
I DON'T BARGAIN.
SUBJECT: BRUNO SHEPPARD.
SPECIALITY: DEMOLITIONS/ENGINEERING.
UNNECESSARY.
SUBJECT: GLORIA BAKER.
SPECIALITY: IT OPERATIONS/INTELLIGENCE.
HONESTY.
SUBJECT: BRAD TURNER.
SPECIALITY: INFILTRATION.
FREEDOM.
SUBJECT: MARCIA WATKINS.
SPECIALITY: COMMUNICATIONS.
Of all the recruits, Vanessa impresses me. Sly Rax has the right kind of dissociative narcissism for my needs, and Trakker...
...he's a disappointment so far. I hate to wash him out. That remains a possibility.
There's still time for Trakker to redeem himself. In the meantime—
I'd like to see what these people are made of.

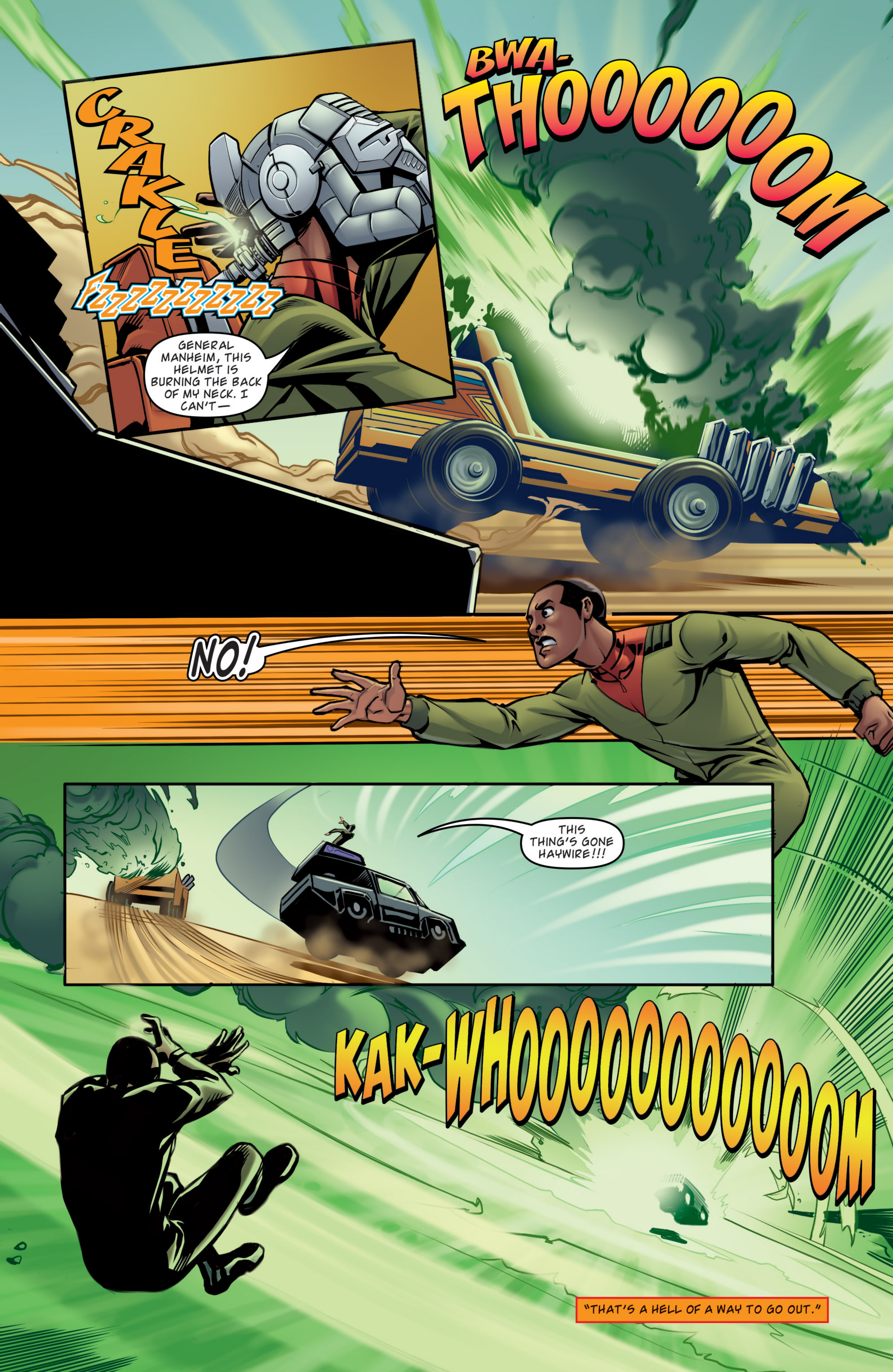

FWHAP
ARGH!
KRASH
At least Trakker possesses extreme competitiveness.
GURGLE
OOF!
TAKE HIM OUT NOW...

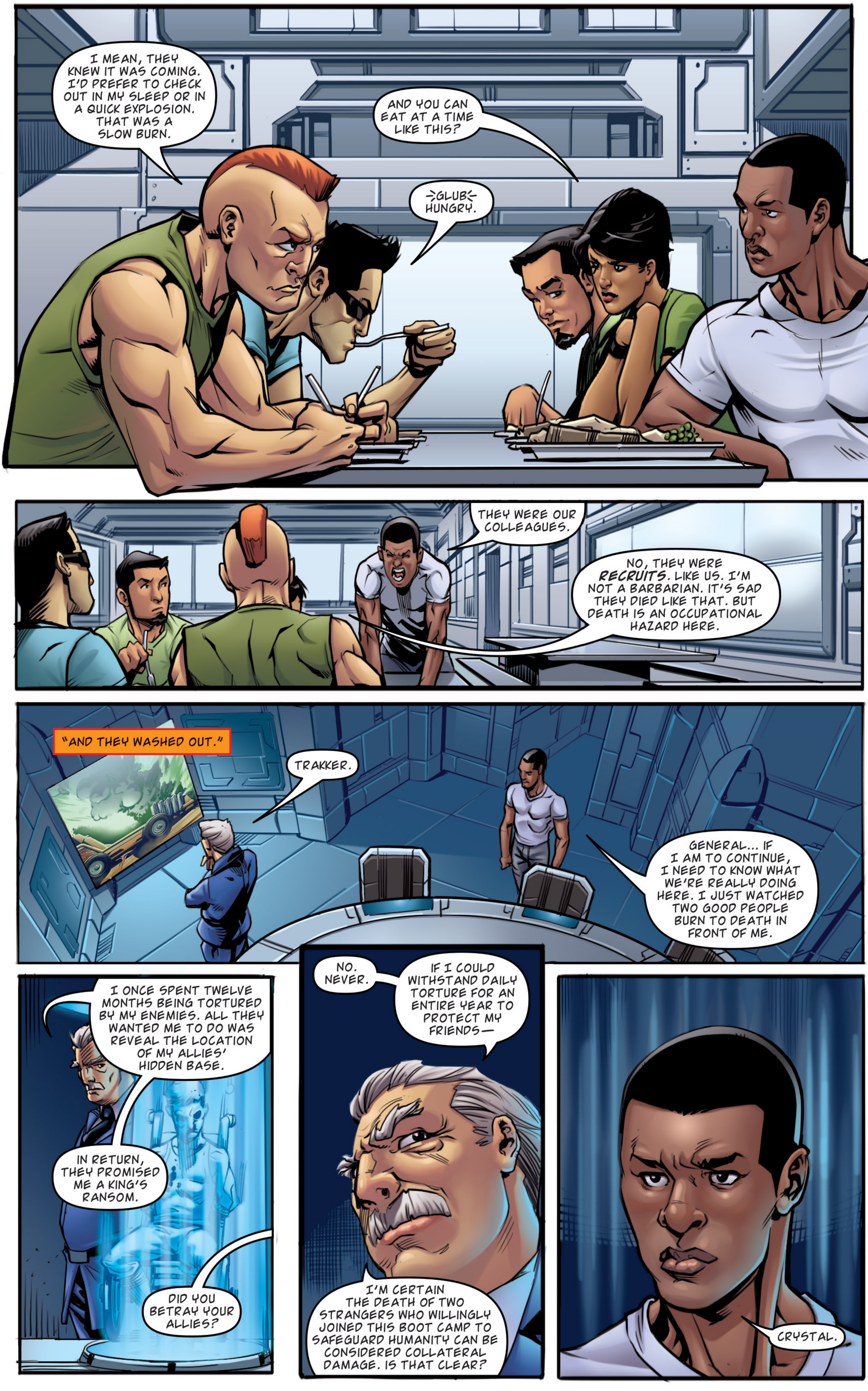

HUFF-HUFF-HUFF
WHA—?!?
WAAAAAK
YOU KNOW WHY YOU LOST?
TURNER GOT THE BEST OF ME. HE PLAYED POSSUM AND—
STOP LYING. TO ME AND YOURSELF.
YOU'VE DULLED YOUR KILLER INSTINCT. YOU HAD AN OPENING AND YOU LET HIM CATCH HIS BREATH.
I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE FIVE YEARS OLD. I WATCHED YOU CLIMB A BURNING TREE TO SAVE YOUR MOTHER'S CAT. I ADMIRED YOUR FEARLESSNESS.

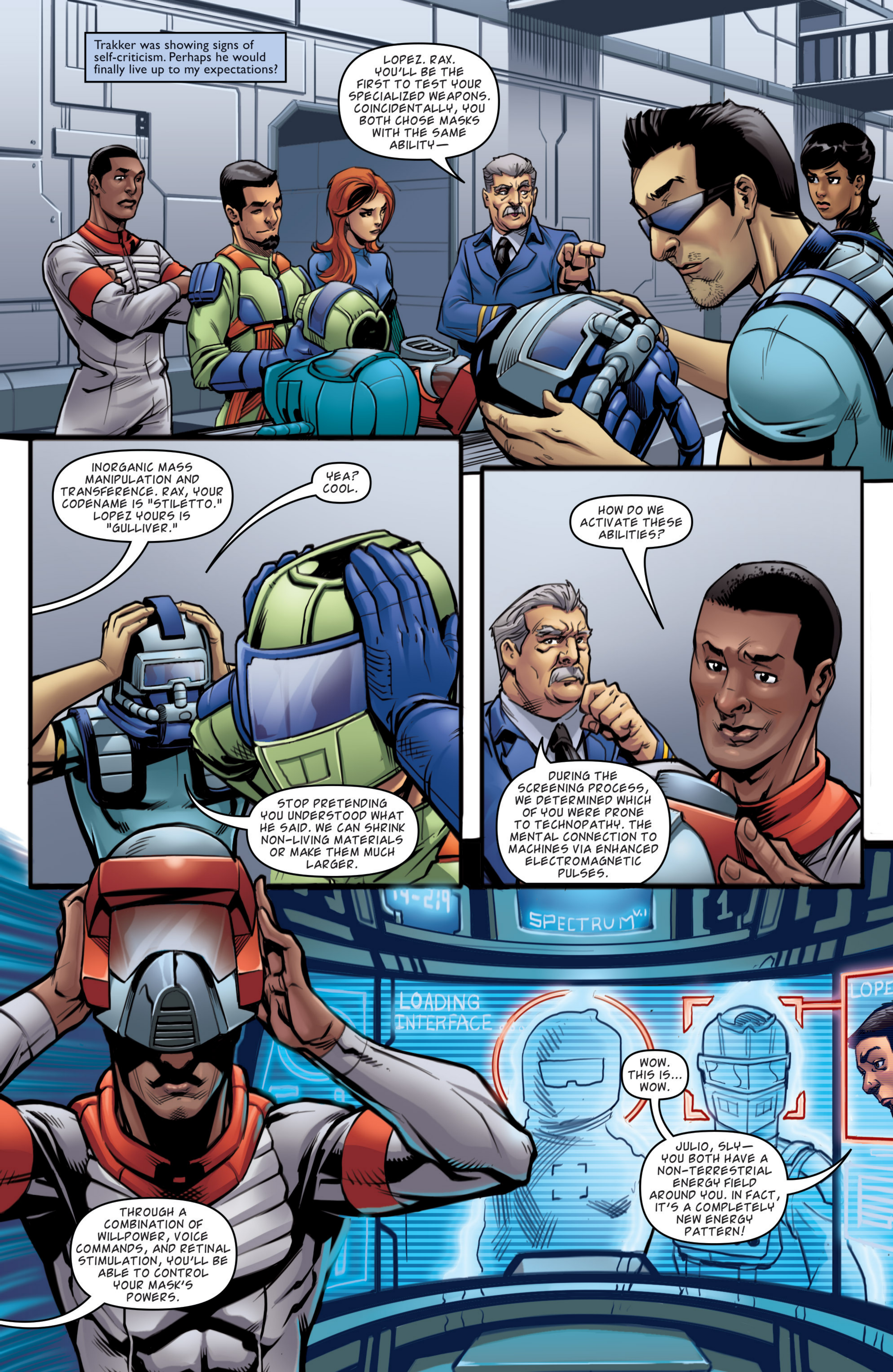

I DON'T KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THAT CHILD. HOWEVER, THE WAR OF INSECURITY YOU'RE FIGHTING MUST END.
OTHERWISE, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A FAILURE.
My hopes for Trakker are quickly fading. Hope is worthless.
Then again, empires are built on the hopes of slaves.
This one, Vanessa Warfield, has all the attributes I require. Particularly stoicism.
RECRUIT WARFIELD REPORTING AS ORDERED, GENERAL MANHEIM.
PUNCTUAL. DO YOU KNOW WHY I'VE ASKED YOU HERE TODAY?
PRESUMABLY TO RUN FURTHER PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS UPON ME USING THE SCHRODINGER'S CAT SCENARIO. IS THE CAT ALIVE OR DEAD? IS THERE A CAT IN THERE AT ALL?
WILL I RELEASE A TOXIN THAT COULD KILL THE ANIMAL? IT'S A CIRCULAR EXPERIMENT THAT WILL WASTE OUR TIME.
YOU SEE... I POISONED THE CAT BEFORE IT WAS PUT IN THE BOX. IT'S CERTAINLY DEAD BY NOW.
I DON'T BELIEVE IN PHANTOM PROBABILITIES. I MAKE MY OWN LUCK.
I like her.

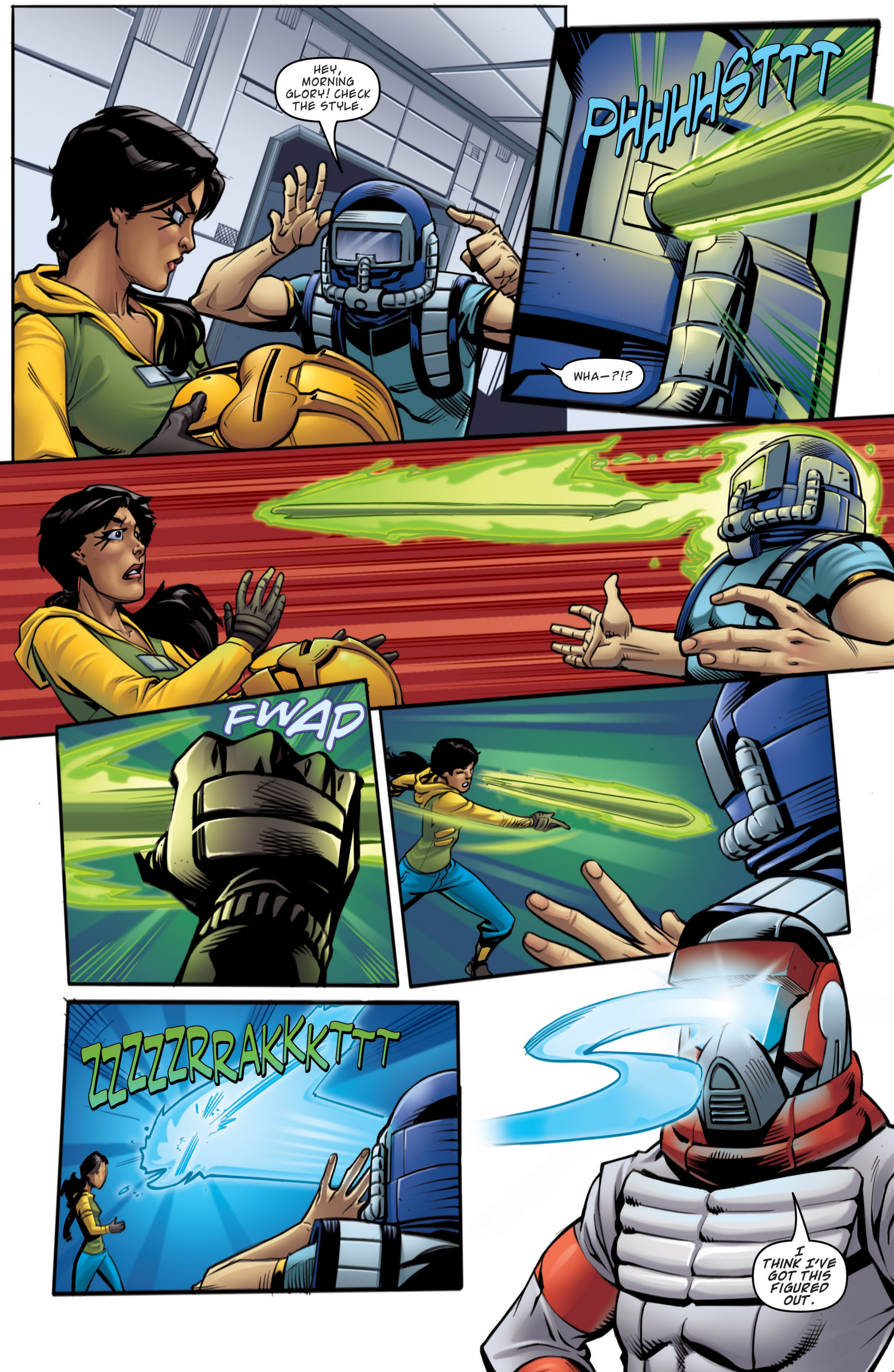

RECRUITS EVANS AND WATKINS WILL MAKE HISTORY AS THE FIRST TO TEST OUR UNIQUE WEAPONS.
CARS FROM THE EIGHTIES ARE SUPPOSED TO STOP CYBERTRONIANS???
SUCH A MUNDANE WAY TO DESCRIBE OUR COLLECTIVE SALVATION. THESE MASKS ARE KEYS TO REVEALING AN UNIMAGINABLE POWER.
NOW START THE ENGINES.
KLIK
VRRRRREEEEEE
PURRS LIKE A KITTEN.
WHOA... FEELS LIKE I'M SITTING ON A ROCKET ENGINE.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA. I WANT YOU BOTH TO GUN THE ENGINES AND SEE WHO MAKES IT TO THE CLOSEST SOUTHERN DUNE FIRST. GO!
VRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAMMMM

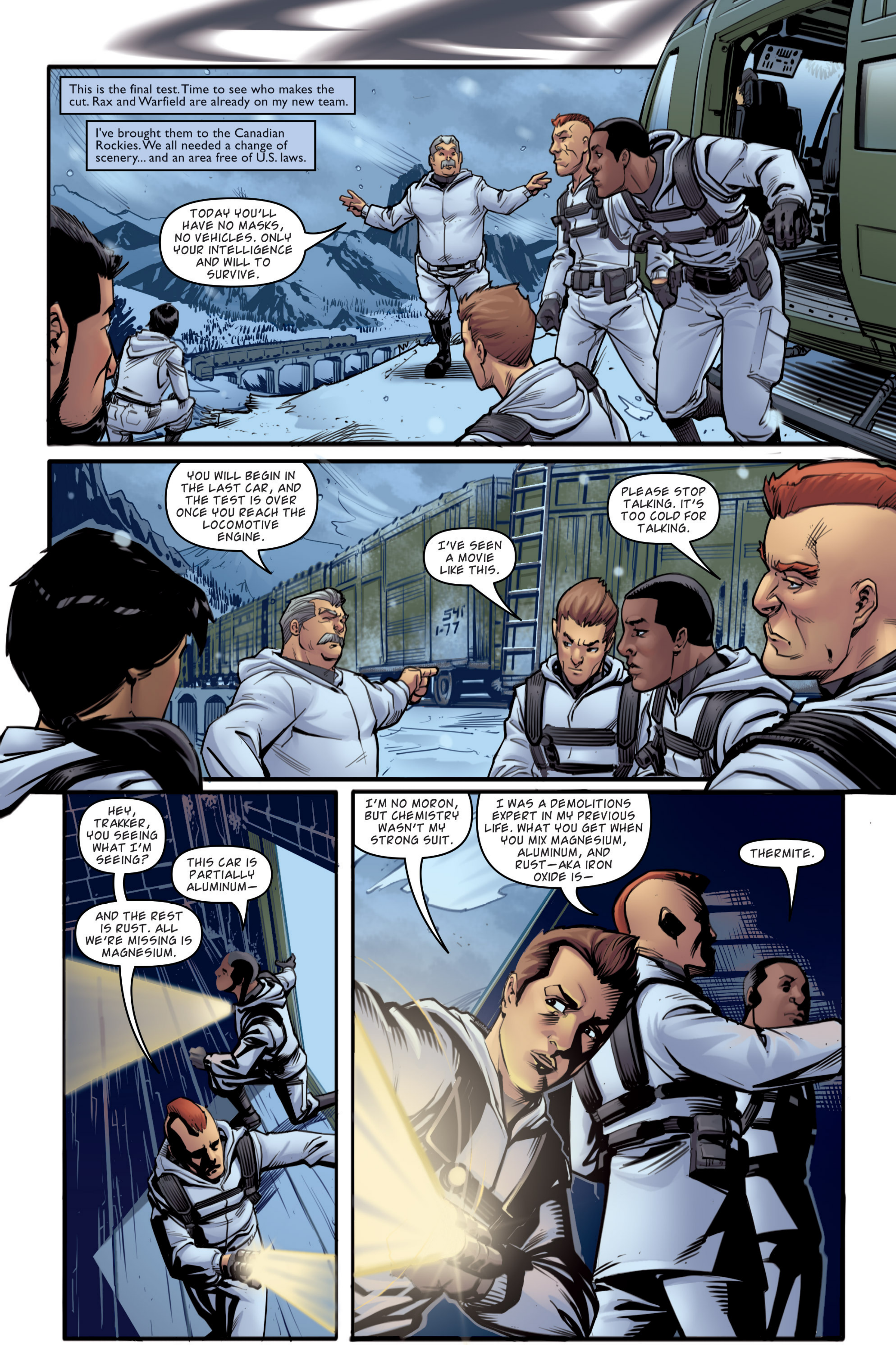

ZAAAARRRROOOOOOM
BEEP
HEY!
WHAT'S THIS?!?!
WHHHHHHHHRRRRRR
TCHAKT
"CARS FROM THE EIGHTIES," LOPEZ?

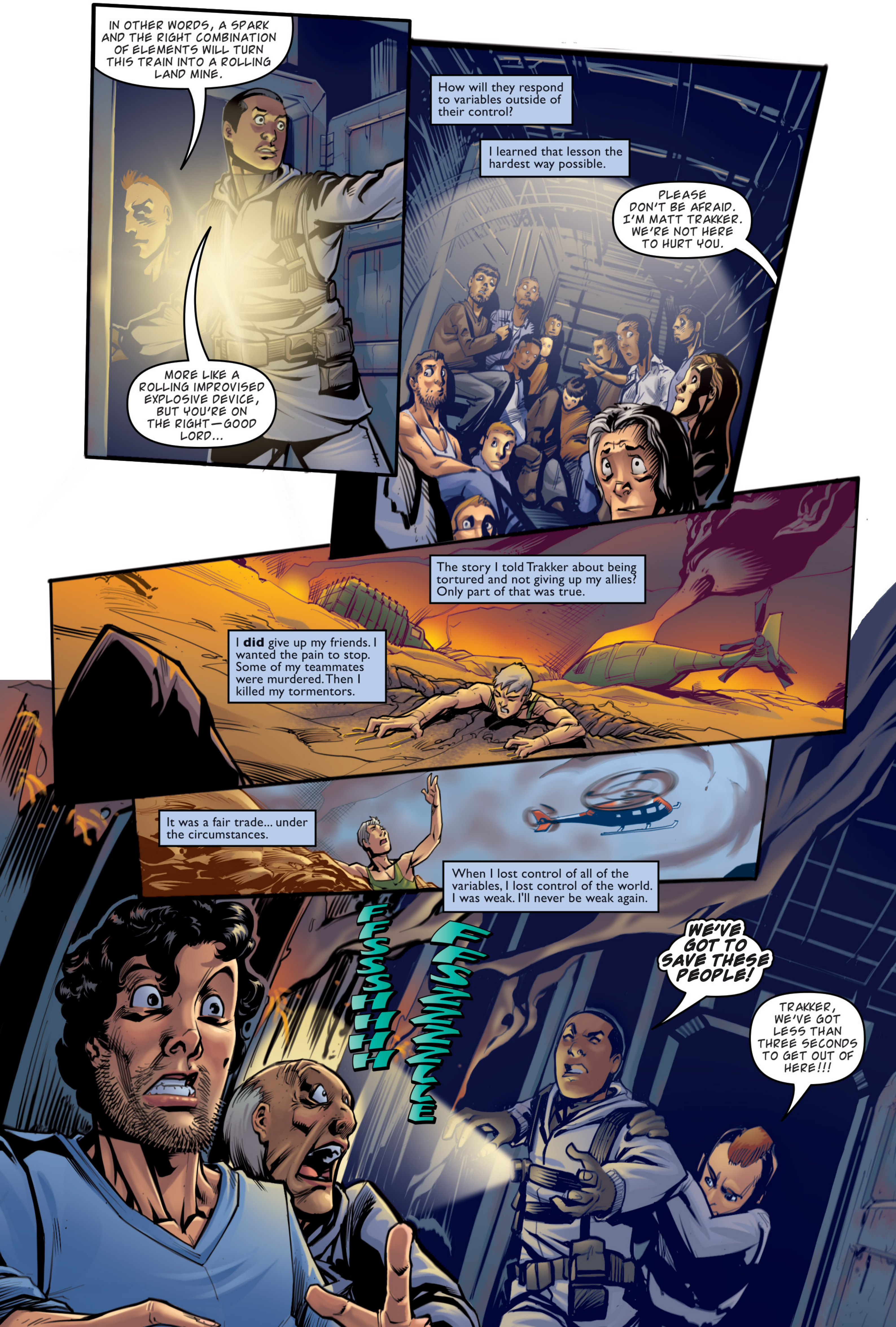

CRAKLE
FZZZZZZZZZZZ
GENERAL MANHEIM, THIS HELMET IS BURNING THE BACK OF MY NECK. I CAN'T—
BWA-THOOOOOOM
NO!
THIS THING'S GONE HAYWIRE!!!
KAK-WHOOOOOOOOOOOM
"THAT'S A HELL OF A WAY TO GO OUT."

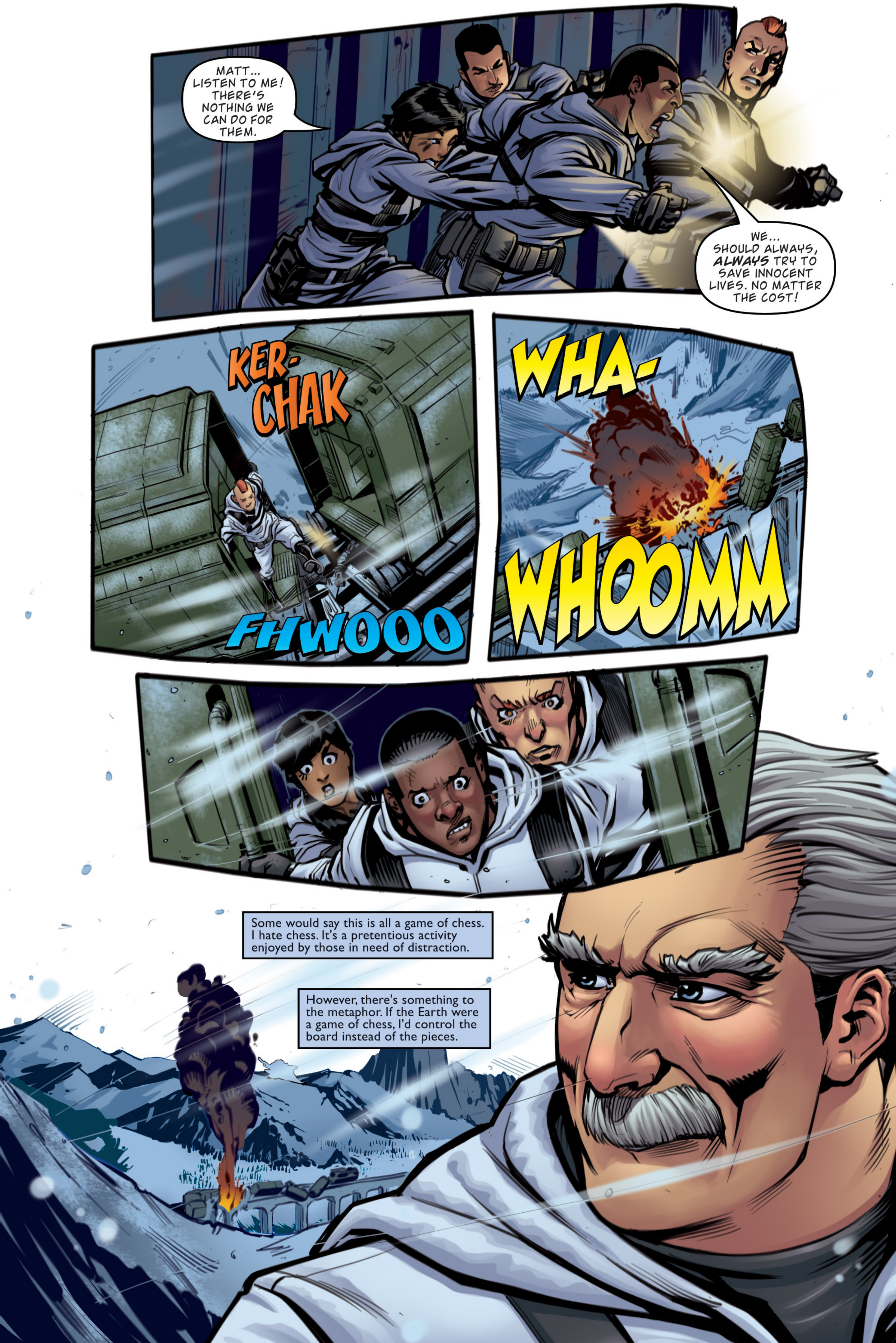

I MEAN, THEY KNEW IT WAS COMING. I'D PREFER TO CHECK OUT IN MY SLEEP OR IN A QUICK EXPLOSION. THAT WAS A SLOW BURN.
AND YOU CAN EAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
*GLUB* HUNGRY.
THEY WERE OUR COLLEAGUES.
NO, THEY WERE **RECRUITS**. LIKE US. I'M NOT A BARBARIAN. IT'S SAD THEY DIED LIKE THAT. BUT DEATH IS AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD HERE.
"AND THEY WASHED OUT."
TRAKKER.
GENERAL... IF I AM TO CONTINUE, I NEED TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE REALLY DOING HERE. I JUST WATCHED TWO GOOD PEOPLE BURN TO DEATH IN FRONT OF ME.
I ONCE SPENT TWELVE MONTHS BEING TORTURED BY MY ENEMIES. ALL THEY WANTED ME TO DO WAS REVEAL THE LOCATION OF MY ALLIES' HIDDEN BASE.
IN RETURN, THEY PROMISED ME A KING'S RANSOM.
DID YOU BETRAY YOUR ALLIES?
NO. NEVER.
IF I COULD WITHSTAND DAILY TORTURE FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR TO PROTECT MY FRIENDS—
I'M CERTAIN THE DEATH OF TWO STRANGERS WHO WILLINGLY JOINED THIS BOOT CAMP TO SAFEGUARD HUMANITY CAN BE CONSIDERED COLLATERAL DAMAGE. IS THAT CLEAR?
CRYSTAL.

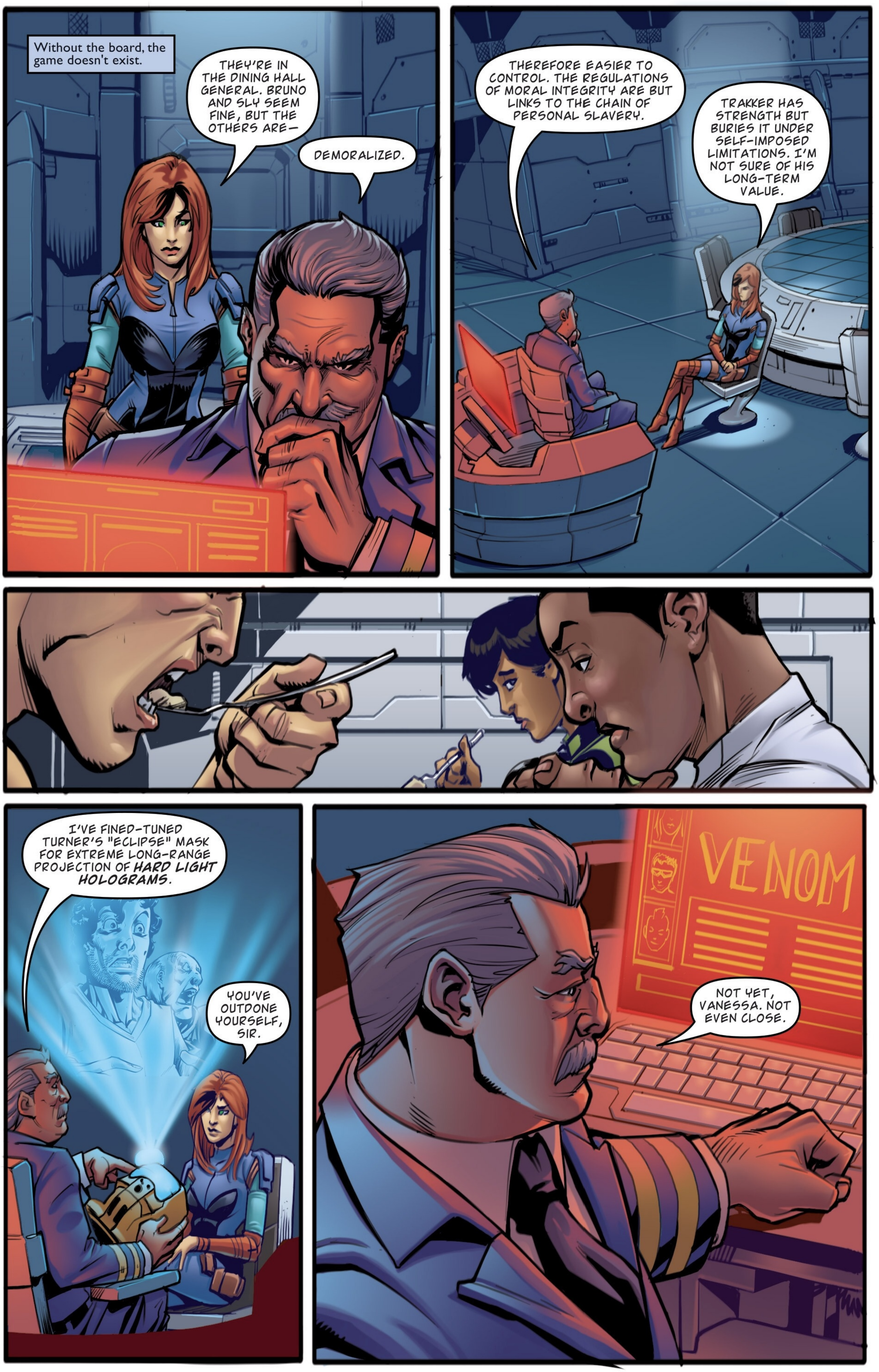

Trakker was showing signs of self-criticism. Perhaps he would finally live up to my expectations?
LOPEZ. RAX. YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO TEST YOUR SPECIALIZED WEAPONS. COINCIDENTALLY, YOU BOTH CHOSE MASKS WITH THE SAME ABILITY—
INORGANIC MASS MANIPULATION AND TRANSFERENCE. RAX, YOUR CODENAME IS "STILETTO." LOPEZ YOURS IS "GULLIVER."
YEA? COOL.
STOP PRETENDING YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT HE SAID. WE CAN SHRINK NON-LIVING MATERIALS OR MAKE THEM MUCH LARGER.
HOW DO WE ACTIVATE THESE ABILITIES?
DURING THE SCREENING PROCESS, WE DETERMINED WHICH OF YOU WERE PRONE TO TECHNOPATHY. THE MENTAL CONNECTION TO MACHINES VIA ENHANCED ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES.
14-219
SPECTRUM V.1
LOADING INTERFACE
THROUGH A COMBINATION OF WILLPOWER, VOICE COMMANDS, AND RETINAL STIMULATION, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CONTROL YOUR MASK'S POWERS.
WOW. THIS IS... WOW.
JULIO, SLY— YOU BOTH HAVE A NON-TERRESTRIAL ENERGY FIELD AROUND YOU. IN FACT, IT'S A COMPLETELY NEW ENERGY PATTERN!

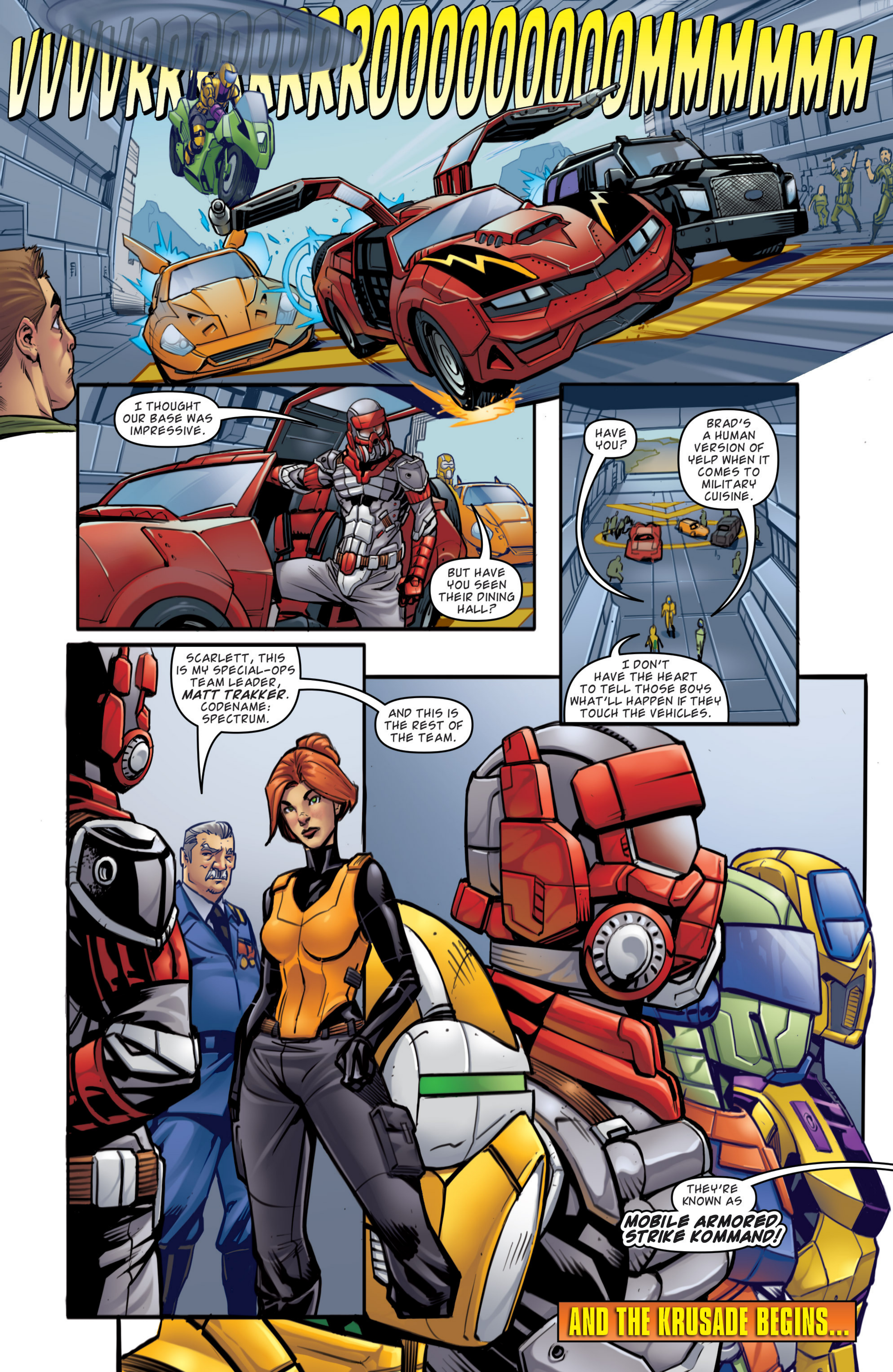

HEY, MORNING GLORY! CHECK THE STYLE.
PHHHHSTTT
WHA—?!?
FWAP
ZZZZZRRAKKKTTT
I THINK I'VE GOT THIS FIGURED OUT.


This is the final test. Time to see who makes the cut. Rax and Warfield are already on my new team.
I've brought them to the Canadian Rockies. We all needed a change of scenery... and an area free of U.S. laws.
TODAY YOU'LL HAVE NO MASKS, NO VEHICLES. ONLY YOUR INTELLIGENCE AND WILL TO SURVIVE.
YOU WILL BEGIN IN THE LAST CAR, AND THE TEST IS OVER ONCE YOU REACH THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.
I'VE SEEN A MOVIE LIKE THIS.
PLEASE STOP TALKING. IT'S TOO COLD FOR TALKING.
541 1-77
HEY, TRAKKER, YOU SEEING WHAT I'M SEEING?
THIS CAR IS PARTIALLY ALUMINUM—
AND THE REST IS RUST. ALL WE'RE MISSING IS MAGNESIUM.
I'M NO MORON, BUT CHEMISTRY WASN'T MY STRONG SUIT.
I WAS A DEMOLITIONS EXPERT IN MY PREVIOUS LIFE. WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU MIX MAGNESIUM, ALUMINUM, AND RUST—AKA IRON OXIDE IS—
THERMITE.


IN OTHER WORDS, A SPARK AND THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF ELEMENTS WILL TURN THIS TRAIN INTO A ROLLING LAND MINE.
MORE LIKE A ROLLING IMPROVISED EXPLOSIVE DEVICE, BUT YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT—GOOD LORD...
How will they respond to variables outside of their control?
I learned that lesson the hardest way possible.
PLEASE DON'T BE AFRAID. I'M MATT TRAKKER. WE'RE NOT HERE TO HURT YOU.
The story I told Trakker about being tortured and not giving up my allies? Only part of that was true.
I **did** give up my friends. I wanted the pain to stop. Some of my teammates were murdered. Then I killed my tormentors.
It was a fair trade... under the circumstances.
When I lost control of all of the variables, I lost control of the world. I was weak. I'll never be weak again.
FFSSHHHH
FFSSNNNZZZ
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THESE PEOPLE!
TRAKKER, WE'VE GOT LESS THAN THREE SECONDS TO GET OUT OF HERE!!!


MATT... LISTEN TO ME! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THEM.
WE... SHOULD ALWAYS, ALWAYS TRY TO SAVE INNOCENT LIVES. NO MATTER THE COST!
KER-CHAK
FHWOOO
WHA-
WHOOMM
Some would say this is all a game of chess. I hate chess. It's a pretentious activity enjoyed by those in need of distraction.
However, there's something to the metaphor. If the Earth were a game of chess, I'd control the board instead of the pieces.


Without the board, the game doesn't exist.
THEY'RE IN THE DINING HALL GENERAL. BRUNO AND SLY SEEM FINE, BUT THE OTHERS ARE—
DEMORALIZED.
THEREFORE EASIER TO CONTROL. THE REGULATIONS OF MORAL INTEGRITY ARE BUT LINKS TO THE CHAIN OF PERSONAL SLAVERY.
TRAKKER HAS STRENGTH BUT BURIES IT UNDER SELF-IMPOSED LIMITATIONS. I'M NOT SURE OF HIS LONG-TERM VALUE.
I'VE FINED-TUNED TURNER'S "ECLIPSE" MASK FOR EXTREME LONG-RANGE PROJECTION OF ***HARD LIGHT HOLOGRAMS***.
YOU'VE OUTDONE YOURSELF, SIR.
VENOM
NOT YET, VANESSA. NOT EVEN CLOSE.


VVVVRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM
I THOUGHT OUR BASE WAS IMPRESSIVE.
BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THEIR DINING HALL?
HAVE YOU?
BRAD'S A HUMAN VERSION OF YELP WHEN IT COMES TO MILITARY CUISINE.
I DON'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL THOSE BOYS WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF THEY TOUCH THE VEHICLES.
SCARLETT, THIS IS MY SPECIAL-OPS TEAM LEADER, MATT TRAKKER. CODENAME: SPECTRUM.
AND THIS IS THE REST OF THE TEAM.
THEY'RE KNOWN AS MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND!
AND THE KRUSADE BEGINS...

BUNN | PANDA | CRUZ

# REVOLUTION

# MICRONAUTS

# REVOLUTION
## MICRONAUTS

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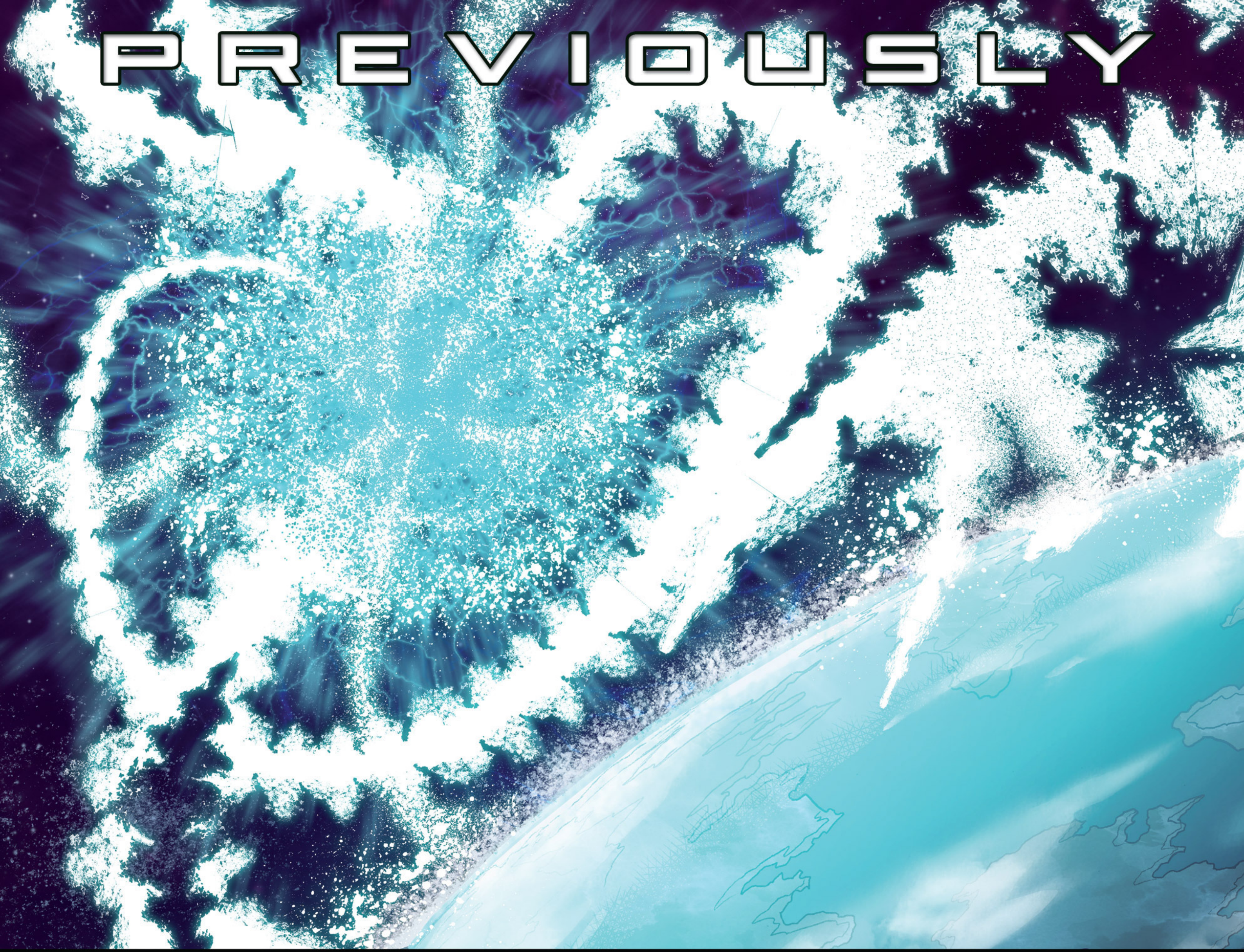
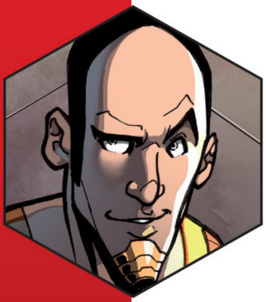
# PREVIOUSLY



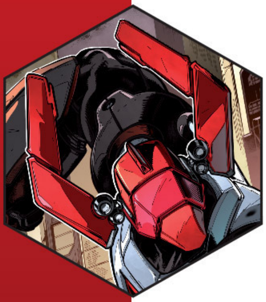
**In order to escape from the clutches of Baron Karza, the Micronauts flee into the storm of destructive energy roiling at the heart of their dying universe! Only one thing is known about the Entropy Cloud–**

**no one who enters it ever returns!**

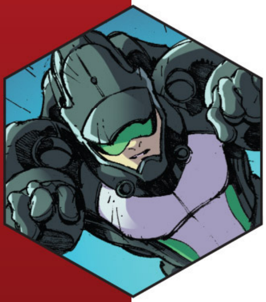
# COLLECT THEM ALL!



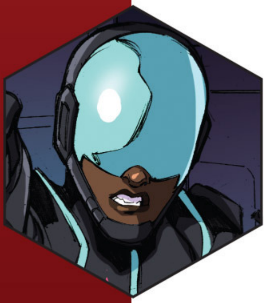
**Oz (Pharoid)** – Oziron Rael (called "Oz" by his comrades) rebels against both the forces of mysticism and the forces of order. While something of a roguish space pirate, he is unwilling to sit idly by and watch innocent people suffer due to the war. His ship is called the *Heliopolis*, a pieced-together research vessel turned battle cruiser.



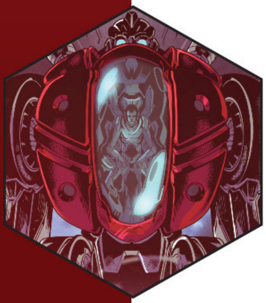
**Acroyear** – Genetically engineered to be a super-warrior, Acroyear was slated for "retirement" along with the rest of his ilk. With the aid of Oz, he escaped destruction and has been on the run ever since. Acroyear is trying to come to grips with actions he has taken in the past.



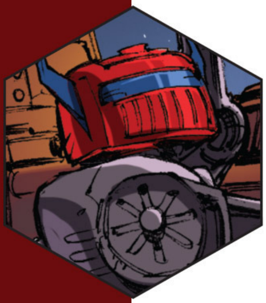
**Phenolo-Phi (Space Glider)** – Phenolo-Phi is a rebel and thrill seeker. She turned to a life of rebellion, striking at both factions in whatever way she could. She uses a prototype space suit and glider pack that essentially turns her into a one-person stealth fighter.



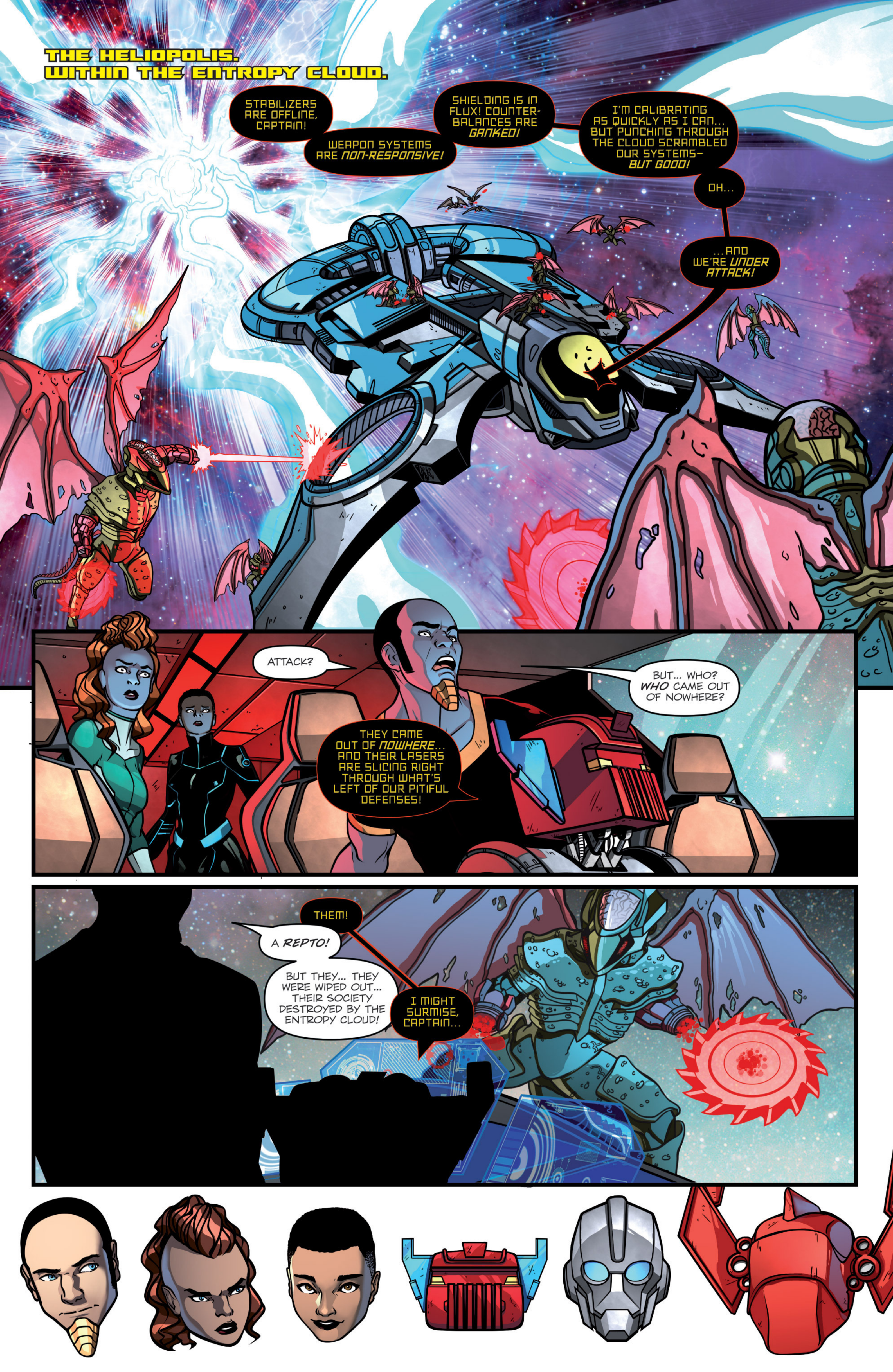
**Larissa (Orbital Defender)** – Larissa is a competent warrior, as well as a student of medicine and science, and she has created portable defense technology she can use to protect her allies or innocent people who have been caught up in the war. Her belongings, though, may hint at her origins.

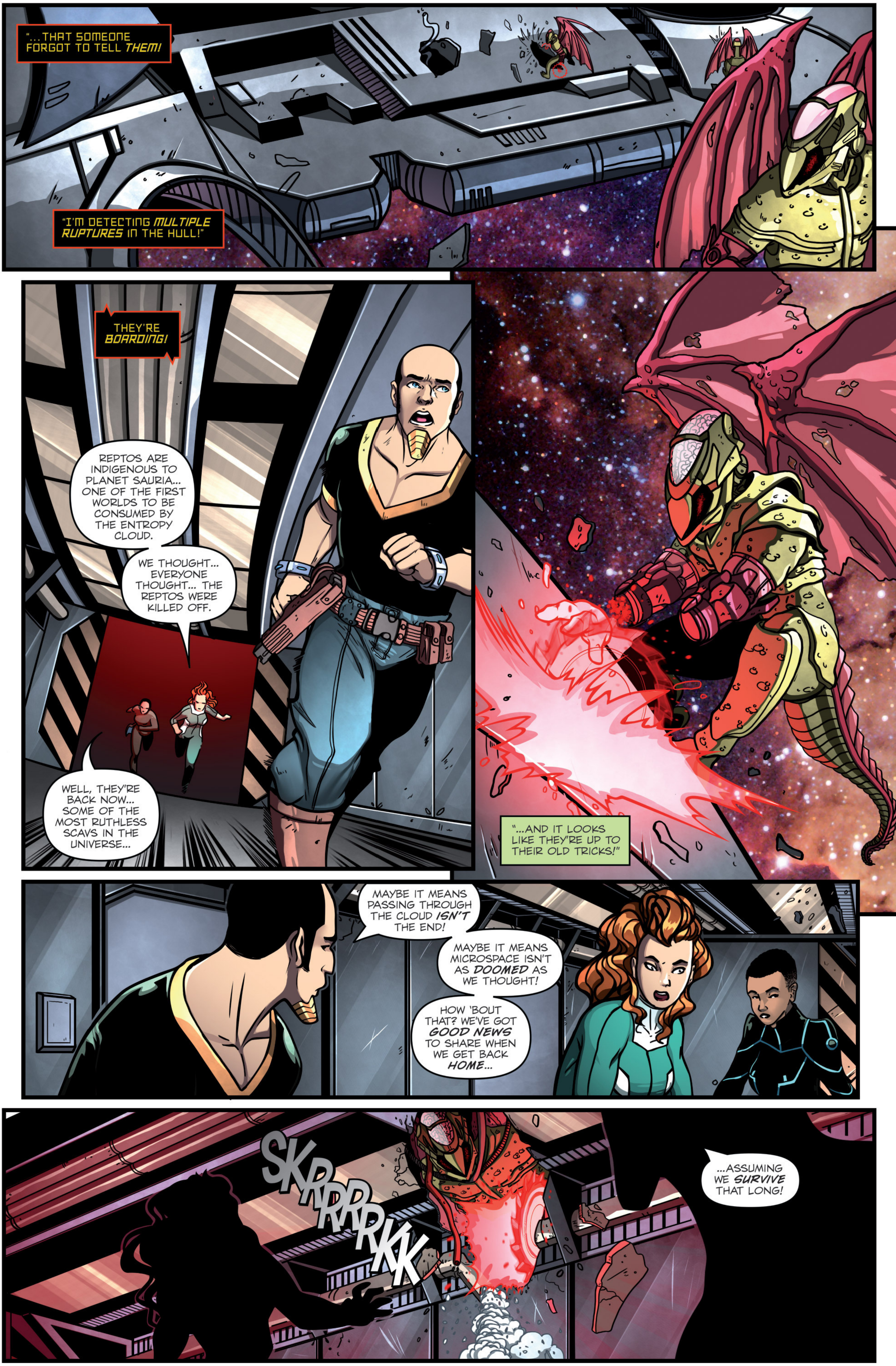


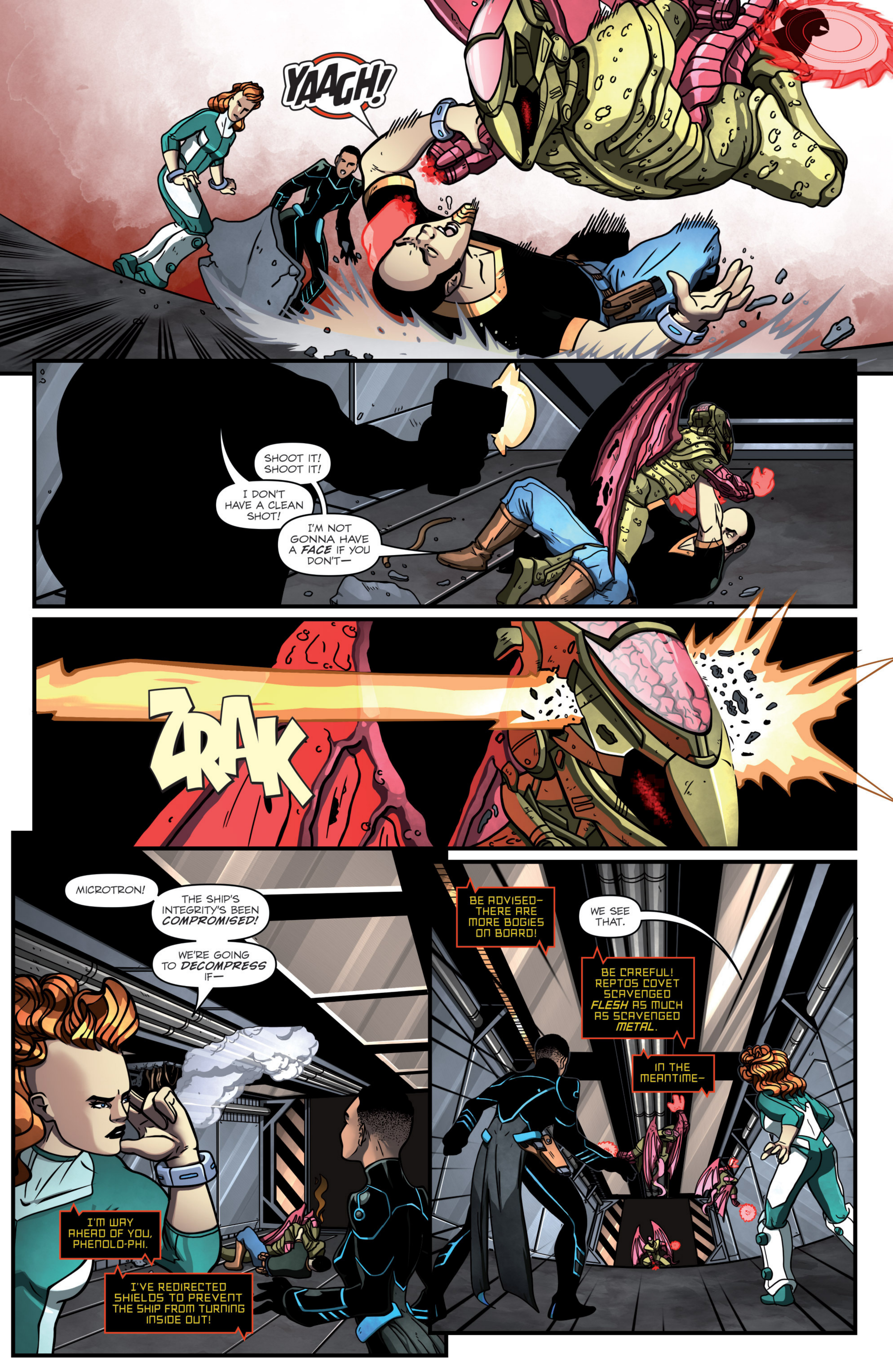
**Biotron** – Biotrons are massive, powerful robots that require an organic interface to operate at full capabilities.

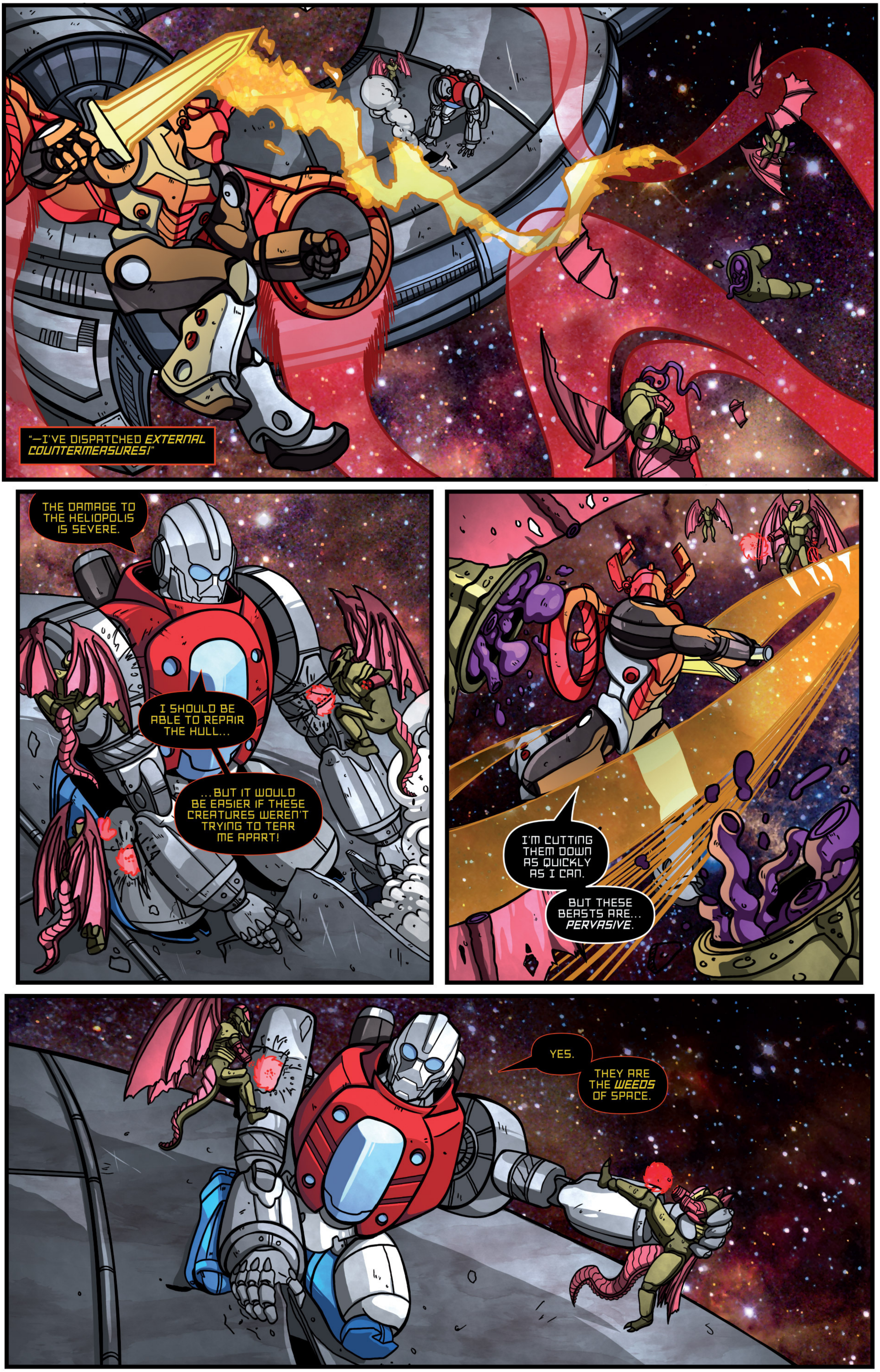


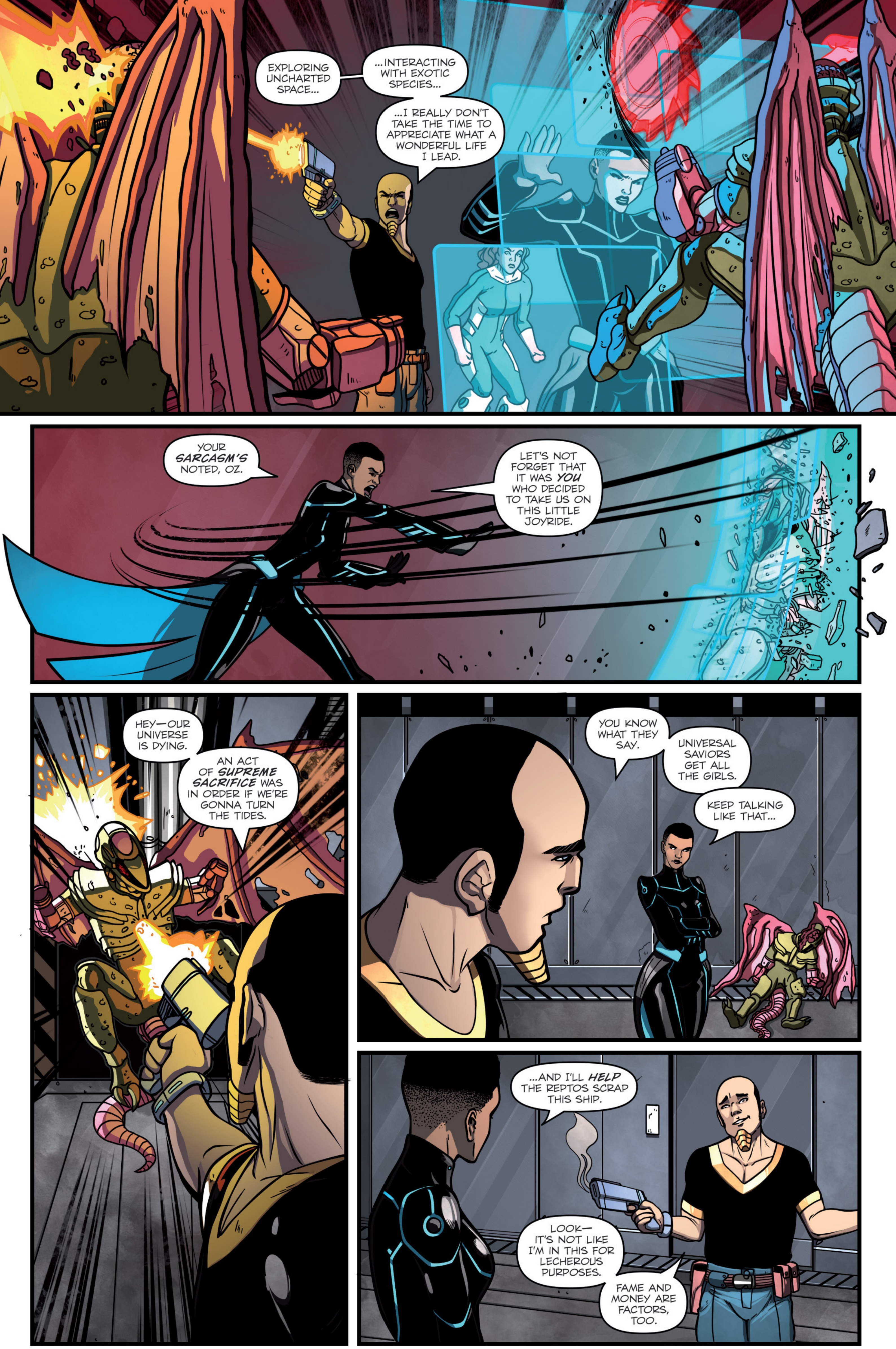
**Microtron** – Microtron is Oz's first mate. Possessing a self-deprecating wit and biting sarcasm, the robot is nonetheless loyal to a fault.

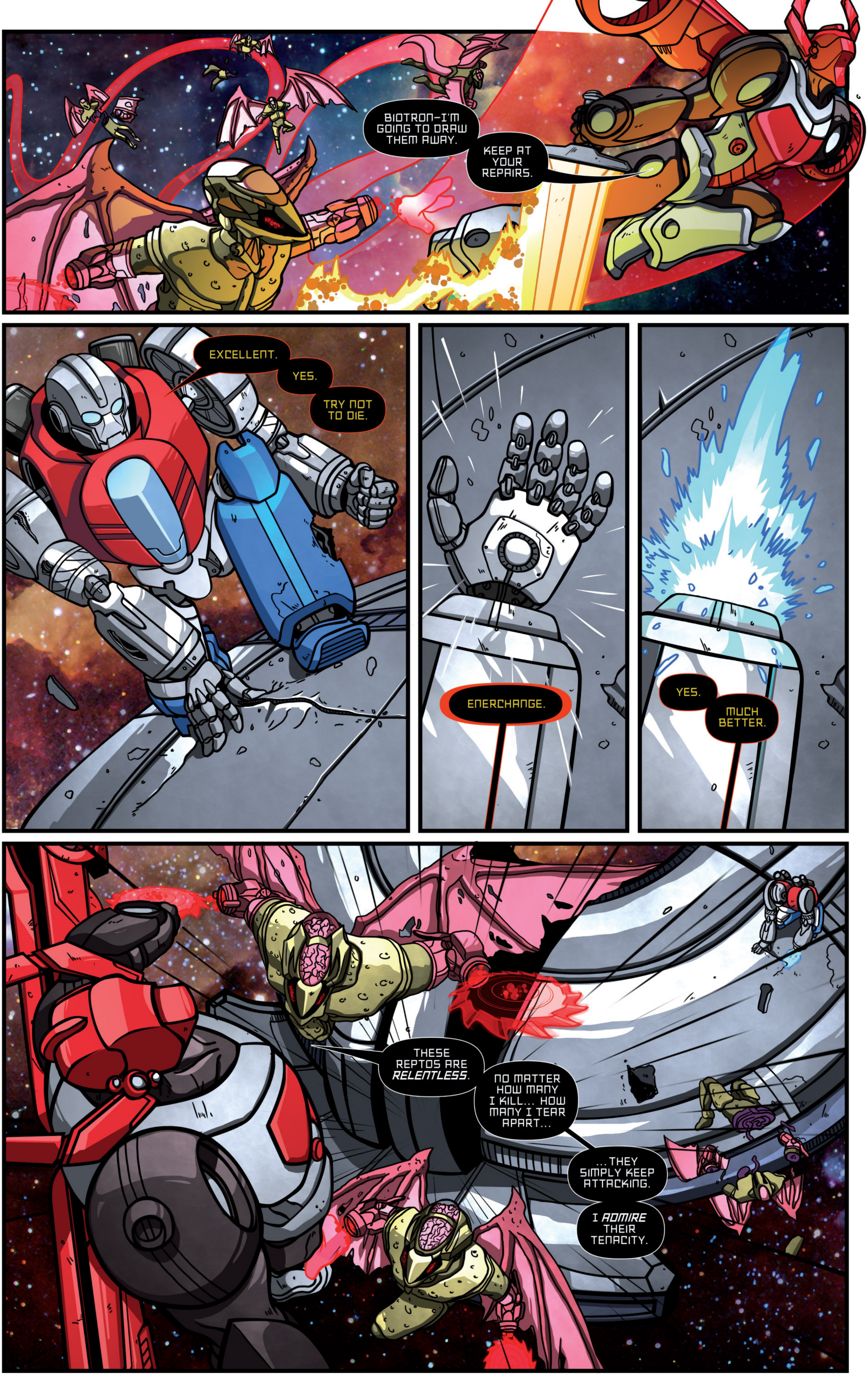

THE HELIOPOLIS. WITHIN THE ENTROPY CLOUD.
STABILIZERS ARE OFFLINE, CAPTAIN!
WEAPON SYSTEMS ARE *NON-RESPONSIVE!*
SHIELDING IS IN FLUX! COUNTER-BALANCES ARE *GANKED!*
I'M CALIBRATING AS QUICKLY AS I CAN... BUT PUNCHING THROUGH THE CLOUD SCRAMBLED OUR SYSTEMS— *BUT GOOD!*
OH...
...AND WE'RE *UNDER ATTACK!*
ATTACK?
BUT... WHO? *WHO* CAME OUT OF NOWHERE?
THEY CAME OUT OF *NOWHERE*... AND THEIR LASERS ARE SLICING RIGHT THROUGH WHAT'S LEFT OF OUR PITIFUL DEFENSES!
THEM!
A *REPTO!*
BUT THEY... THEY WERE WIPED OUT... THEIR SOCIETY DESTROYED BY THE ENTROPY CLOUD!
I MIGHT SURMISE, CAPTAIN...

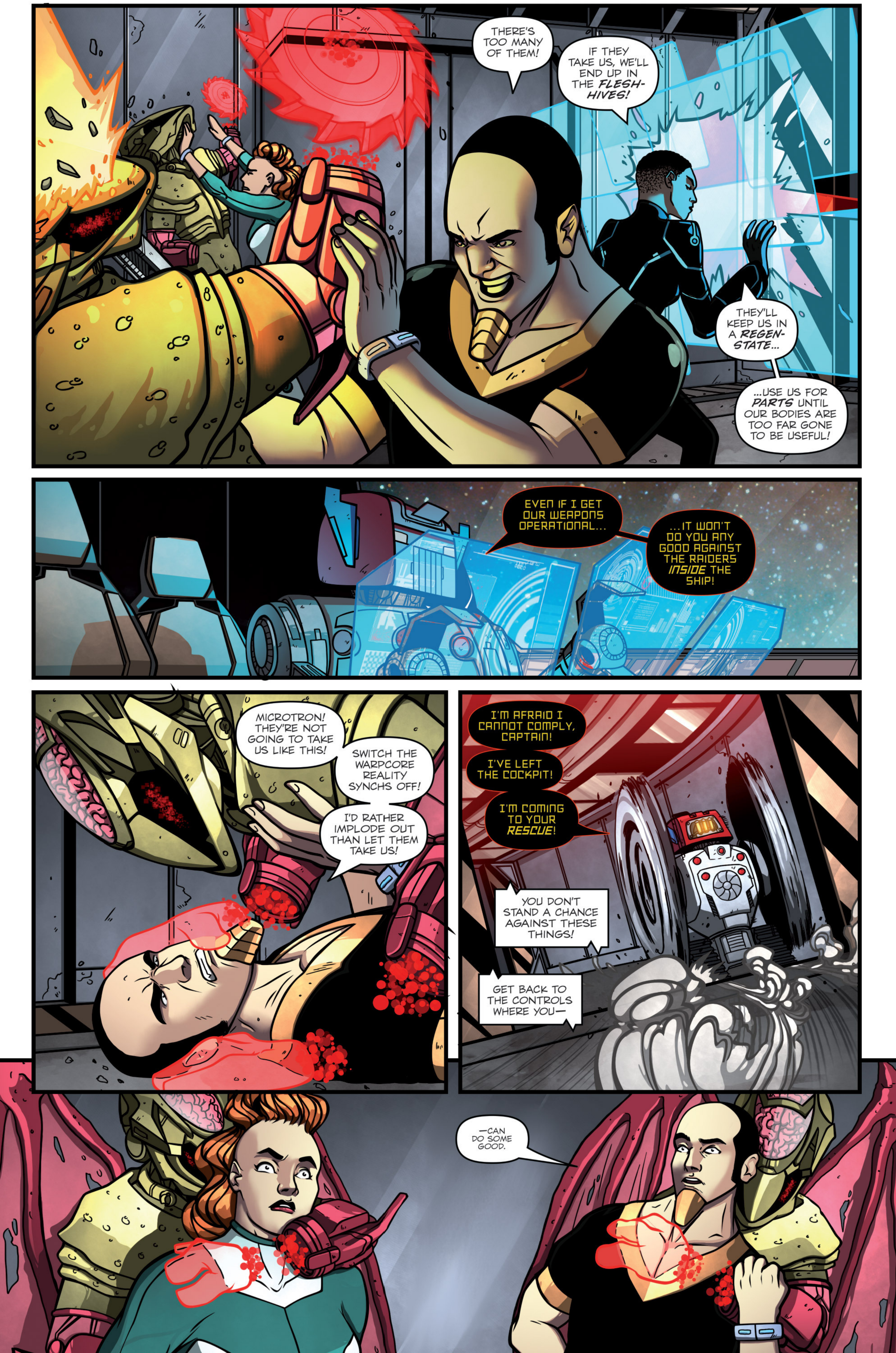

"...THAT SOMEONE FORGOT TO TELL *THEM!*
"I'M DETECTING *MULTIPLE RUPTURES* IN THE HULL!"
THEY'RE *BOARDING!*
REPTOS ARE INDIGENOUS TO PLANET SAURIA... ONE OF THE FIRST WORLDS TO BE CONSUMED BY THE ENTROPY CLOUD.
WE THOUGHT... EVERYONE THOUGHT... THE REPTOS WERE KILLED OFF.
WELL, THEY'RE BACK NOW... SOME OF THE MOST RUTHLESS SCAVS IN THE UNIVERSE...
"...AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE UP TO THEIR OLD TRICKS!"
MAYBE IT MEANS PASSING THROUGH THE CLOUD *ISN'T* THE END!
MAYBE IT MEANS MICROSPACE ISN'T AS *DOOMED* AS WE THOUGHT!
HOW 'BOUT THAT? WE'VE GOT *GOOD NEWS* TO SHARE WHEN WE GET BACK *HOME*...
SKRRRRKK
...ASSUMING WE *SURVIVE* THAT LONG!

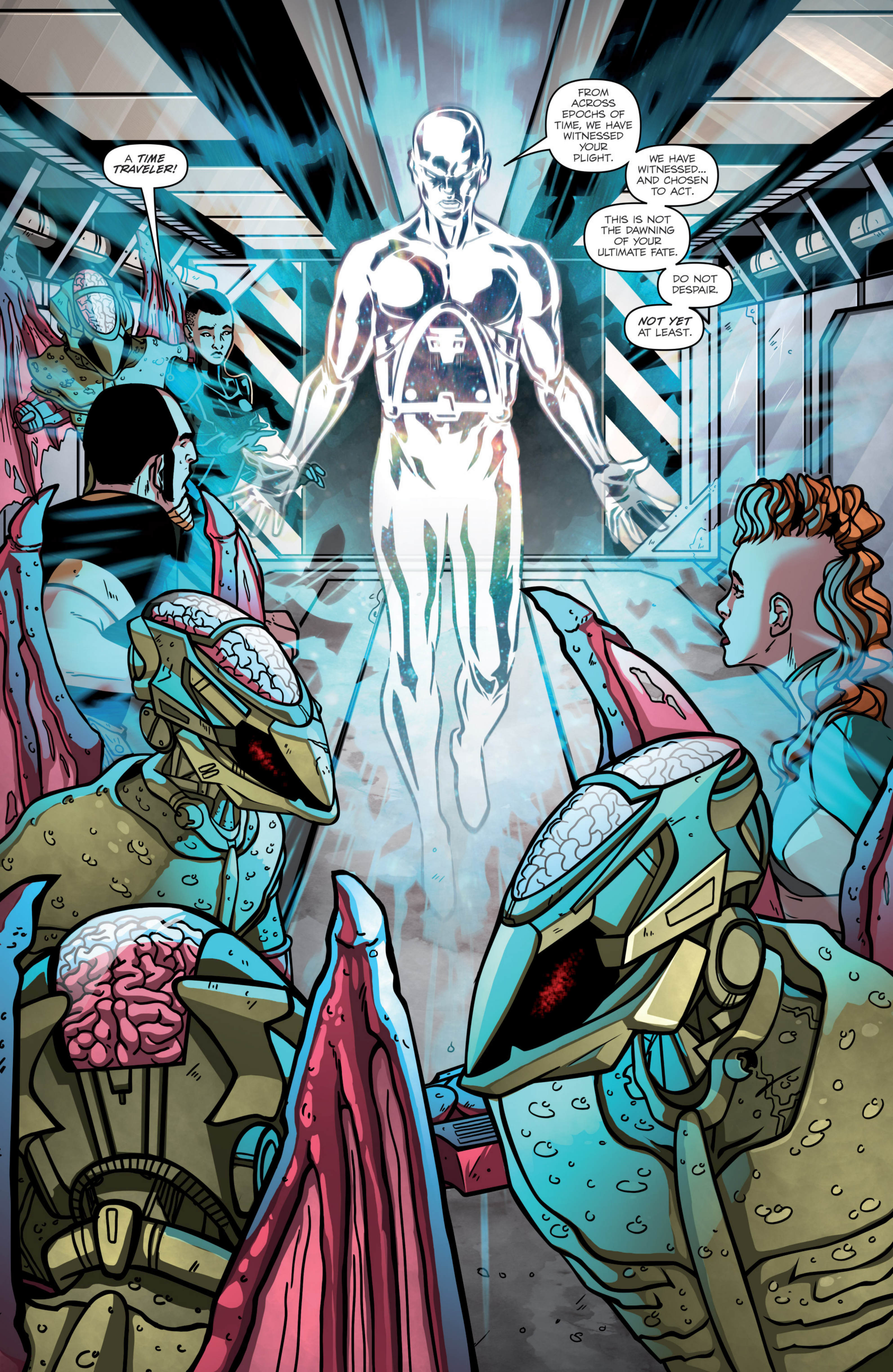

YAAGH!
SHOOT IT! SHOOT IT!
I DON'T HAVE A CLEAN SHOT!
I'M NOT GONNA HAVE A *FACE* IF YOU DON'T—
ZRAK
MICROTRON!
THE SHIP'S INTEGRITY'S BEEN *COMPROMISED!*
WE'RE GOING TO *DECOMPRESS* IF—
I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, PHENOLO-PHI.
I'VE REDIRECTED SHIELDS TO PREVENT THE SHIP FROM TURNING INSIDE OUT!
BE ADVISED—THERE ARE MORE BOGIES ON BOARD!
WE SEE THAT.
BE CAREFUL! REPTOS COVET SCAVENGED *FLESH* AS MUCH AS SCAVENGED *METAL*.
IN THE MEANTIME—

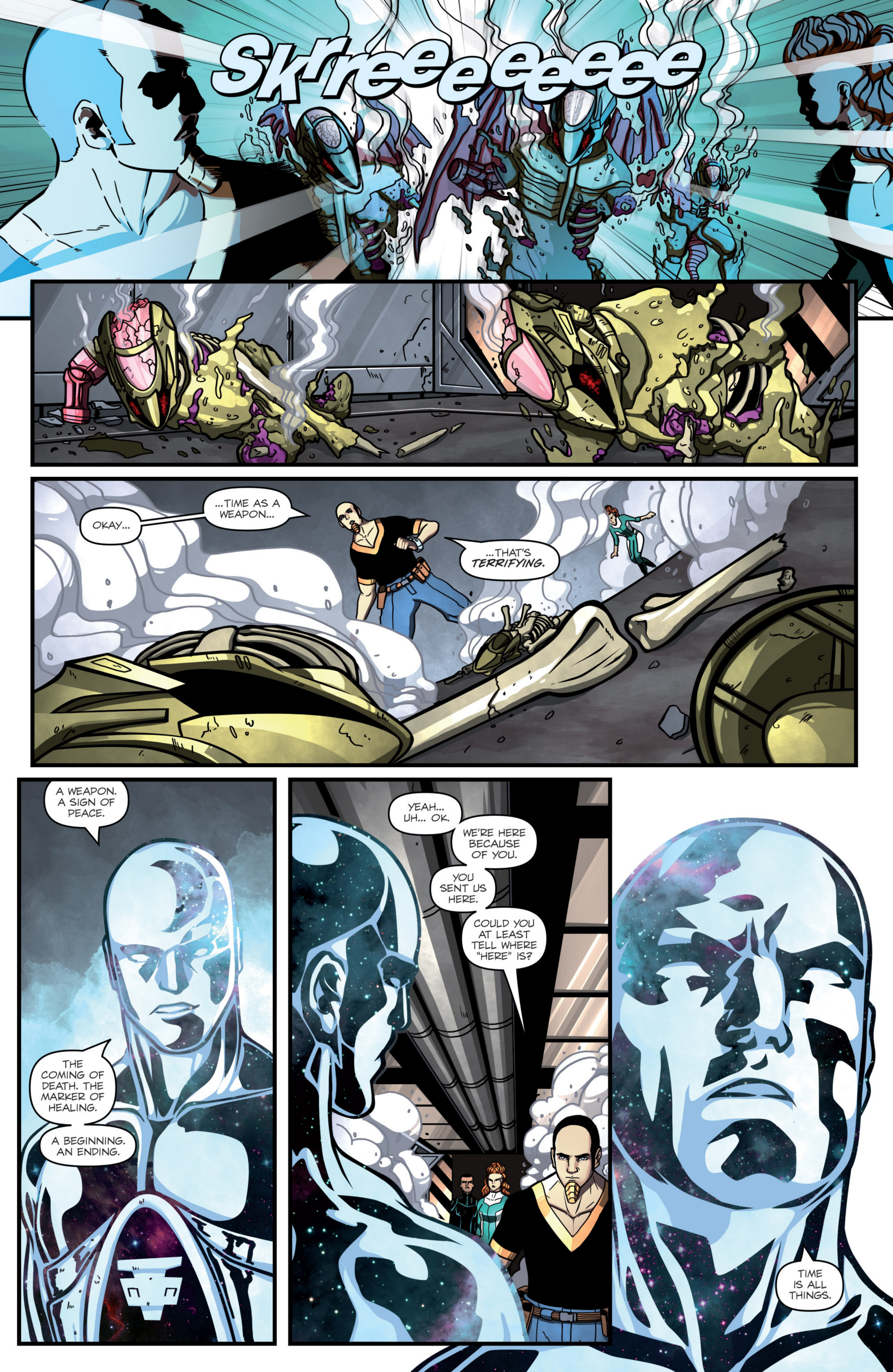

"—I'VE DISPATCHED *EXTERNAL COUNTERMEASURES!*"
THE DAMAGE TO THE HELIOPOLIS IS SEVERE.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO REPAIR THE HULL...
...BUT IT WOULD BE EASIER IF THESE CREATURES WEREN'T TRYING TO TEAR ME APART!
I'M CUTTING THEM DOWN AS QUICKLY AS I CAN.
BUT THESE BEASTS ARE... *PERVASIVE*.
YES.
THEY ARE THE *WEEDS* OF SPACE.

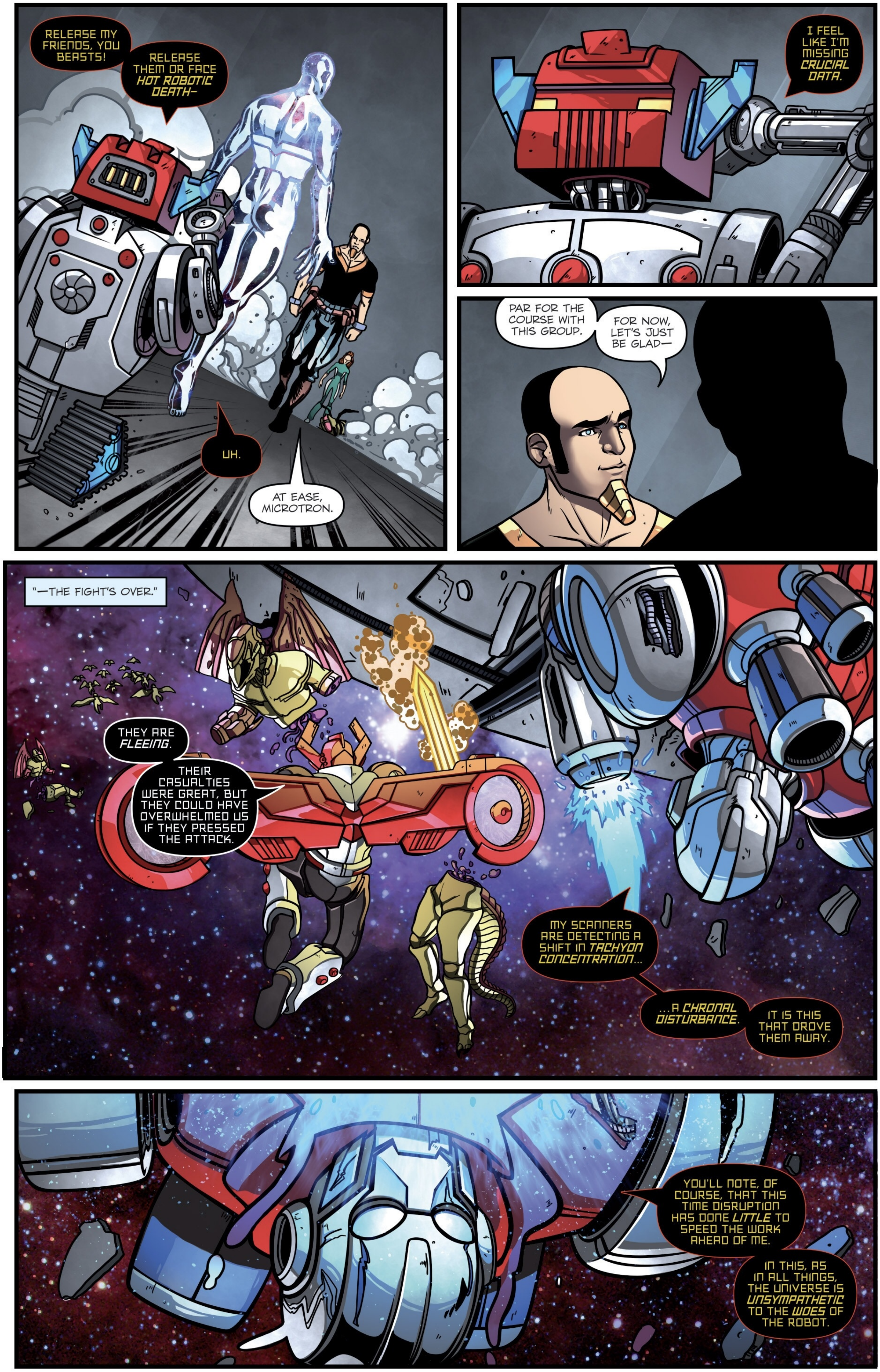

EXPLORING UNCHARTED SPACE...
...INTERACTING WITH EXOTIC SPECIES...
...I REALLY DON'T TAKE THE TIME TO APPRECIATE WHAT A WONDERFUL LIFE I LEAD.
YOUR *SARCASM'S* NOTED, OZ.
LET'S NOT FORGET THAT IT WAS *YOU* WHO DECIDED TO TAKE US ON THIS LITTLE JOYRIDE.
HEY—OUR UNIVERSE IS DYING.
AN ACT OF *SUPREME SACRIFICE* WAS IN ORDER IF WE'RE GONNA TURN THE TIDES.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.
UNIVERSAL SAVIORS GET ALL THE GIRLS.
KEEP TALKING LIKE THAT...
...AND I'LL *HELP* THE REPTOS SCRAP THIS SHIP.
LOOK— IT'S NOT LIKE I'M IN THIS FOR LECHEROUS PURPOSES.
FAME AND MONEY ARE FACTORS, TOO.

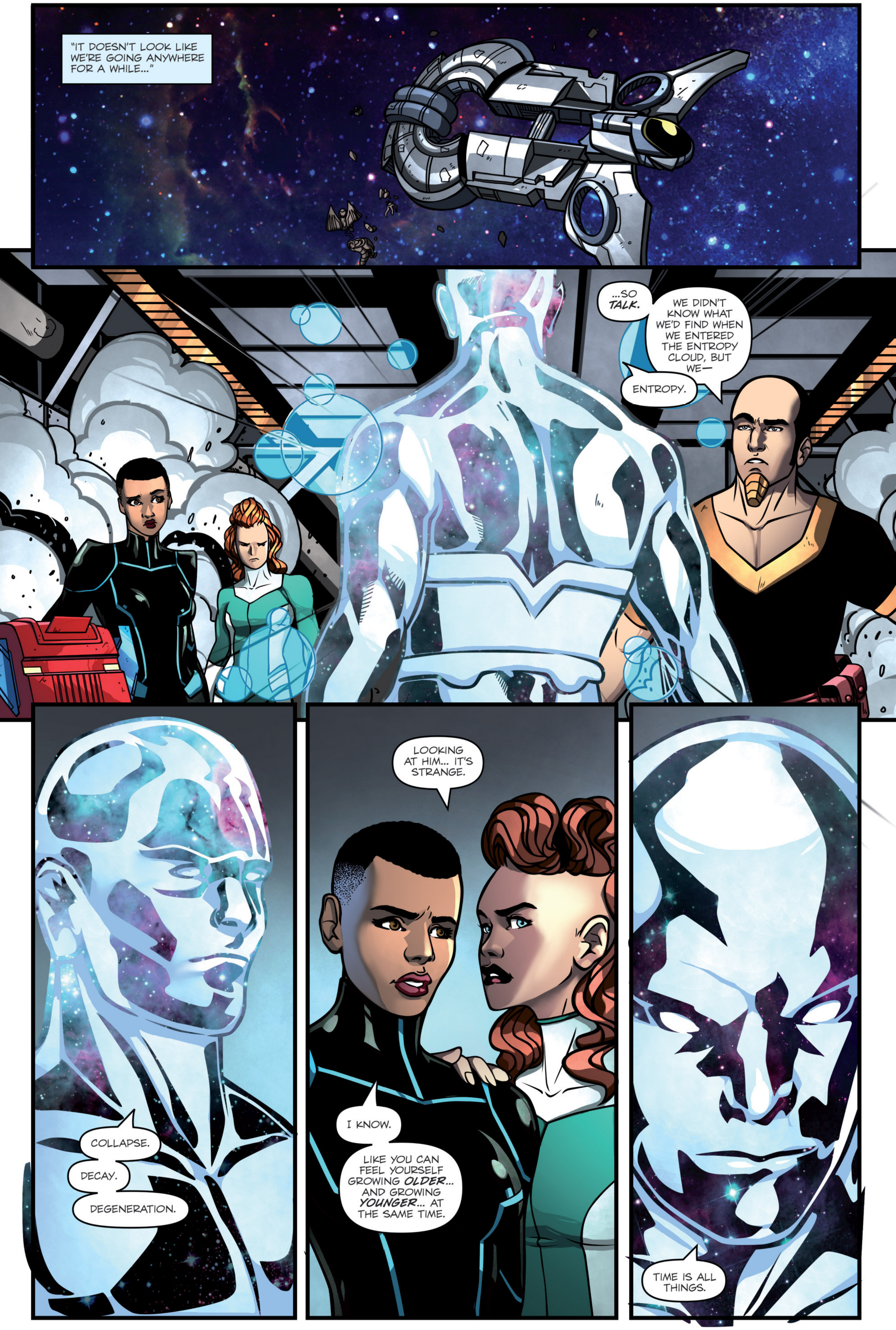

BIOTRON—I'M GOING TO DRAW THEM AWAY.
KEEP AT YOUR REPAIRS.
EXCELLENT.
YES.
TRY NOT TO DIE.
ENERCHANGE.
YES.
MUCH BETTER.
THESE REPTOS ARE *RELENTLESS*.
NO MATTER HOW MANY I KILL... HOW MANY I TEAR APART...
...THEY SIMPLY KEEP ATTACKING.
I *ADMIRE* THEIR TENACITY.

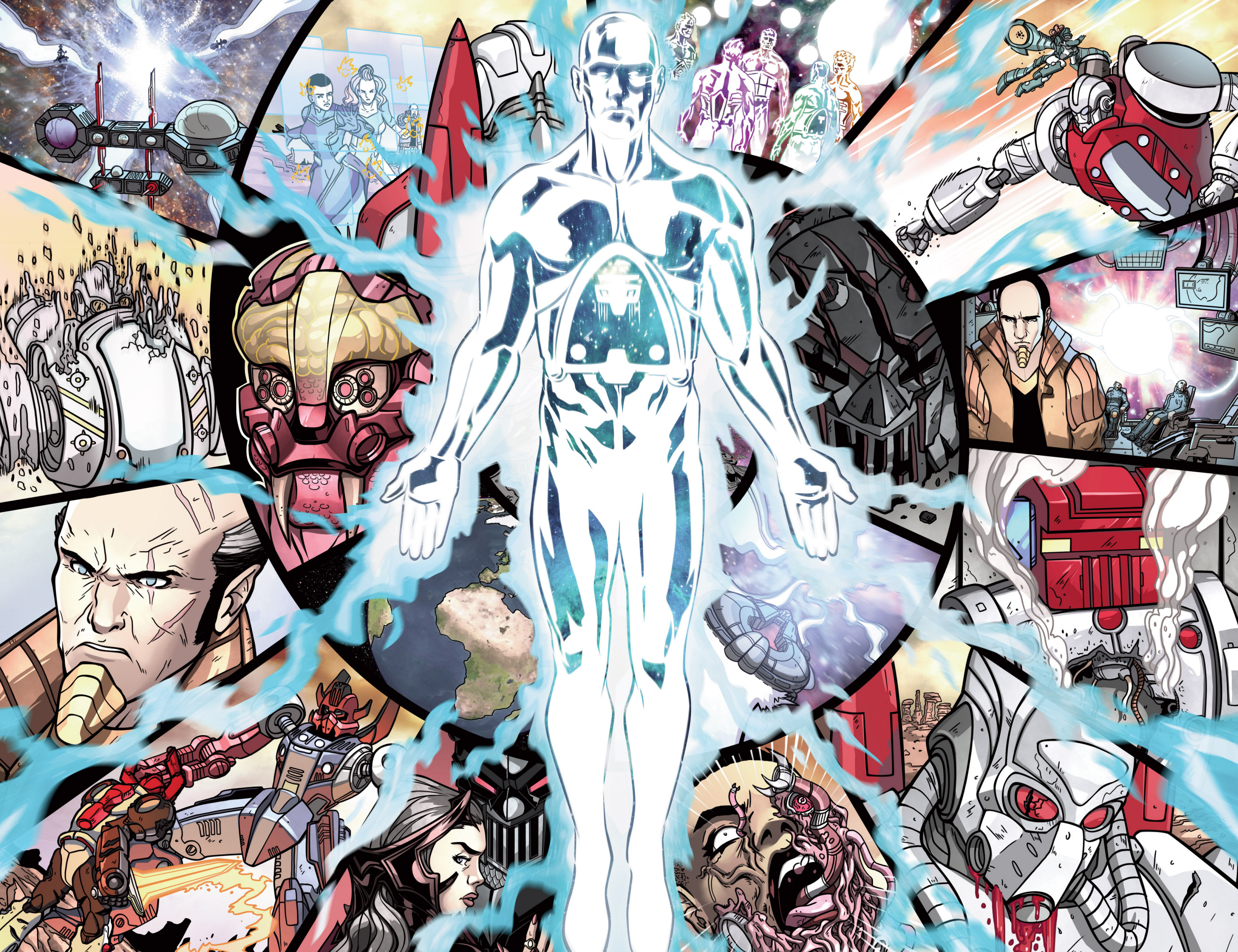

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM!
IF THEY TAKE US, WE'LL END UP IN THE *FLESH-HIVES!*
THEY'LL KEEP US IN A *REGEN-STATE*...
...USE US FOR *PARTS* UNTIL OUR BODIES ARE TOO FAR GONE TO BE USEFUL!
EVEN IF I GET OUR WEAPONS OPERATIONAL...
...IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD AGAINST THE RAIDERS *INSIDE* THE SHIP!
MICROTRON! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE US LIKE THIS!
SWITCH THE WARPCORE REALITY SYNCHS OFF!
I'D RATHER IMPLODE OUT THAN LET THEM TAKE US!
I'M AFRAID I CANNOT COMPLY, CAPTAIN!
I'VE LEFT THE COCKPIT!
I'M COMING TO YOUR *RESCUE*!
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THESE THINGS!
GET BACK TO THE CONTROLS WHERE YOU—
—CAN DO SOME GOOD.

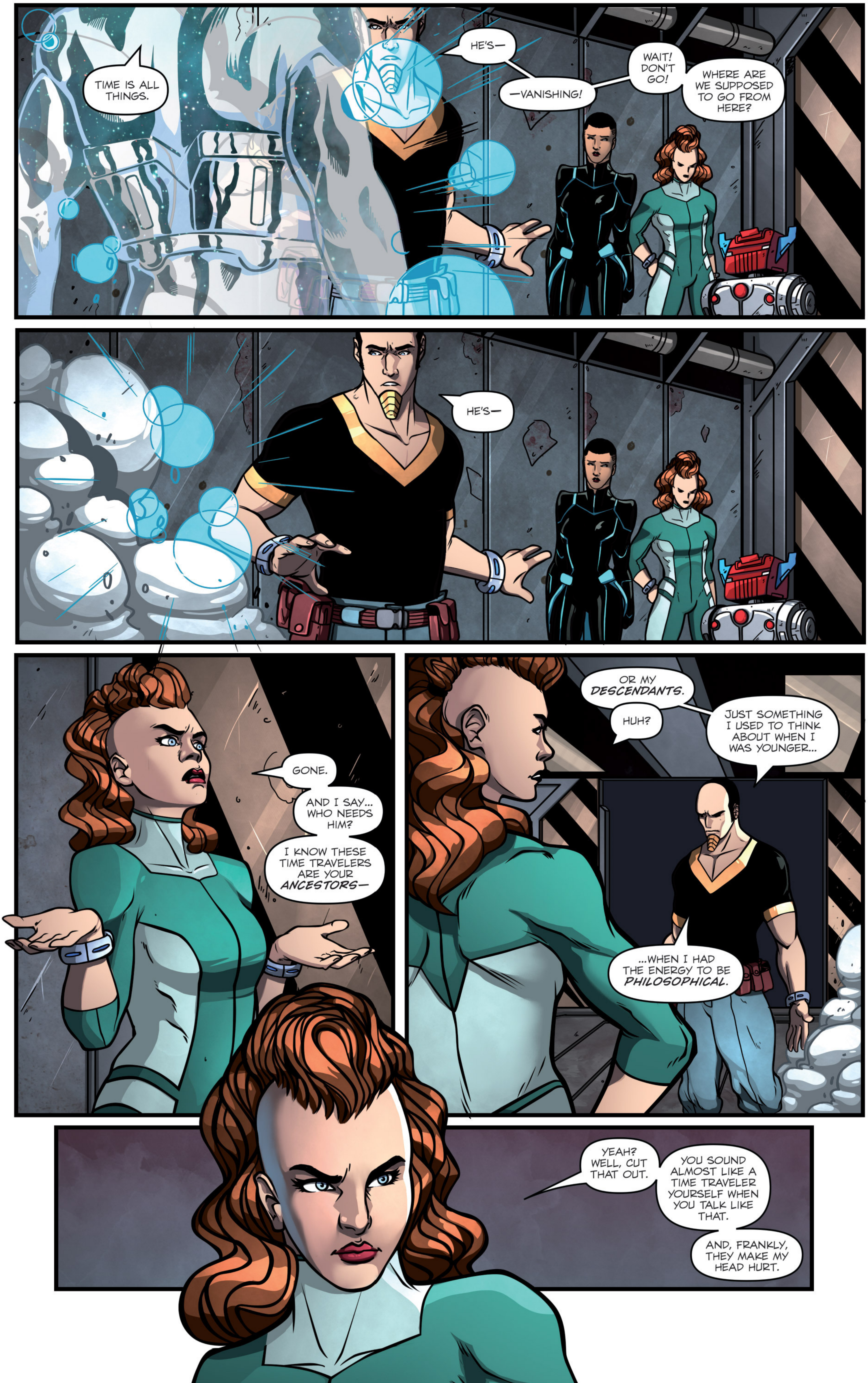

A *TIME TRAVELER!*
FROM ACROSS EPOCHS OF TIME, WE HAVE WITNESSED YOUR PLIGHT.
WE HAVE WITNESSED... AND CHOSEN TO ACT.
THIS IS NOT THE DAWNING OF YOUR ULTIMATE FATE.
DO NOT DESPAIR.
*NOT YET* AT LEAST.

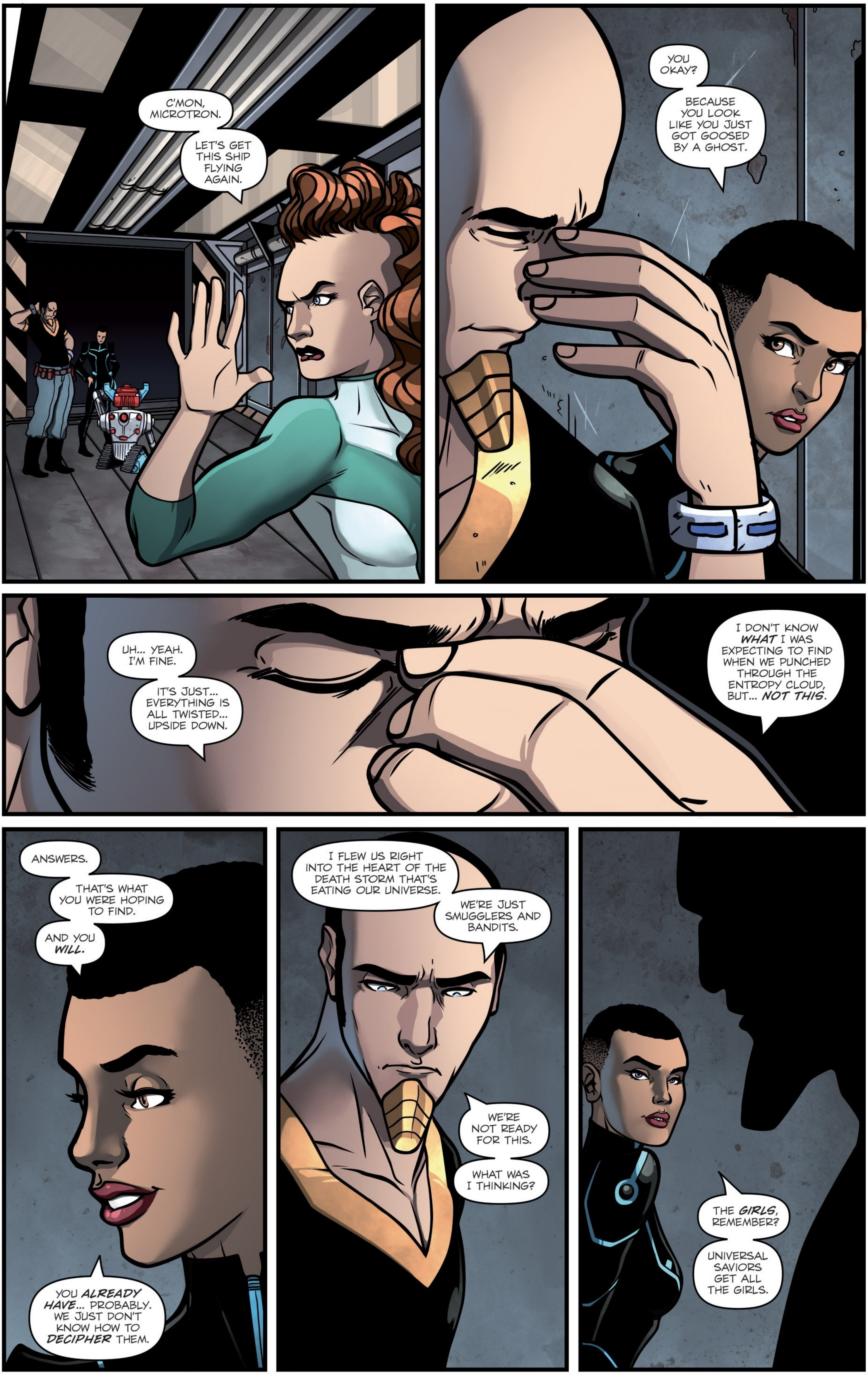

Skrreeeeeeee
OKAY...
...TIME AS A WEAPON...
...THAT'S *TERRIFYING.*
A WEAPON. A SIGN OF PEACE.
THE COMING OF DEATH. THE MARKER OF HEALING.
A BEGINNING. AN ENDING.
YEAH... UH... OK.
WE'RE HERE BECAUSE OF YOU.
YOU SENT US HERE.
COULD YOU AT LEAST TELL WHERE "HERE" IS?
TIME IS ALL THINGS.

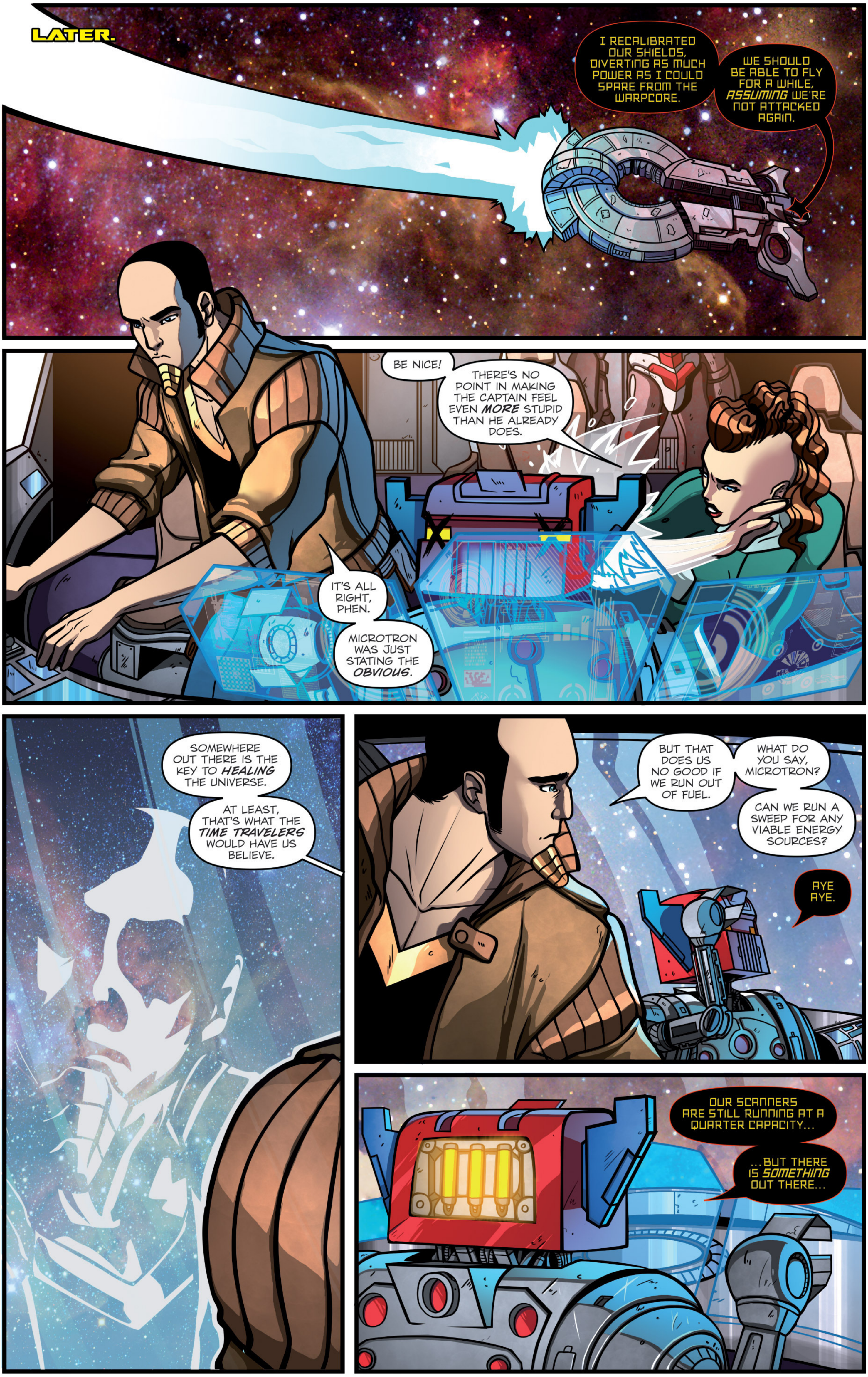

RELEASE MY FRIENDS, YOU BEASTS!
RELEASE THEM OR FACE *HOT ROBOTIC DEATH*—
UH.
AT EASE, MICROTRON.
I FEEL LIKE I'M MISSING *CRUCIAL DATA*.
PAR FOR THE COURSE WITH THIS GROUP.
FOR NOW, LET'S JUST BE GLAD—
"—THE FIGHT'S OVER."
THEY ARE *FLEEING*.
THEIR CASUALTIES WERE GREAT, BUT THEY COULD HAVE OVERWHELMED US IF THEY PRESSED THE ATTACK.
MY SCANNERS ARE DETECTING A SHIFT IN *TACHYON CONCENTRATION*...
...A *CHRONAL DISTURBANCE*.
IT IS THIS THAT DROVE THEM AWAY.
YOU'LL NOTE, OF COURSE, THAT THIS TIME DISRUPTION HAS DONE *LITTLE* TO SPEED THE WORK AHEAD OF ME.
IN THIS, AS IN ALL THINGS, THE UNIVERSE IS *UNSYMPATHETIC* TO THE *WOES* OF THE ROBOT.

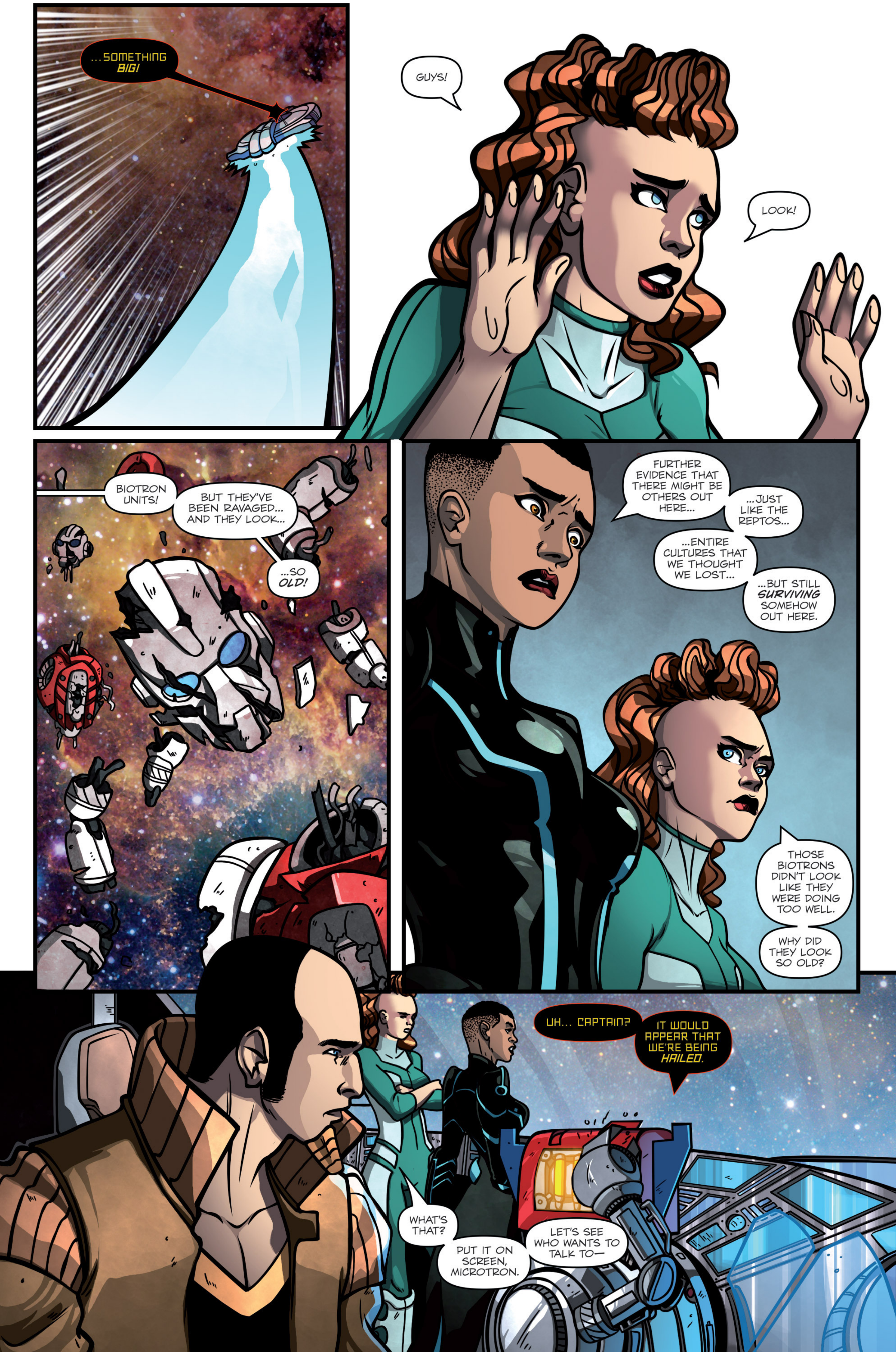

"IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WE'RE GOING ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE..."
...SO *TALK.*
WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WE'D FIND WHEN WE ENTERED THE ENTROPY CLOUD, BUT WE—
ENTROPY.
COLLAPSE.
DECAY.
DEGENERATION.
LOOKING AT HIM... IT'S STRANGE.
I KNOW.
LIKE YOU CAN FEEL YOURSELF GROWING *OLDER*... AND GROWING *YOUNGER*... AT THE SAME TIME.
TIME IS ALL THINGS.

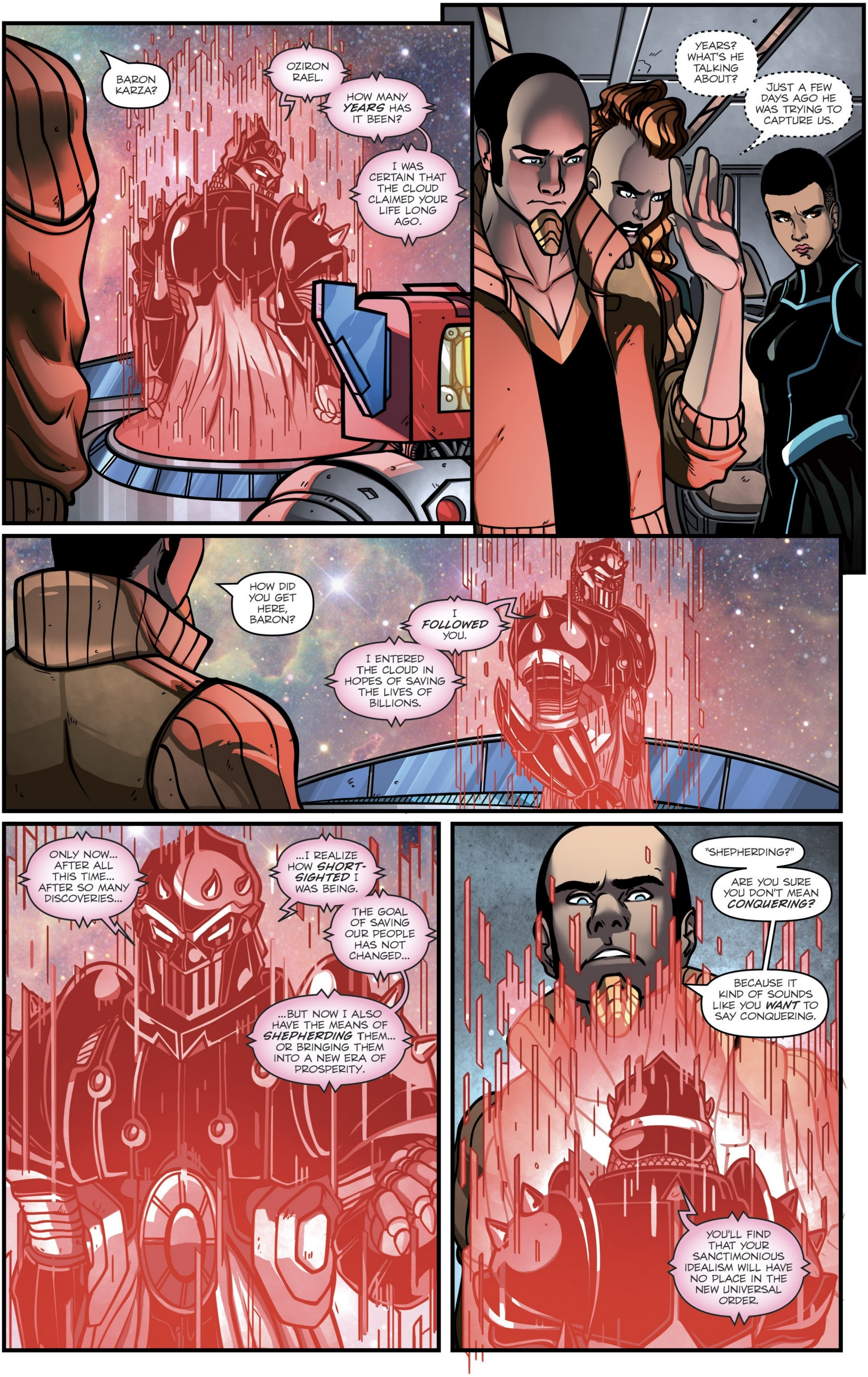


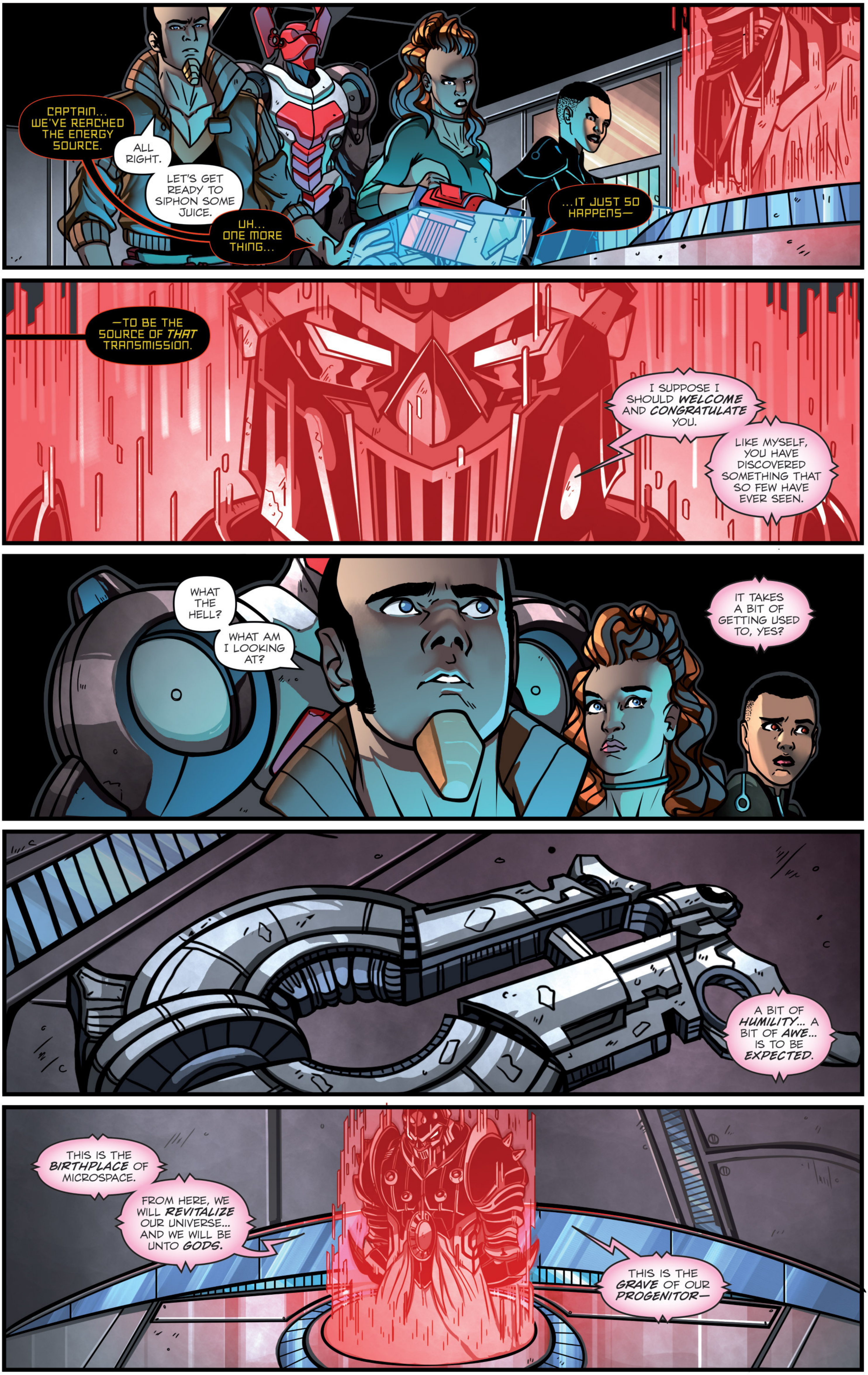

TIME IS ALL THINGS.
HE'S—
—VANISHING!
WAIT! DON'T GO!
WHERE ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GO FROM HERE?
HE'S—
GONE.
AND I SAY... WHO NEEDS HIM?
I KNOW THESE TIME TRAVELERS ARE YOUR *ANCESTORS*—
OR MY *DESCENDANTS*.
HUH?
JUST SOMETHING I USED TO THINK ABOUT WHEN I WAS YOUNGER...
...WHEN I HAD THE ENERGY TO BE *PHILOSOPHICAL*.
YEAH? WELL, CUT THAT OUT.
YOU SOUND ALMOST LIKE A TIME TRAVELER YOURSELF WHEN YOU TALK LIKE THAT.
AND, FRANKLY, THEY MAKE MY HEAD HURT.

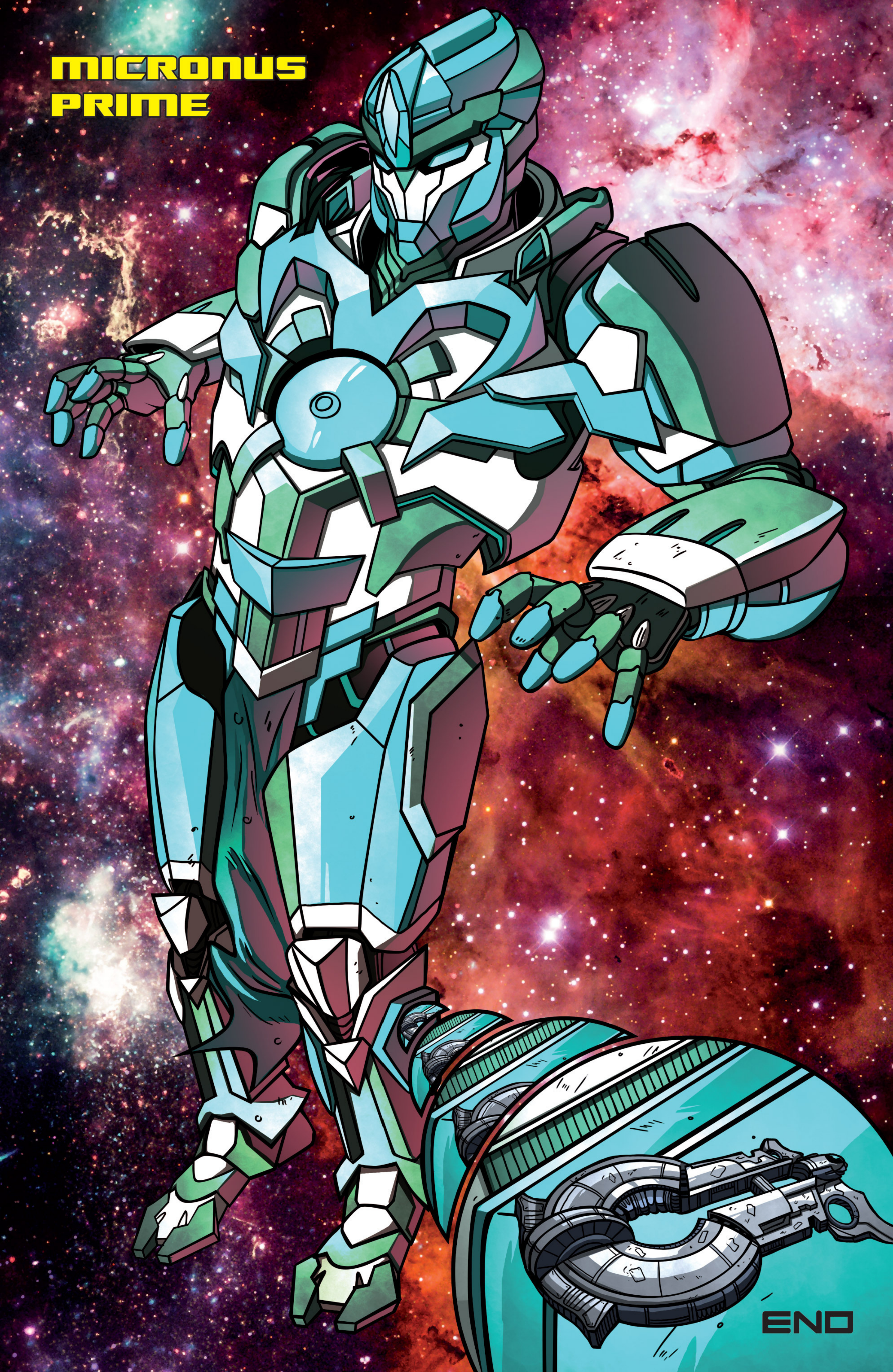

C'MON, MICROTRON.
LET'S GET THIS SHIP FLYING AGAIN.
YOU OKAY?
BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE YOU JUST GOT GOOSED BY A GHOST.
UH... YEAH. I'M FINE.
IT'S JUST... EVERYTHING IS ALL TWISTED... UPSIDE DOWN.
I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* I WAS EXPECTING TO FIND WHEN WE PUNCHED THROUGH THE ENTROPY CLOUD, BUT... *NOT THIS*.
ANSWERS.
THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE HOPING TO FIND.
AND YOU *WILL*.
YOU *ALREADY HAVE*... PROBABLY. WE JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO *DECIPHER* THEM.
I FLEW US RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE DEATH STORM THAT'S EATING OUR UNIVERSE.
WE'RE JUST SMUGGLERS AND BANDITS.
WE'RE NOT READY FOR THIS.
WHAT WAS I THINKING?
THE *GIRLS*, REMEMBER?
UNIVERSAL SAVIORS GET ALL THE GIRLS.


LATER.
I RECALIBRATED OUR SHIELDS, DIVERTING AS MUCH POWER AS I COULD SPARE FROM THE WARPCORE.
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FLY FOR A WHILE, ASSUMING WE'RE NOT ATTACKED AGAIN.
BE NICE!
THERE'S NO POINT IN MAKING THE CAPTAIN FEEL EVEN MORE STUPID THAN HE ALREADY DOES.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, PHEN.
MICROTRON WAS JUST STATING THE OBVIOUS.
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS THE KEY TO HEALING THE UNIVERSE.
AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THE TIME TRAVELERS WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE.
BUT THAT DOES US NO GOOD IF WE RUN OUT OF FUEL.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, MICROTRON?
CAN WE RUN A SWEEP FOR ANY VIABLE ENERGY SOURCES?
AYE AYE.
OUR SCANNERS ARE STILL RUNNING AT A QUARTER CAPACITY...
...BUT THERE IS SOMETHING OUT THERE...


...SOMETHING *BIG!*
GUYS!
LOOK!
BIOTRON UNITS!
BUT THEY'VE BEEN RAVAGED... AND THEY LOOK...
...SO *OLD!*
FURTHER EVIDENCE THAT THERE MIGHT BE OTHERS OUT HERE...
...JUST LIKE THE REPTOS...
...ENTIRE CULTURES THAT WE THOUGHT WE LOST...
...BUT STILL ***SURVIVING*** SOMEHOW OUT HERE.
THOSE BIOTRONS DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THEY WERE DOING TOO WELL.
WHY DID THEY LOOK SO OLD?
UH... CAPTAIN?
IT WOULD APPEAR THAT WE'RE BEING *HAILED.*
WHAT'S THAT?
PUT IT ON SCREEN, MICROTRON.
LET'S SEE WHO WANTS TO TALK TO—


BARON KARZA?
OZIRON RAEL.
HOW MANY *YEARS* HAS IT BEEN?
I WAS CERTAIN THAT THE CLOUD CLAIMED YOUR LIFE LONG AGO.
YEARS? WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
JUST A FEW DAYS AGO HE WAS TRYING TO CAPTURE US.
HOW DID YOU GET HERE, BARON?
I *FOLLOWED* YOU.
I ENTERED THE CLOUD IN HOPES OF SAVING THE LIVES OF BILLIONS.
ONLY NOW... AFTER ALL THIS TIME... AFTER SO MANY DISCOVERIES...
...I REALIZE HOW *SHORT-SIGHTED* I WAS BEING.
THE GOAL OF SAVING OUR PEOPLE HAS NOT CHANGED...
...BUT NOW I ALSO HAVE THE MEANS OF *SHEPHERDING* THEM... OR BRINGING THEM INTO A NEW ERA OF PROSPERITY.
"SHEPHERDING?"
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T MEAN *CONQUERING?*
BECAUSE IT KIND OF SOUNDS LIKE YOU *WANT* TO SAY CONQUERING.
YOU'LL FIND THAT YOUR SANCTIMONIOUS IDEALISM WILL HAVE NO PLACE IN THE NEW UNIVERSAL ORDER.


CAPTAIN... WE'VE REACHED THE ENERGY SOURCE.
ALL RIGHT.
LET'S GET READY TO SIPHON SOME JUICE.
UH... ONE MORE THING...
...IT JUST SO HAPPENS—
—TO BE THE SOURCE OF *THAT* TRANSMISSION.
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD ***WELCOME*** AND ***CONGRATULATE*** YOU.
LIKE MYSELF, YOU HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT SO FEW HAVE EVER SEEN.
WHAT THE HELL?
WHAT AM I LOOKING AT?
IT TAKES A BIT OF GETTING USED TO, YES?
A BIT OF ***HUMILITY***... A BIT OF ***AWE***... IS TO BE ***EXPECTED***.
THIS IS THE ***BIRTHPLACE*** OF MICROSPACE.
FROM HERE, WE WILL ***REVITALIZE*** OUR UNIVERSE... AND WE WILL BE UNTO ***GODS***.
THIS IS THE ***GRAVE*** OF OUR ***PROGENITOR***—


MICRONUS
PRIME
END

# THE ORIGIN OF M.A.S.K. - REVEALED!

REVOLUTION

BRANDON EASTON | TONY VARGAS

M.A.S.K
MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND

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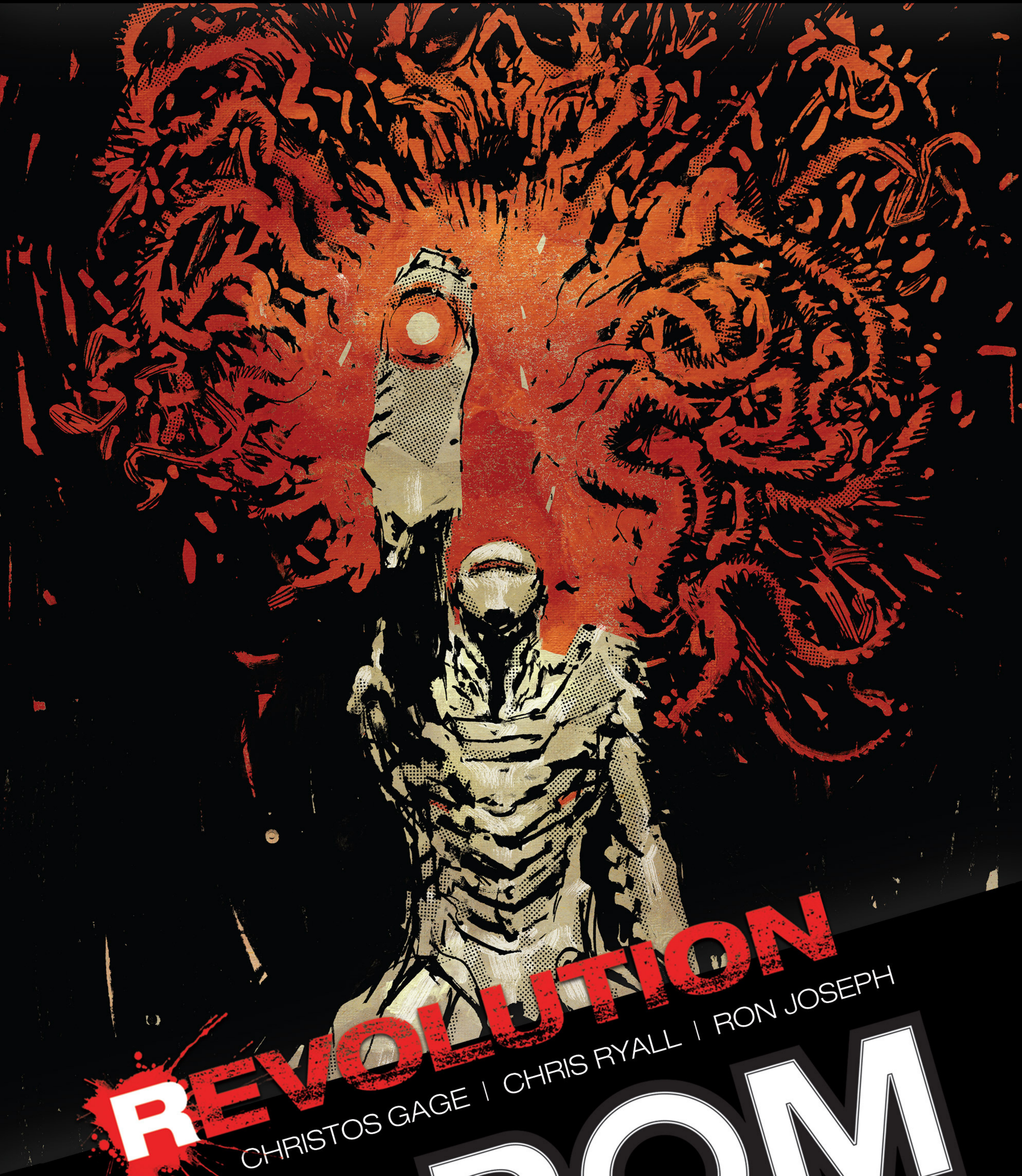

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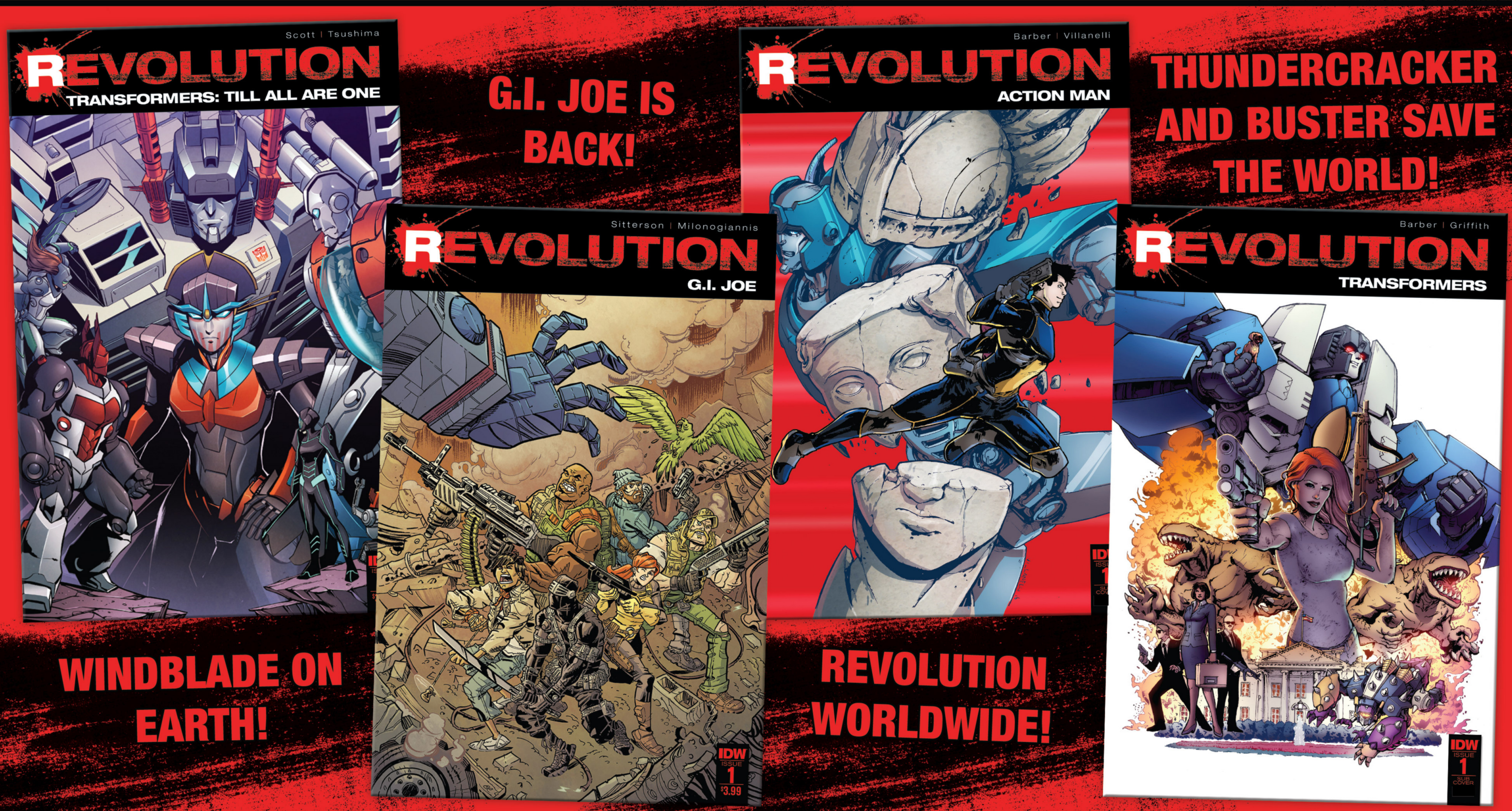
ONE-SHOTS THAT TIE DIRECTLY TO THE MAIN EVENT!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TRANSFORMERS: TILL ALL ARE ONE
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OCTOBER 2016

# ROM VS. OPTIMUS PRIME TO THE FINISH!

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THE REVOLUTION IS JUST BEGINNING!

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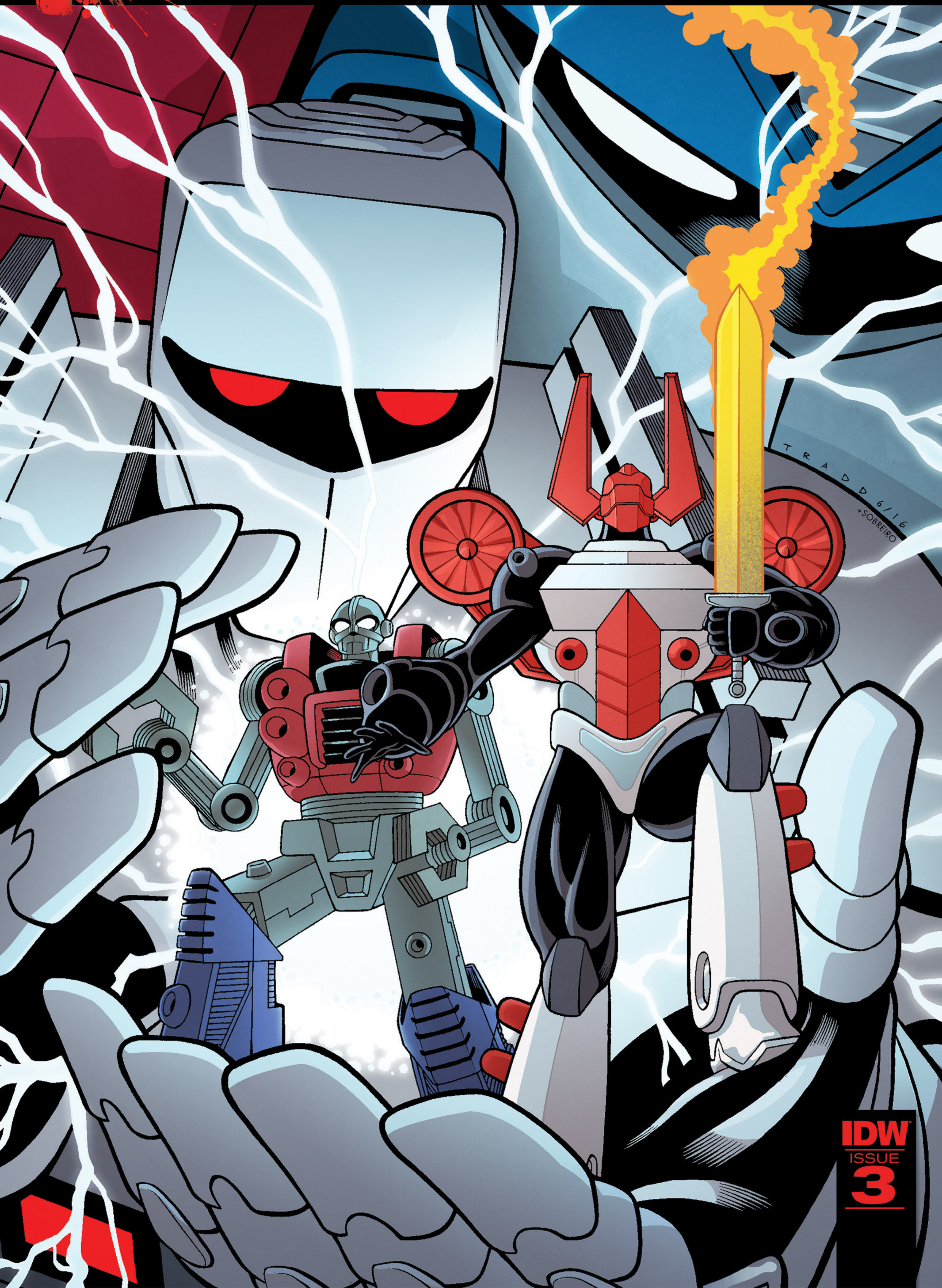
Plagued by scavengers, harried by agents of BARON KARZA, and guided by the mysterious TIME TRAVELERS—the MICRONAUTS make a HUGE discovery—one that will transform everything they thought they knew about their universe.

**The**
**REVOLUTION**
**is here—**
**take a stand!**

BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

# REVOLUTION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# REVOL

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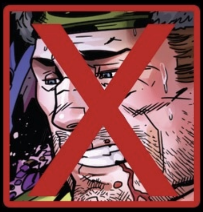
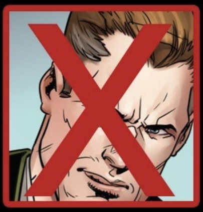

BIG BEN


JOE COLTON

SCARLETT

MAINFRAME

DOC

### TRANSFORMERS

OPTIMUS PRIME

SOUNDWAVE

WINDBLADE

KUP

ARCEE

JAZZ

AILERON

VICTORION

### ROM

ROM

### M.A.S.K.: MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND

MILES MAYHEM

MATT TRAKKER

VANESSA WARFIELD

SLY RAX

### MICRONAUTS

OZIRON RAEL

PHENOLO-PHI

ACROYEAR

LARISSA

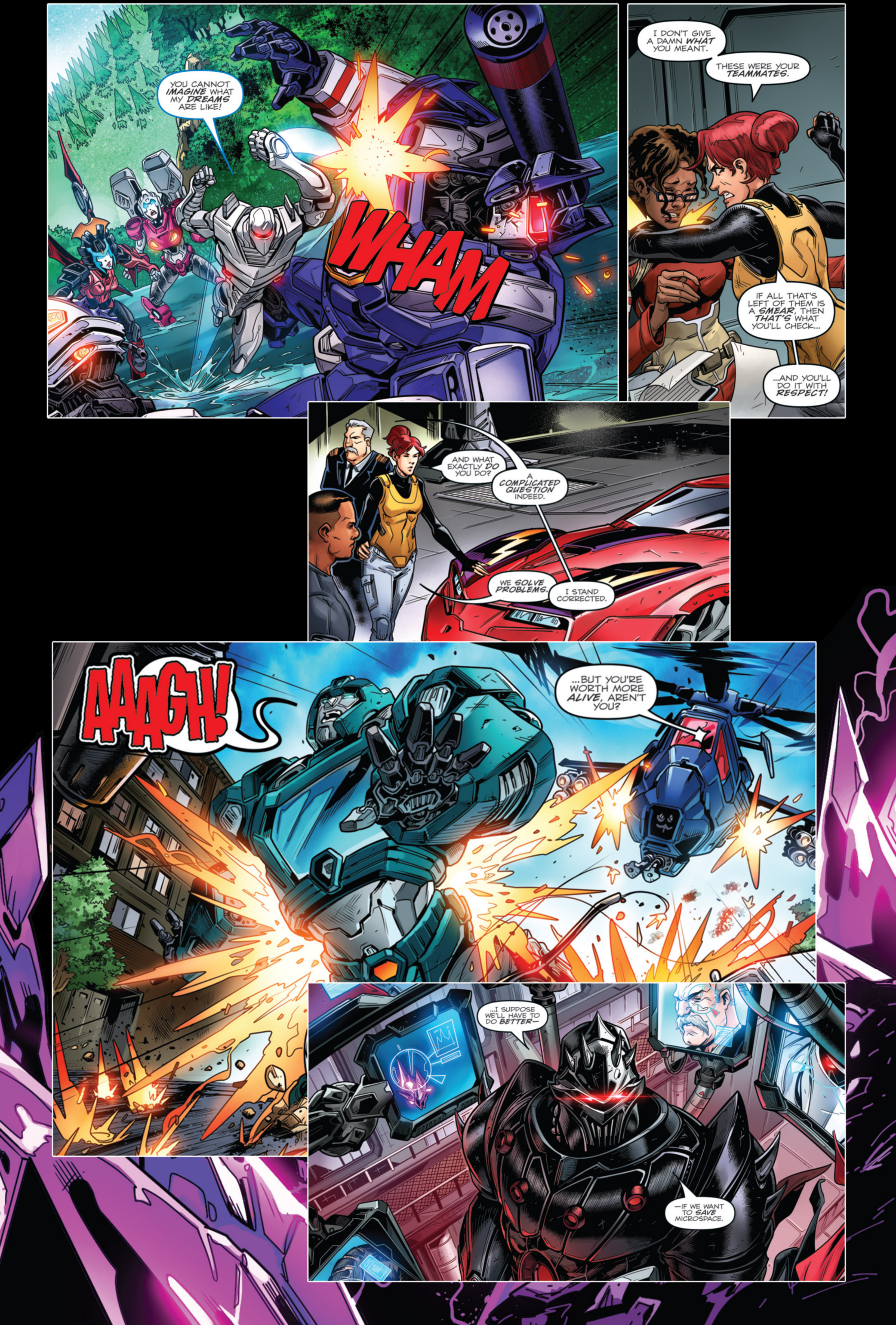
MICROTRON

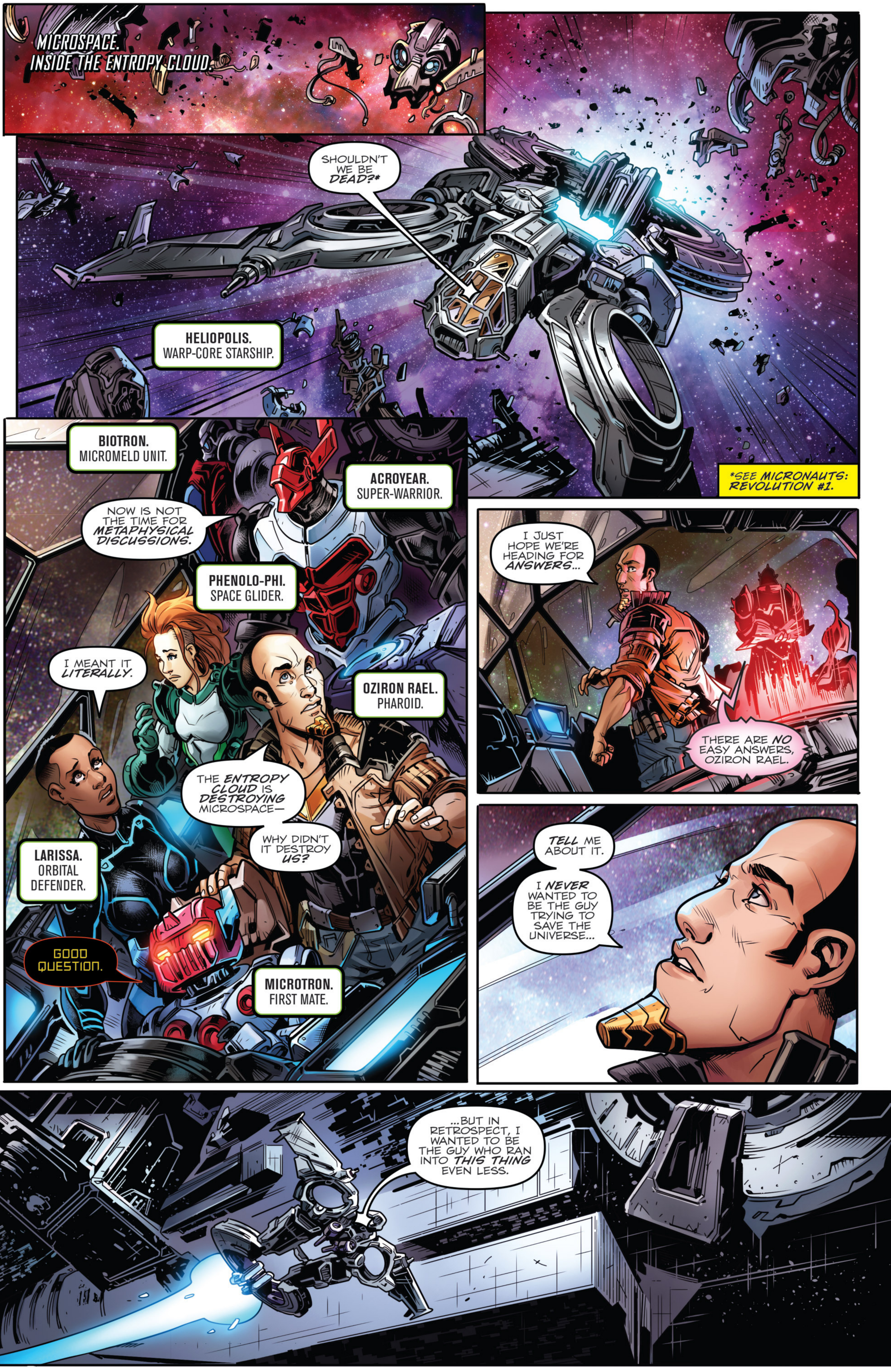
BIOTRON

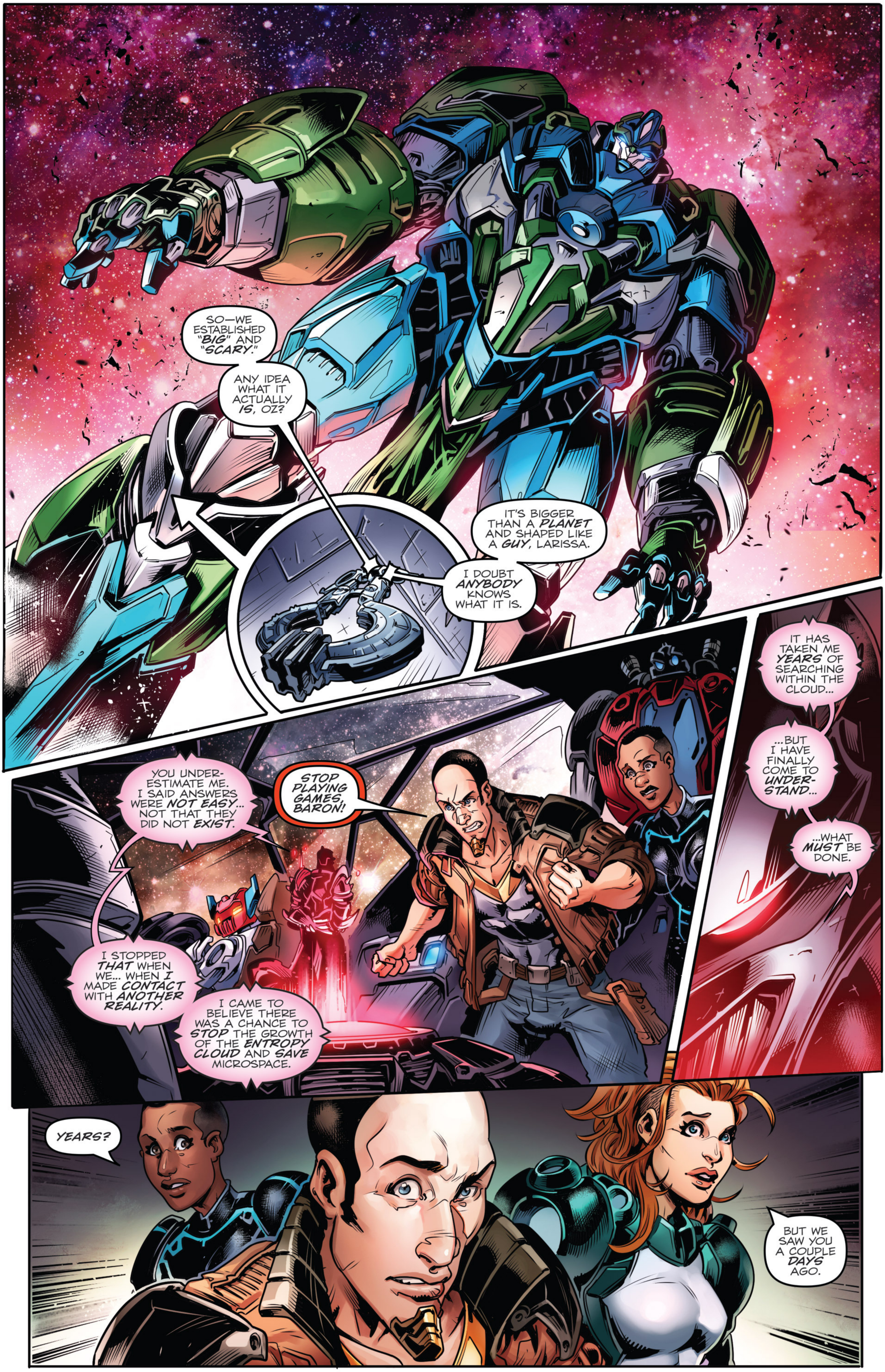
BARON KARZA

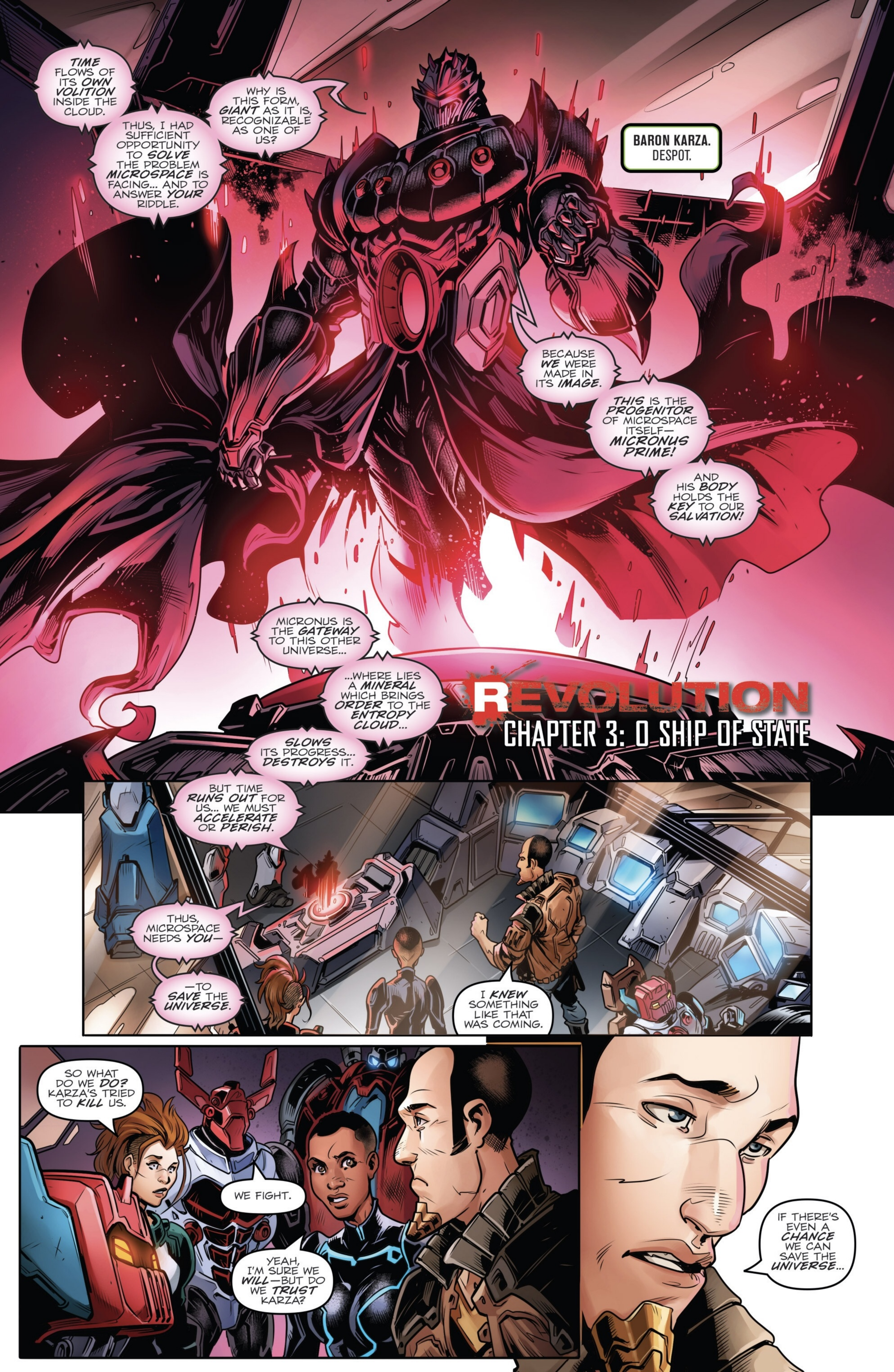
TIME TRAVELER

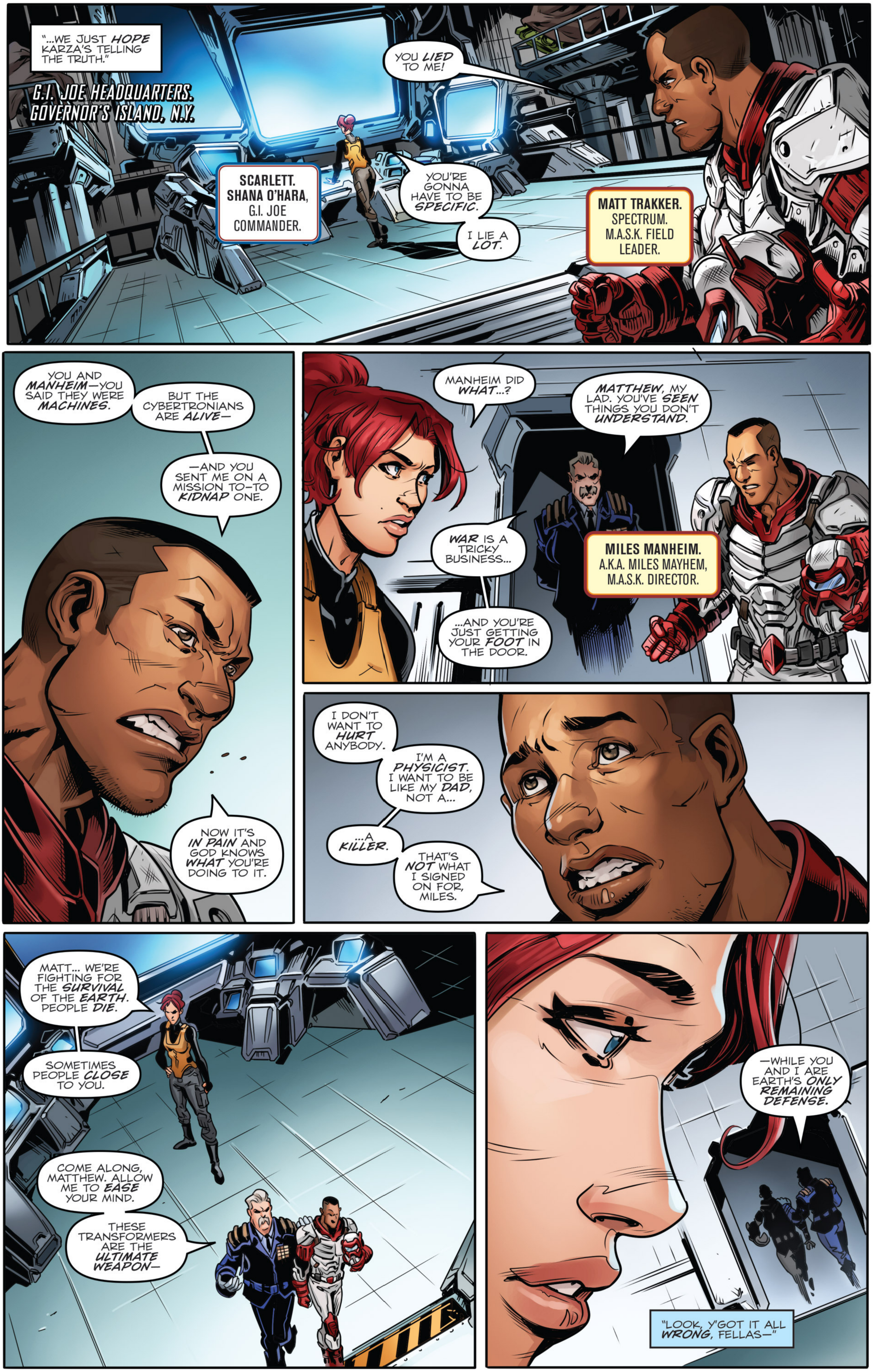
# PREVIOUSLY

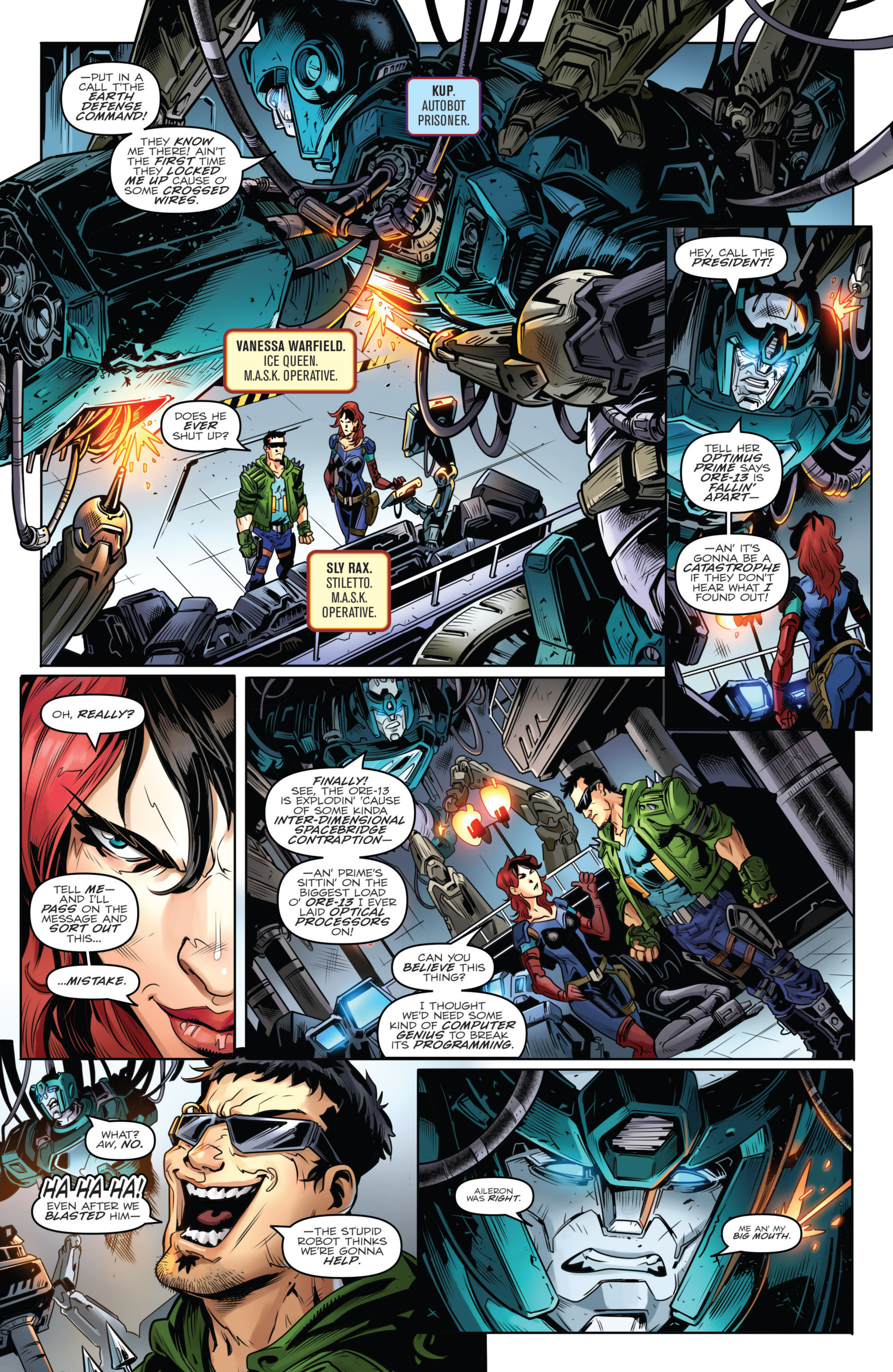

YOU CANNOT *IMAGINE* WHAT MY *DREAMS* ARE LIKE!
WHAM
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN *WHAT* YOU MEANT.
THESE WERE YOUR *TEAMMATES*.
IF ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THEM IS A *SMEAR*, THEN *THAT'S* WHAT YOU'LL CHECK...
...AND YOU'LL DO IT WITH *RESPECT!*
AND WHAT EXACTLY *DO* YOU DO?
A *COMPLICATED QUESTION* INDEED.
WE *SOLVE PROBLEMS*.
I STAND CORRECTED.
AAAGH!
...BUT YOU'RE WORTH MORE *ALIVE*, AREN'T YOU?
...I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO DO *BETTER*—
—IF WE WANT TO *SAVE* MICROSPACE.

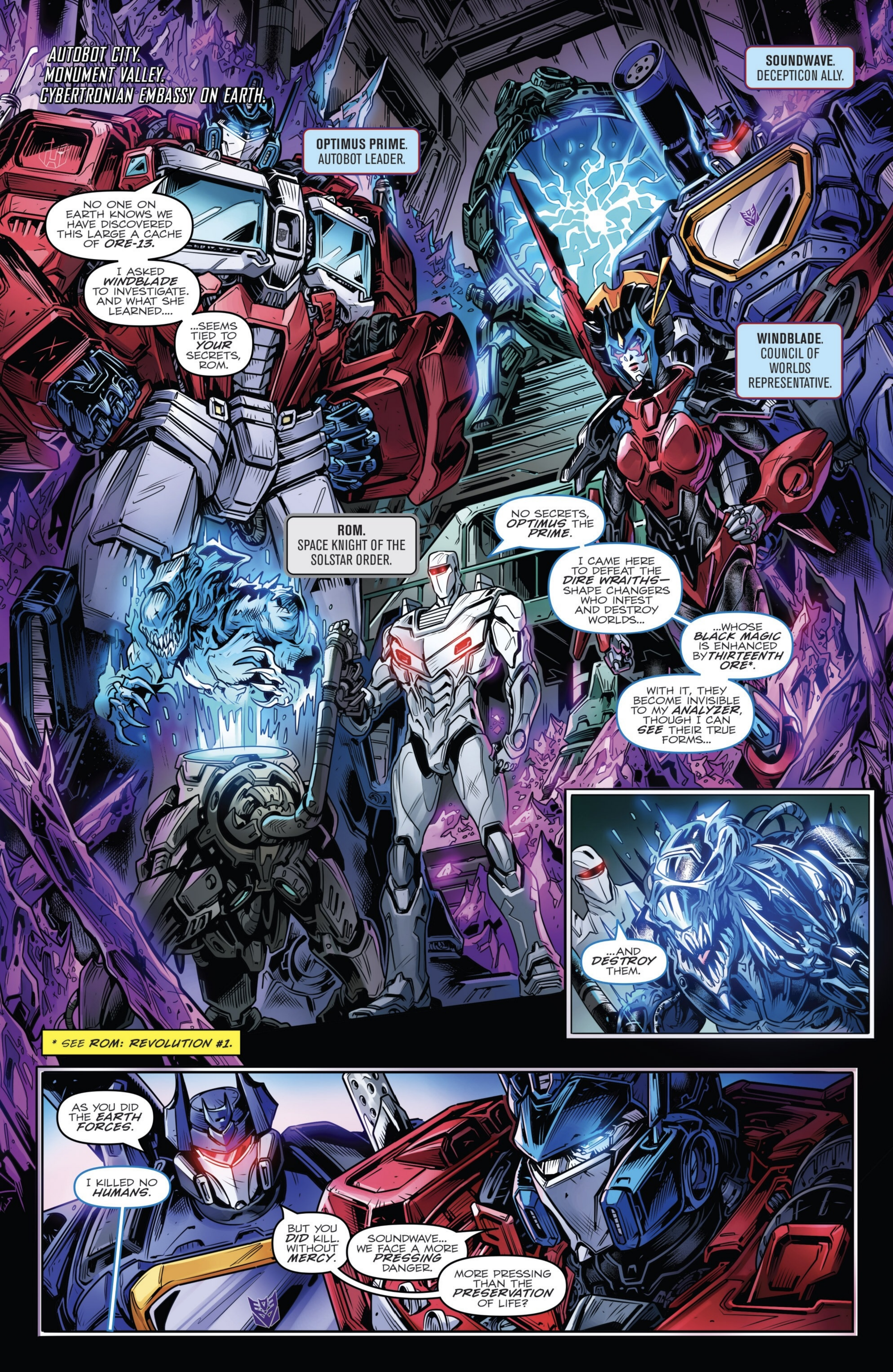

MICROSPACE.
INSIDE THE ENTROPY CLOUD.
SHOULDN'T WE BE *DEAD?**
**HELIOPOLIS.** WARP-CORE STARSHIP.
*SEE *MICRONAUTS: REVOLUTION #1.*
**BIOTRON.** MICROMELD UNIT.
**ACROYEAR.** SUPER-WARRIOR.
NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR *METAPHYSICAL DISCUSSIONS.*
**PHENOLO-PHI.** SPACE GLIDER.
I MEANT IT *LITERALLY.*
**OZIRON RAEL.** PHAROID.
THE *ENTROPY CLOUD* IS *DESTROYING* MICROSPACE—
WHY DIDN'T IT DESTROY *US?*
**LARISSA.** ORBITAL DEFENDER.
GOOD QUESTION.
**MICROTRON.** FIRST MATE.
I JUST HOPE WE'RE HEADING FOR *ANSWERS...*
THERE ARE *NO* EASY ANSWERS, OZIRON RAEL.
*TELL* ME ABOUT IT.
I *NEVER* WANTED TO BE THE GUY TRYING TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE...
...BUT IN RETROSPECT, I WANTED TO BE THE GUY WHO RAN INTO *THIS THING* EVEN LESS.

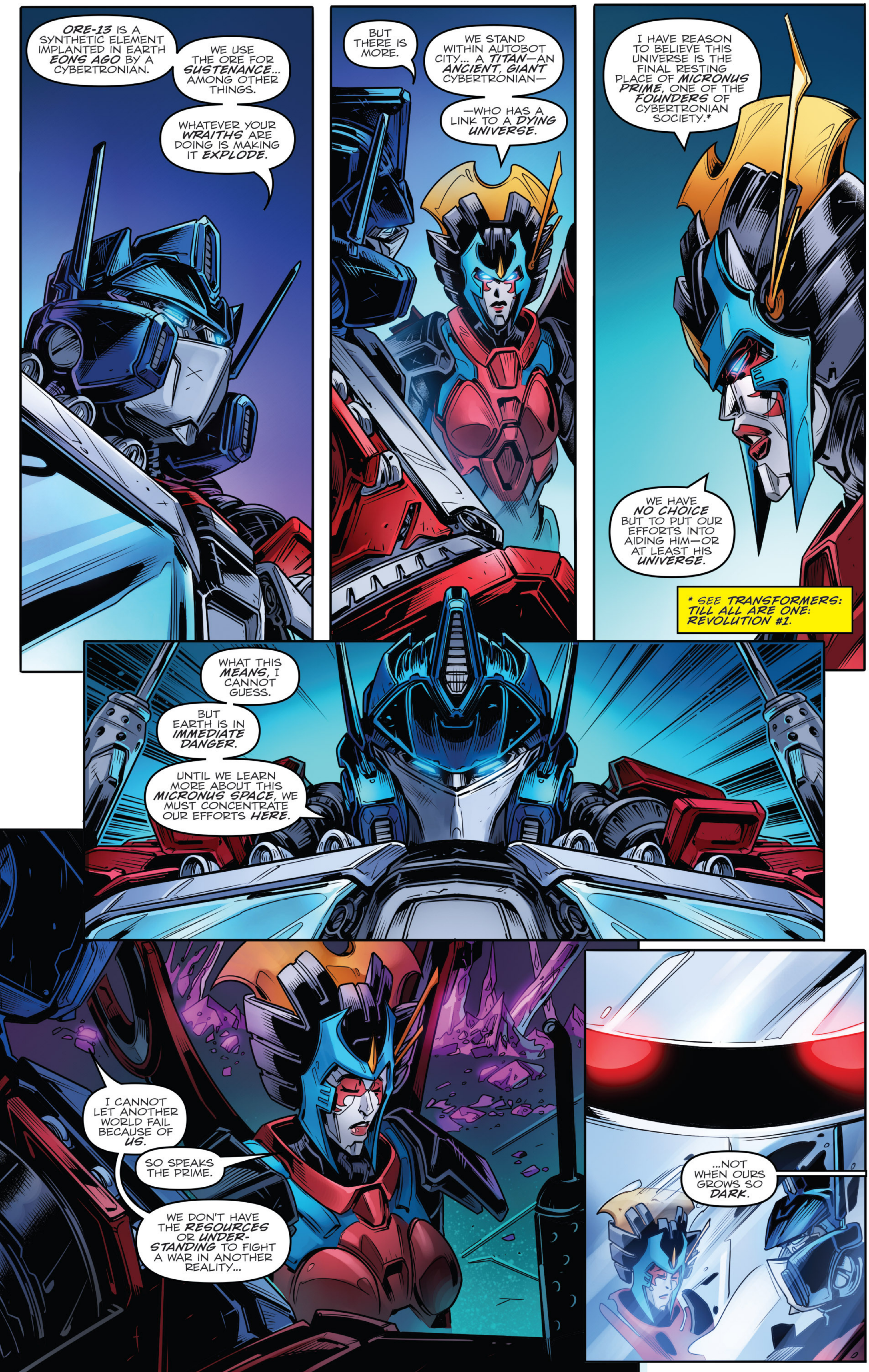

SO—WE ESTABLISHED "BIG" AND "SCARY."
ANY IDEA WHAT IT ACTUALLY IS, OZ?
IT'S BIGGER THAN A PLANET AND SHAPED LIKE A GUY, LARISSA.
I DOUBT ANYBODY KNOWS WHAT IT IS.
STOP PLAYING GAMES, BARON!
YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE ME. I SAID ANSWERS WERE NOT EASY... NOT THAT THEY DID NOT EXIST.
I STOPPED THAT WHEN WE... WHEN I MADE CONTACT WITH ANOTHER REALITY.
I CAME TO BELIEVE THERE WAS A CHANCE TO STOP THE GROWTH OF THE ENTROPY CLOUD AND SAVE MICROSPACE.
IT HAS TAKEN ME YEARS OF SEARCHING WITHIN THE CLOUD...
...BUT I HAVE FINALLY COME TO UNDER-STAND...
...WHAT MUST BE DONE.
YEARS?
BUT WE SAW YOU A COUPLE DAYS AGO.

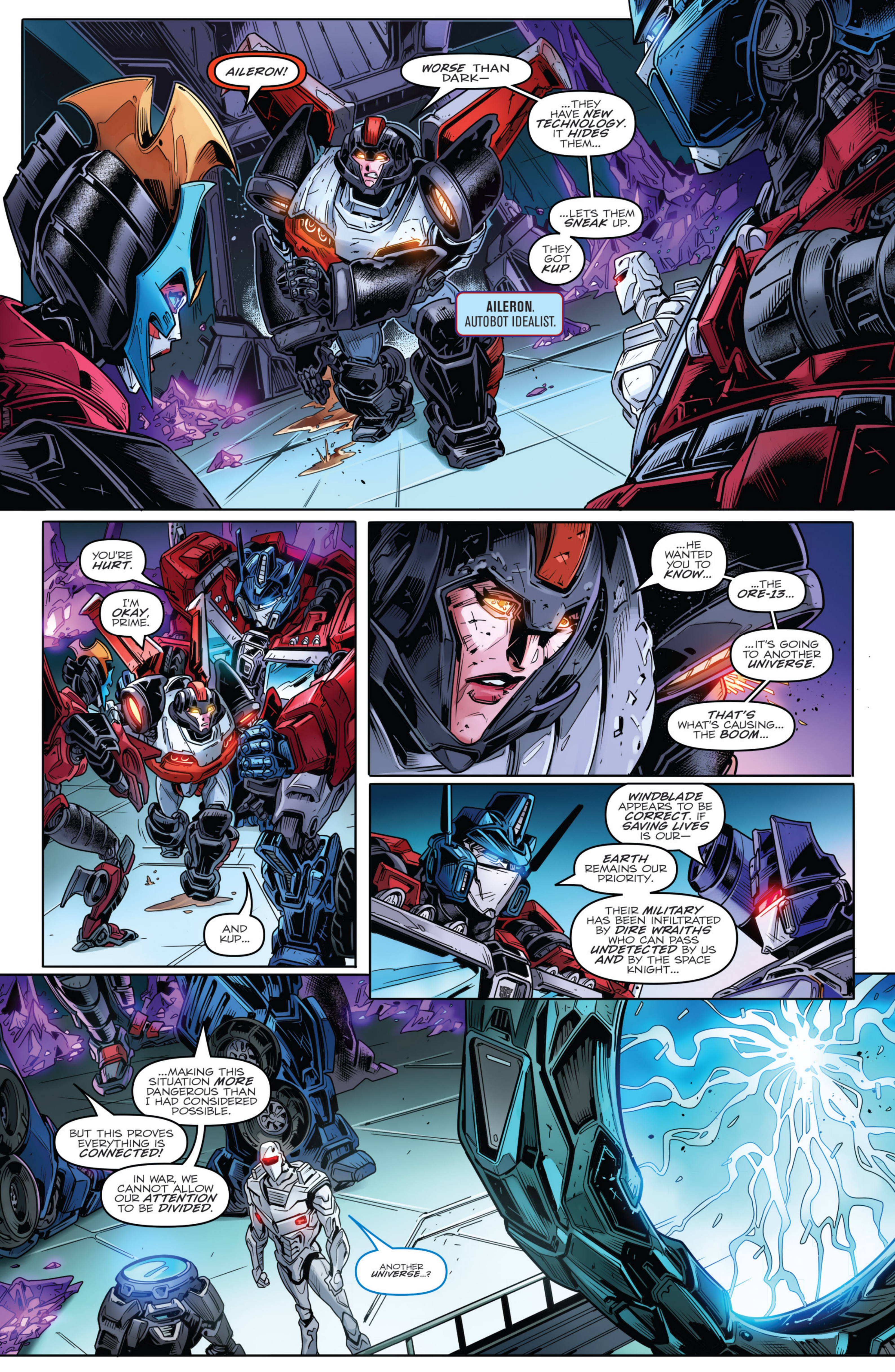

TIME FLOWS OF ITS OWN VOLITION INSIDE THE CLOUD.
THUS, I HAD SUFFICIENT OPPORTUNITY TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM MICROSPACE IS FACING... AND TO ANSWER YOUR RIDDLE.
WHY IS THIS FORM, GIANT AS IT IS, RECOGNIZABLE AS ONE OF US?
BARON KARZA. DESPOT.
BECAUSE WE WERE MADE IN ITS IMAGE.
THIS IS THE PROGENITOR OF MICROSPACE ITSELF—MICRONUS PRIME!
AND HIS BODY HOLDS THE KEY TO OUR SALVATION!
MICRONUS IS THE GATEWAY TO THIS OTHER UNIVERSE...
...WHERE LIES A MINERAL WHICH BRINGS ORDER TO THE ENTROPY CLOUD...
SLOWS ITS PROGRESS... DESTROYS IT.
REVOLUTION
CHAPTER 3: O SHIP OF STATE
BUT TIME RUNS OUT FOR US... WE MUST ACCELERATE OR PERISH.
THUS, MICROSPACE NEEDS YOU—
—TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE.
I KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THAT WAS COMING.
SO WHAT DO WE DO? KARZA'S TRIED TO KILL US.
WE FIGHT.
YEAH, I'M SURE WE WILL—BUT DO WE TRUST KARZA?
IF THERE'S EVEN A CHANCE WE CAN SAVE THE UNIVERSE...

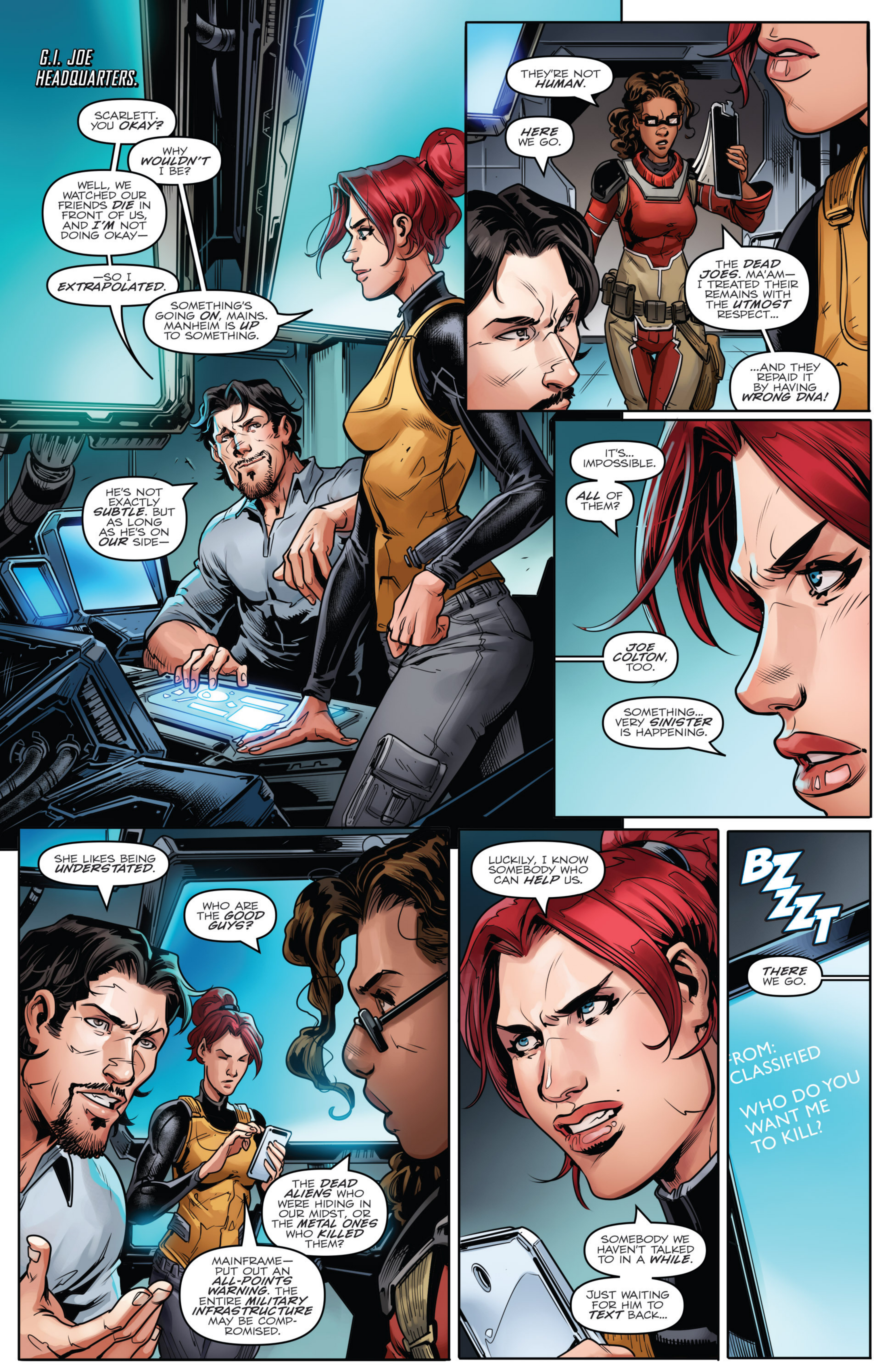

"...WE JUST *HOPE* KARZA'S TELLING THE TRUTH."
G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS. GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N.Y.
YOU *LIED* TO ME!
**SCARLETT. SHANA O'HARA,** G.I. JOE COMMANDER.
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BE *SPECIFIC*.
I LIE A *LOT*.
**MATT TRAKKER.** SPECTRUM. M.A.S.K. FIELD LEADER.
YOU AND *MANHEIM*—YOU SAID THEY WERE *MACHINES*.
BUT THE CYBERTRONIANS ARE *ALIVE*—
—AND YOU SENT ME ON A MISSION TO—TO *KIDNAP* ONE.
NOW IT'S *IN PAIN* AND GOD KNOWS *WHAT* YOU'RE DOING TO IT.
MANHEIM DID *WHAT*...?
*MATTHEW*, MY LAD. YOU'VE *SEEN* THINGS YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND*.
*WAR* IS A TRICKY BUSINESS...
...AND YOU'RE JUST GETTING YOUR *FOOT* IN THE DOOR.
**MILES MANHEIM.** A.K.A. MILES MAYHEM, M.A.S.K. DIRECTOR.
I DON'T WANT TO *HURT* ANYBODY.
I'M A *PHYSICIST*. I WANT TO BE LIKE MY *DAD*, NOT A...
...A *KILLER*.
THAT'S *NOT* WHAT I SIGNED ON FOR, MILES.
MATT... WE'RE FIGHTING FOR THE *SURVIVAL* OF THE *EARTH*. PEOPLE *DIE*.
SOMETIMES PEOPLE *CLOSE* TO YOU.
COME ALONG, MATTHEW. ALLOW ME TO *EASE* YOUR MIND.
THESE TRANSFORMERS ARE THE *ULTIMATE WEAPON*—
—WHILE YOU AND I ARE EARTH'S *ONLY REMAINING DEFENSE*.
"LOOK, Y'GOT IT ALL *WRONG*, FELLAS—"

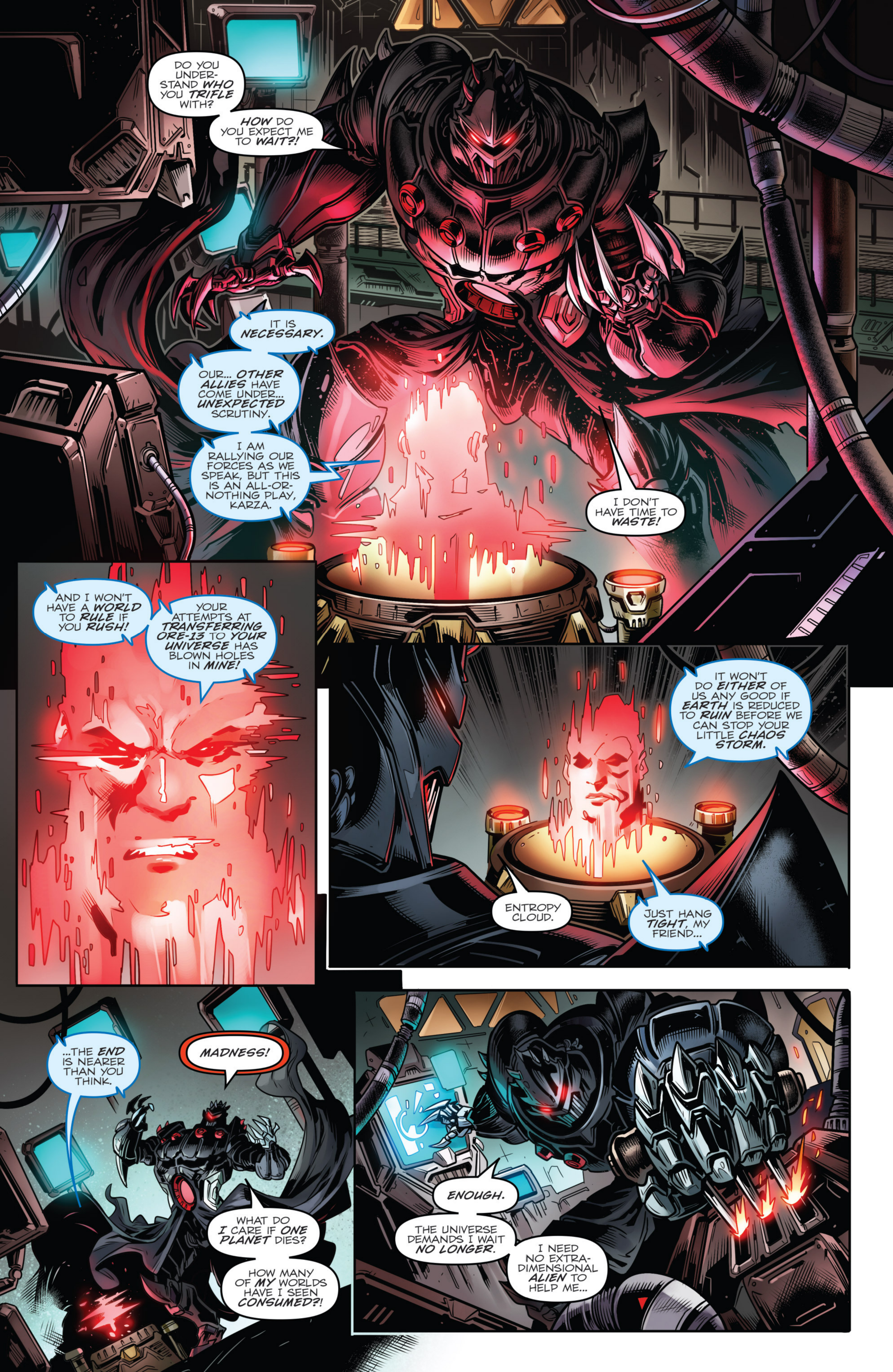

—PUT IN A CALL T'THE *EARTH DEFENSE COMMAND!*
THEY *KNOW* ME THERE! AIN'T THE *FIRST* TIME THEY *LOCKED ME UP* CAUSE O' SOME *CROSSED WIRES.*
**KUP.** AUTOBOT PRISONER.
**VANESSA WARFIELD.** ICE QUEEN. M.A.S.K. OPERATIVE.
DOES HE *EVER* SHUT UP?
**SLY RAX.** STILETTO. M.A.S.K. OPERATIVE.
HEY, CALL THE *PRESIDENT!*
TELL HER *OPTIMUS PRIME* SAYS *ORE-13* IS *FALLIN' APART*—
—AN' IT'S GONNA BE A *CATASTROPHE* IF THEY DON'T HEAR WHAT *I* FOUND OUT!
OH, *REALLY?*
TELL *ME*— AND I'LL *PASS* ON THE MESSAGE AND *SORT OUT* THIS...
...*MISTAKE.*
*FINALLY!* SEE, THE ORE-13 IS EXPLODIN' 'CAUSE OF SOME KINDA *INTER-DIMENSIONAL SPACEBRIDGE CONTRAPTION*—
—AN' PRIME'S SITTIN' ON THE BIGGEST LOAD O' *ORE-13* I EVER LAID *OPTICAL PROCESSORS* ON!
CAN YOU *BELIEVE* THIS THING?
I THOUGHT WE'D NEED SOME KIND OF *COMPUTER GENIUS* TO BREAK ITS *PROGRAMMING.*
WHAT? AW, *NO.*
*HA-HA-HA!* EVEN AFTER WE *BLASTED* HIM—
—THE STUPID ROBOT THINKS WE'RE GONNA *HELP.*
AILERON WAS *RIGHT.*
ME AN' MY *BIG MOUTH.*

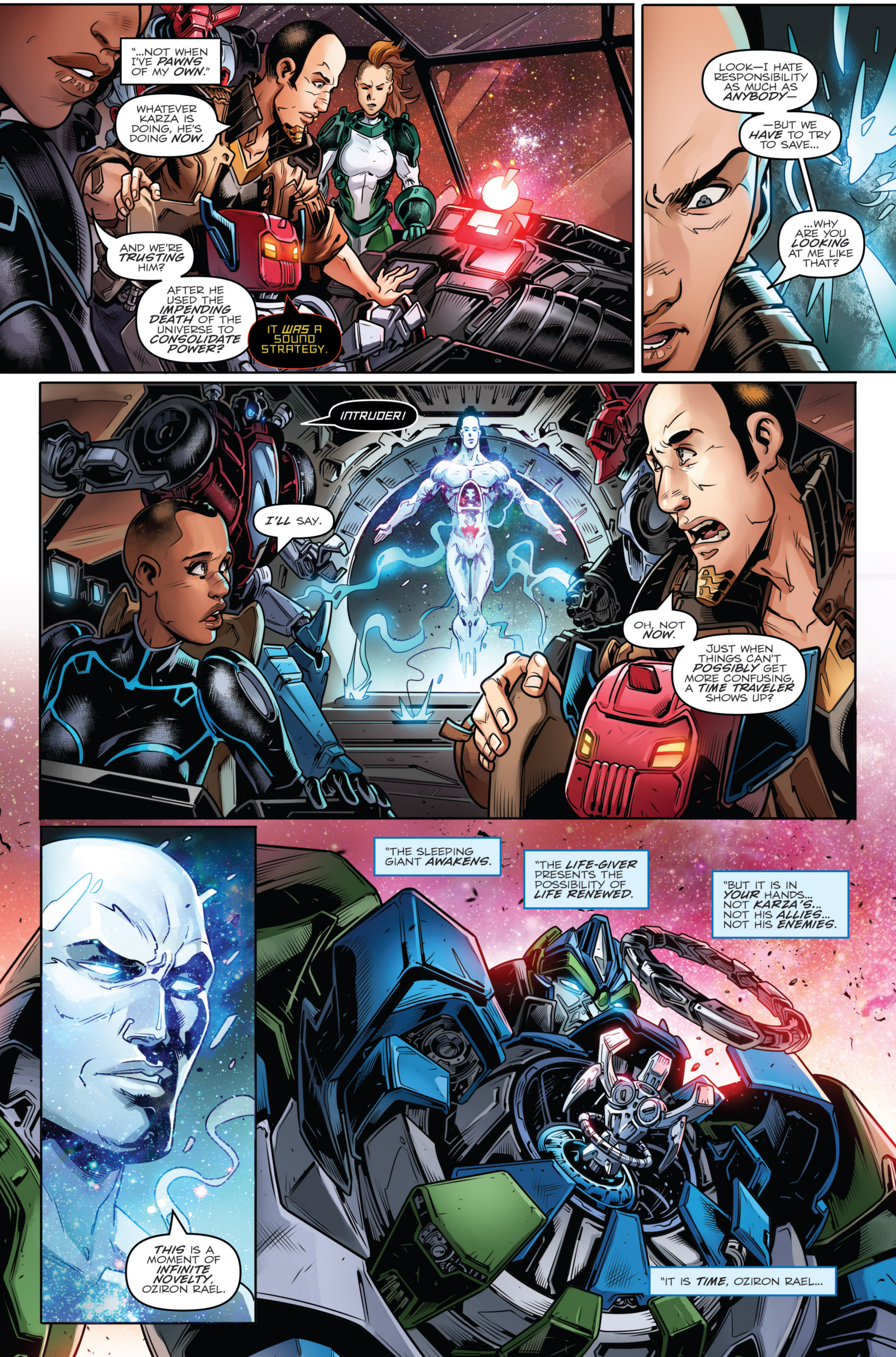

AUTOBOT CITY. MONUMENT VALLEY. CYBERTRONIAN EMBASSY ON EARTH.
**OPTIMUS PRIME.** AUTOBOT LEADER.
**SOUNDWAVE.** DECEPTICON ALLY.
NO ONE ON EARTH KNOWS WE HAVE DISCOVERED THIS LARGE A CACHE OF *ORE-13*.
I ASKED *WINDBLADE* TO INVESTIGATE. AND WHAT SHE LEARNED....
...SEEMS TIED TO *YOUR* SECRETS, ROM.
**WINDBLADE.** COUNCIL OF WORLDS REPRESENTATIVE.
**ROM.** SPACE KNIGHT OF THE SOLSTAR ORDER.
NO SECRETS, *OPTIMUS* THE *PRIME*.
I CAME HERE TO DEFEAT THE *DIRE WRAITHS*— SHAPE CHANGERS WHO INFEST AND DESTROY WORLDS...
...WHOSE *BLACK MAGIC* IS ENHANCED BY *THIRTEENTH ORE**.
WITH IT, THEY BECOME INVISIBLE TO MY *ANALYZER*, THOUGH I CAN *SEE* THEIR TRUE FORMS...
...AND *DESTROY* THEM.
* SEE *ROM: REVOLUTION #1.*
AS YOU DID THE *EARTH FORCES*.
I KILLED NO *HUMANS*.
BUT YOU *DID* KILL. WITHOUT *MERCY*.
SOUNDWAVE... WE FACE A MORE *PRESSING* DANGER.
MORE PRESSING THAN THE *PRESERVATION* OF LIFE?

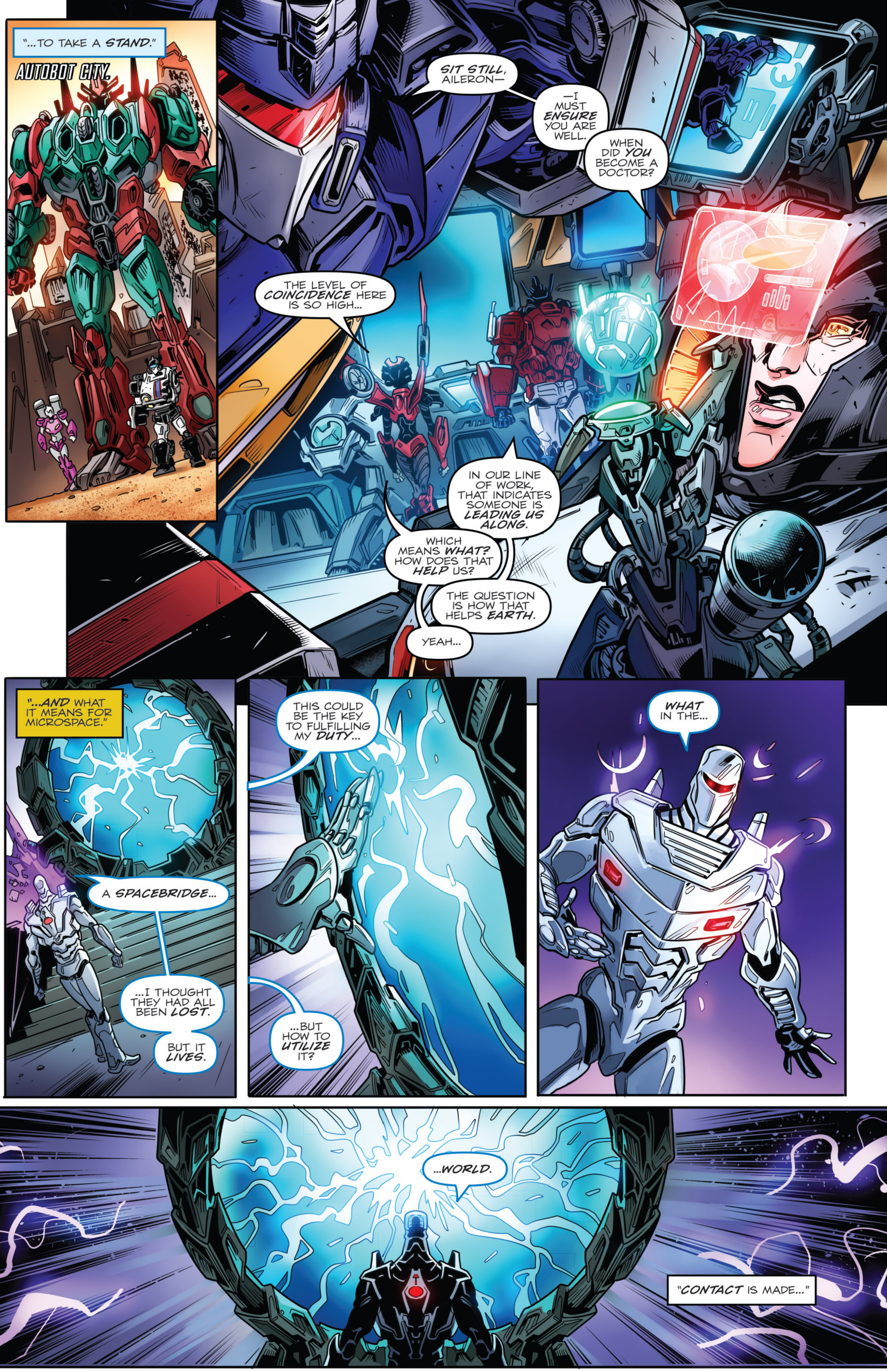

ORE-13 IS A SYNTHETIC ELEMENT IMPLANTED IN EARTH EONS AGO BY A CYBERTRONIAN.
WE USE THE ORE FOR SUSTENANCE... AMONG OTHER THINGS.
WHATEVER YOUR WRAITHS ARE DOING IS MAKING IT EXPLODE.
BUT THERE IS MORE.
WE STAND WITHIN AUTOBOT CITY... A TITAN—AN ANCIENT, GIANT CYBERTRONIAN—
—WHO HAS A LINK TO A DYING UNIVERSE.
I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THIS UNIVERSE IS THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF MICRONUS PRIME, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF CYBERTRONIAN SOCIETY.*
WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PUT OUR EFFORTS INTO AIDING HIM—OR AT LEAST HIS UNIVERSE.
* SEE TRANSFORMERS: TILL ALL ARE ONE: REVOLUTION #1.
WHAT THIS MEANS, I CANNOT GUESS.
BUT EARTH IS IN IMMEDIATE DANGER.
UNTIL WE LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS MICRONUS SPACE, WE MUST CONCENTRATE OUR EFFORTS HERE.
I CANNOT LET ANOTHER WORLD FAIL BECAUSE OF US.
SO SPEAKS THE PRIME.
WE DON'T HAVE THE RESOURCES OR UNDERSTANDING TO FIGHT A WAR IN ANOTHER REALITY...
...NOT WHEN OURS GROWS SO DARK.

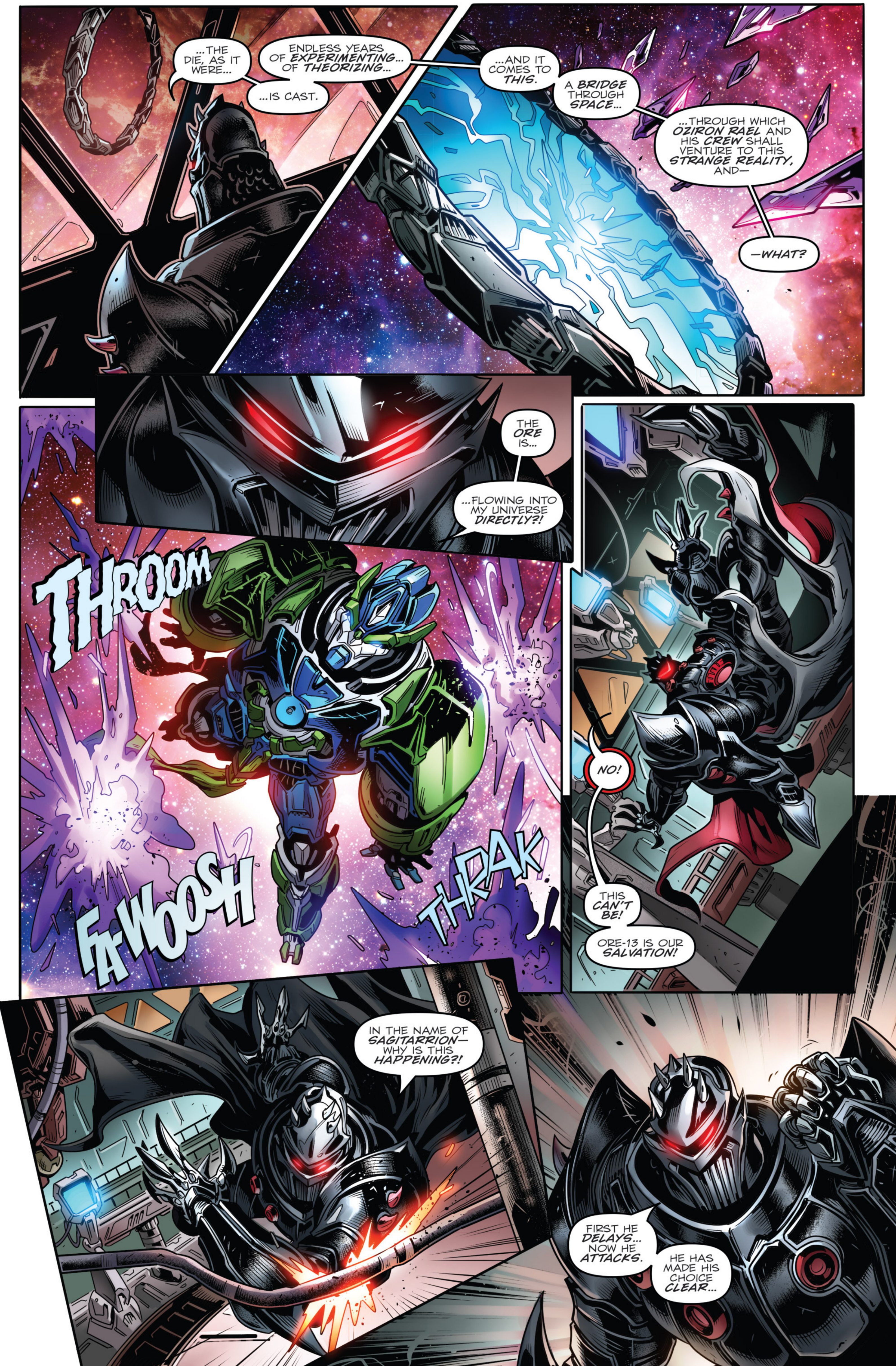

AILERON!
WORSE THAN DARK—
...THEY HAVE NEW TECHNOLOGY. IT HIDES THEM...
...LETS THEM SNEAK UP.
THEY GOT KUP.
AILERON. AUTOBOT IDEALIST.
YOU'RE HURT.
I'M OKAY, PRIME.
AND KUP...
...HE WANTED YOU TO KNOW...
...THE ORE-13...
...IT'S GOING TO ANOTHER UNIVERSE.
THAT'S WHAT'S CAUSING... THE BOOM...
WINDBLADE APPEARS TO BE CORRECT. IF SAVING LIVES IS OUR—
EARTH REMAINS OUR PRIORITY.
THEIR MILITARY HAS BEEN INFILTRATED BY DIRE WRAITHS WHO CAN PASS UNDETECTED BY US AND BY THE SPACE KNIGHT...
...MAKING THIS SITUATION MORE DANGEROUS THAN I HAD CONSIDERED POSSIBLE.
BUT THIS PROVES EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED!
IN WAR, WE CANNOT ALLOW OUR ATTENTION TO BE DIVIDED.
ANOTHER UNIVERSE...?

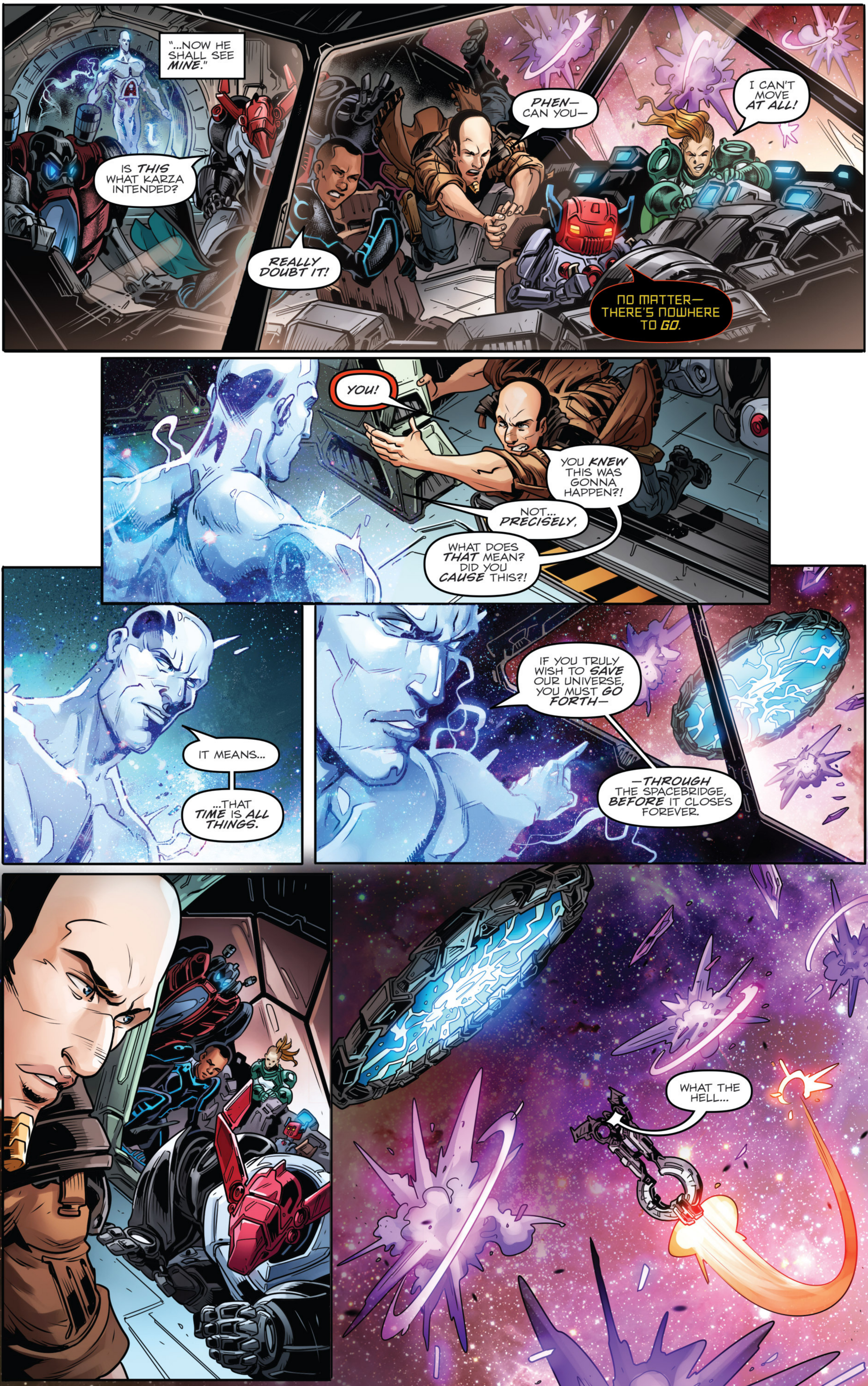

G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS.
SCARLETT. YOU *OKAY?*
WHY *WOULDN'T* I BE?
WELL, WE WATCHED OUR FRIENDS *DIE* IN FRONT OF US, AND *I'M* NOT DOING OKAY—
—SO I *EXTRAPOLATED.*
SOMETHING'S GOING *ON*, MAINS. MANHEIM IS *UP* TO SOMETHING.
HE'S NOT EXACTLY *SUBTLE*. BUT AS LONG AS HE'S ON *OUR* SIDE—
THEY'RE NOT *HUMAN*.
*HERE* WE GO.
THE *DEAD JOES*. MA'AM— I TREATED THEIR REMAINS WITH THE *UTMOST* RESPECT...
...AND THEY REPAID IT BY HAVING *WRONG DNA!*
IT'S... IMPOSSIBLE.
*ALL* OF THEM?
*JOE COLTON*, TOO.
SOMETHING... VERY *SINISTER* IS HAPPENING.
SHE LIKES BEING *UNDERSTATED*.
WHO ARE THE *GOOD GUYS?*
THE *DEAD ALIENS* WHO WERE HIDING IN OUR MIDST, OR THE *METAL ONES* WHO *KILLED* THEM?
MAINFRAME— PUT OUT AN *ALL-POINTS WARNING*. THE ENTIRE *MILITARY INFRASTRUCTURE* MAY BE COMPROMISED.
LUCKILY, I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO CAN *HELP* US.
SOMEBODY WE HAVEN'T TALKED TO IN A *WHILE*.
JUST WAITING FOR HIM TO *TEXT* BACK...
BZZZT
*THERE* WE GO.
ROM: CLASSIFIED
WHO DO YOU WANT ME TO KILL?

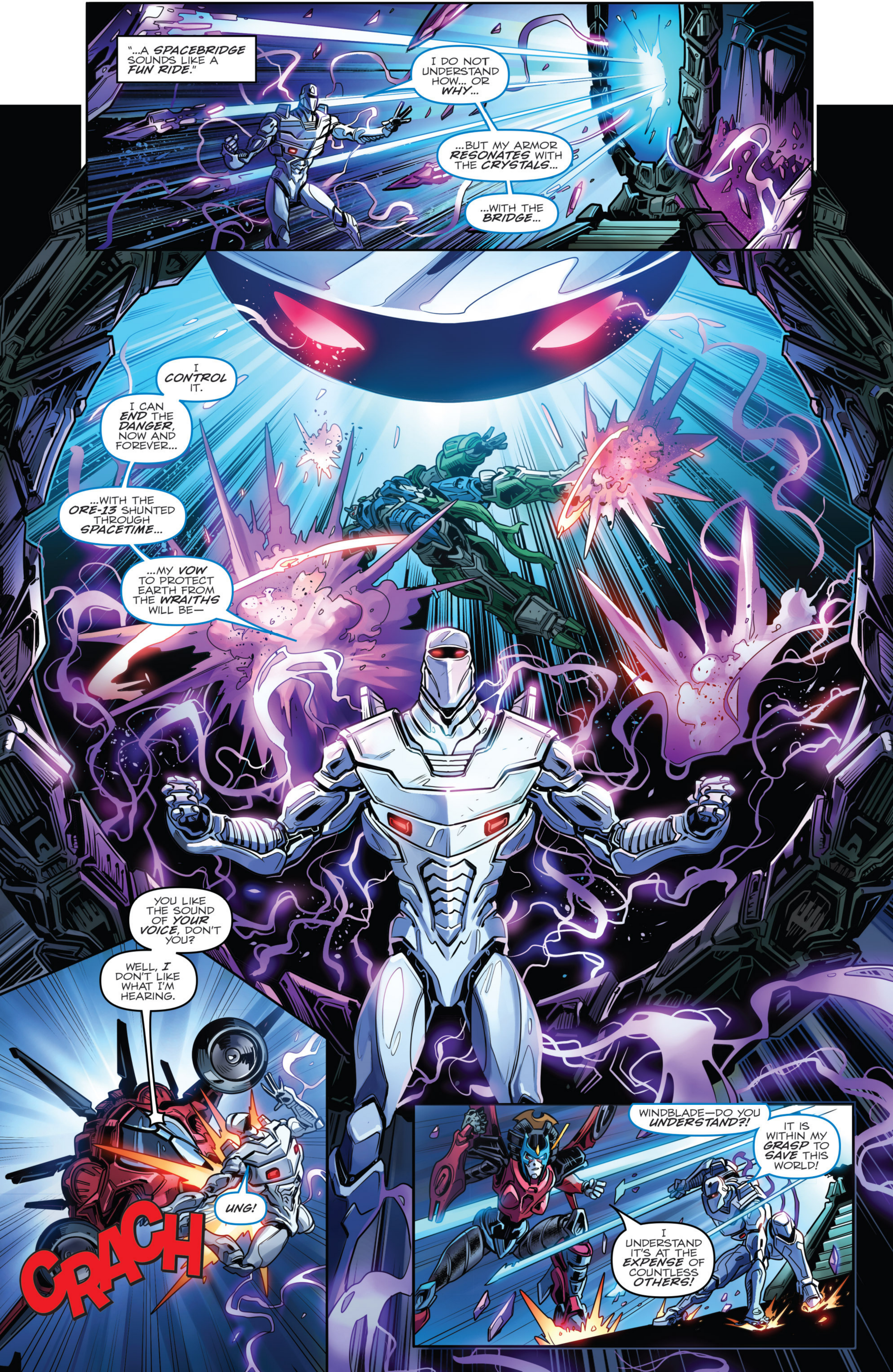

DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHO YOU TRIFLE WITH?
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO WAIT?!
IT IS NECESSARY.
OUR... OTHER ALLIES HAVE COME UNDER... UNEXPECTED SCRUTINY.
I AM RALLYING OUR FORCES AS WE SPEAK, BUT THIS IS AN ALL-OR-NOTHING PLAY, KARZA.
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE!
AND I WON'T HAVE A WORLD TO RULE IF YOU RUSH!
YOUR ATTEMPTS AT TRANSFERRING ORE-13 TO YOUR UNIVERSE HAS BLOWN HOLES IN MINE!
IT WON'T DO EITHER OF US ANY GOOD IF EARTH IS REDUCED TO RUIN BEFORE WE CAN STOP YOUR LITTLE CHAOS STORM.
ENTROPY CLOUD.
JUST HANG TIGHT, MY FRIEND...
...THE END IS NEARER THAN YOU THINK.
MADNESS!
WHAT DO I CARE IF ONE PLANET DIES?
HOW MANY OF MY WORLDS HAVE I SEEN CONSUMED?!
ENOUGH.
THE UNIVERSE DEMANDS I WAIT NO LONGER.
I NEED NO EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL ALIEN TO HELP ME...

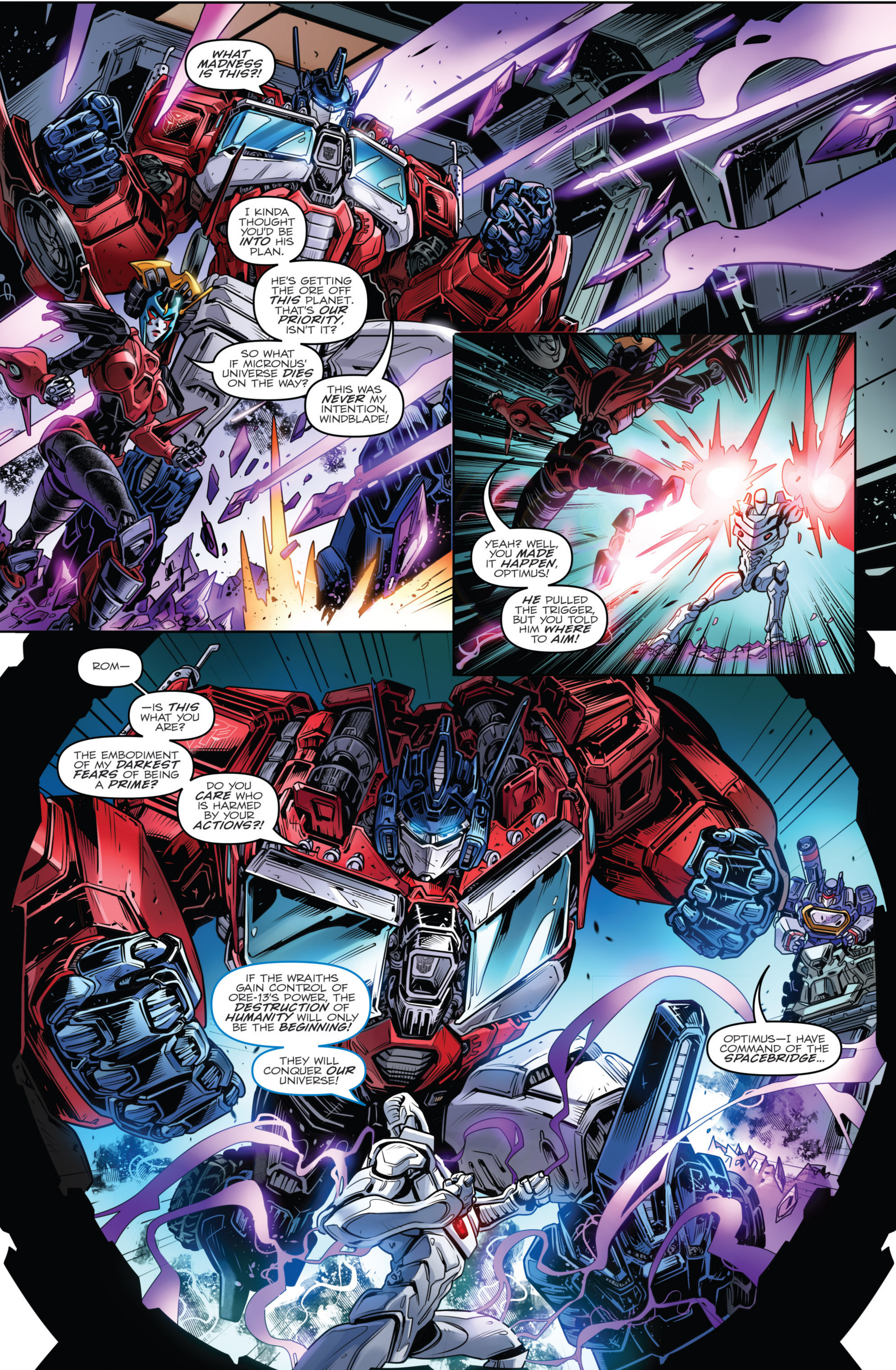

"...NOT WHEN I'VE *PAWNS* OF MY *OWN*."
WHATEVER KARZA IS DOING, HE'S DOING *NOW*.
AND WE'RE *TRUSTING* HIM?
AFTER HE USED THE *IMPENDING DEATH* OF THE UNIVERSE TO *CONSOLIDATE POWER*?
IT *WAS* A SOUND STRATEGY.
LOOK—I HATE RESPONSIBILITY AS MUCH AS *ANYBODY*—
—BUT WE *HAVE* TO TRY TO SAVE...
...WHY ARE YOU *LOOKING* AT ME LIKE THAT?
*INTRUDER!*
*I'LL* SAY.
OH, NOT *NOW*.
JUST WHEN THINGS CAN'T *POSSIBLY* GET MORE CONFUSING, A *TIME TRAVELER* SHOWS UP?
"THE SLEEPING GIANT *AWAKENS*.
"THE *LIFE-GIVER* PRESENTS THE POSSIBILITY OF *LIFE RENEWED*.
"BUT IT IS IN *YOUR* HANDS... NOT *KARZA'S*... NOT HIS *ALLIES*... NOT HIS *ENEMIES*.
*THIS* IS A MOMENT OF *INFINITE NOVELTY*, OZIRON RAEL.
"IT IS *TIME*, OZIRON RAEL...

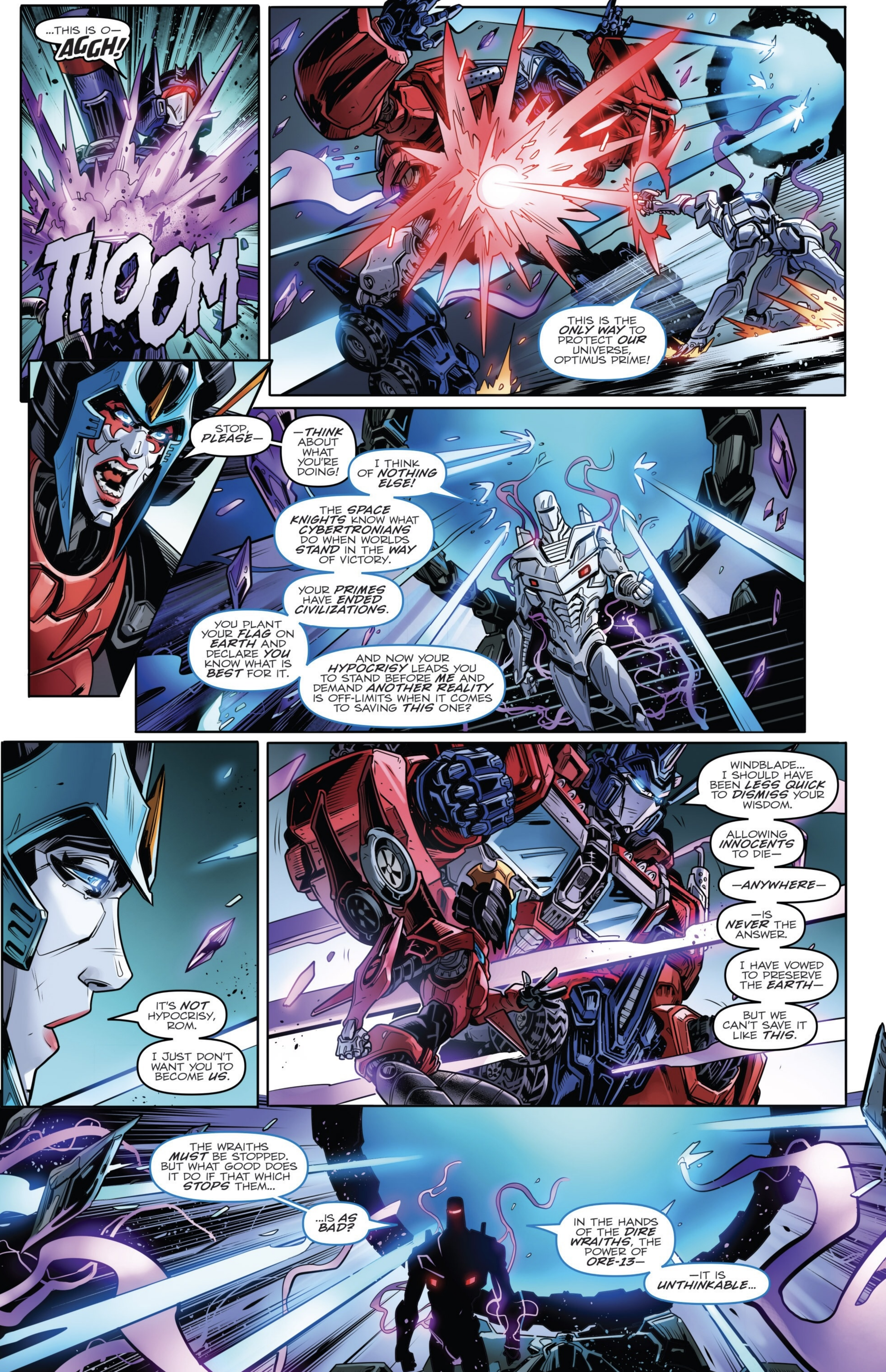

"...TO TAKE A *STAND*."
AUTOBOT CITY.
*SIT STILL*, AILERON—
—I MUST *ENSURE* YOU ARE WELL.
WHEN DID *YOU* BECOME A DOCTOR?
THE LEVEL OF *COINCIDENCE* HERE IS SO HIGH...
IN OUR LINE OF WORK, THAT INDICATES SOMEONE IS *LEADING US ALONG*.
WHICH MEANS *WHAT?* HOW DOES THAT *HELP* US?
THE QUESTION IS HOW THAT HELPS *EARTH*.
YEAH...
"...*AND* WHAT IT MEANS FOR MICROSPACE."
A *SPACEBRIDGE*...
...I THOUGHT THEY HAD ALL BEEN *LOST*.
BUT IT *LIVES*.
THIS COULD BE THE KEY TO FULFILLING MY *DUTY*...
...BUT HOW TO *UTILIZE* IT?
*WHAT* IN THE...
...*WORLD*.
"*CONTACT* IS MADE..."

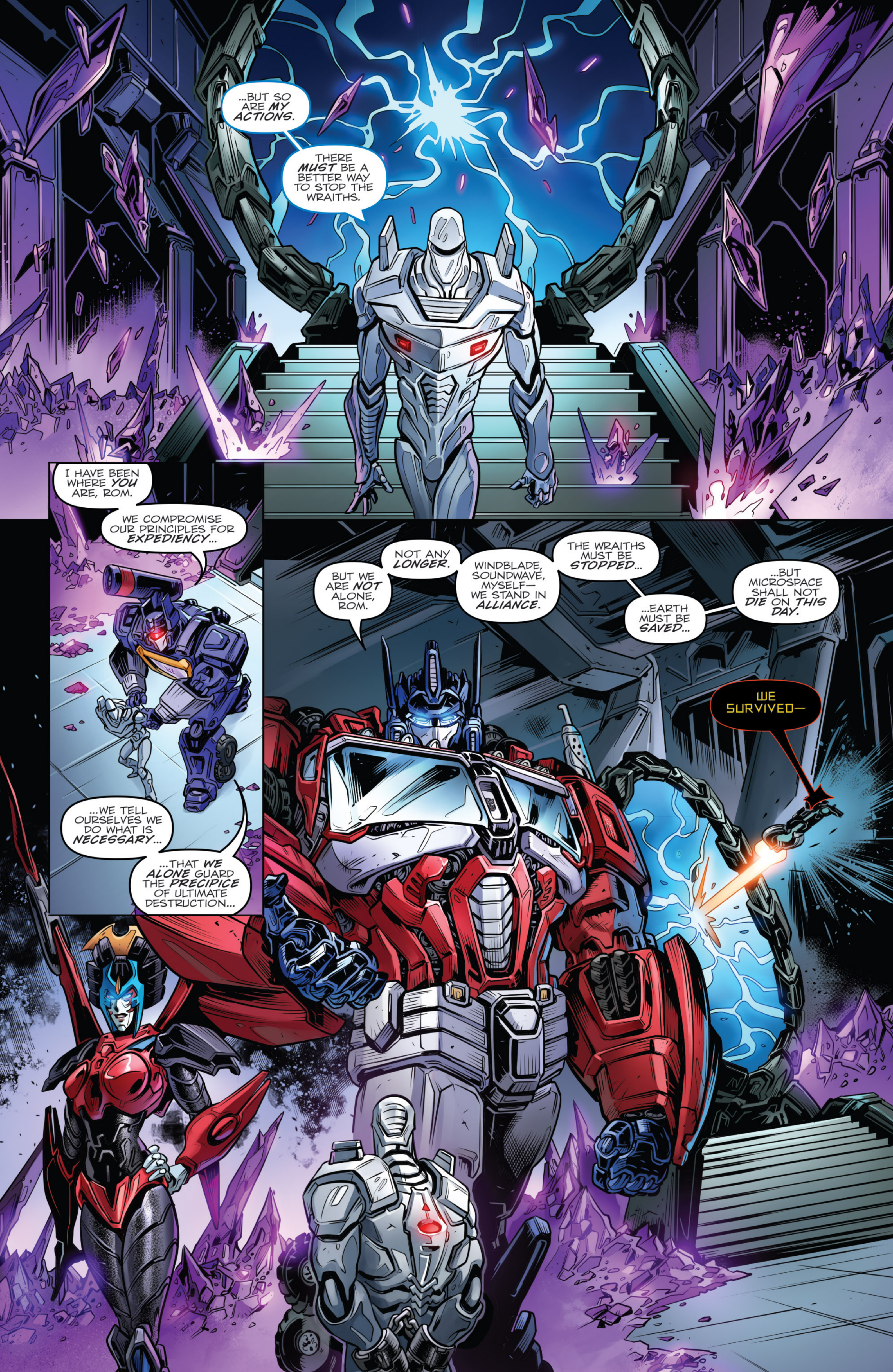

...THE DIE, AS IT WERE...
...IS CAST.
ENDLESS YEARS OF EXPERIMENTING... OF THEORIZING...
...AND IT COMES TO THIS.
A BRIDGE THROUGH SPACE...
...THROUGH WHICH OZIRON RAEL AND HIS CREW SHALL VENTURE TO THIS STRANGE REALITY, AND—
—WHAT?
THE ORE IS...
...FLOWING INTO MY UNIVERSE DIRECTLY?!
THROOM
FA-WOOSH
THRAK
NO!
THIS CAN'T BE!
ORE-13 IS OUR SALVATION!
IN THE NAME OF SAGITARRION— WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?!
FIRST HE DELAYS... NOW HE ATTACKS.
HE HAS MADE HIS CHOICE CLEAR...

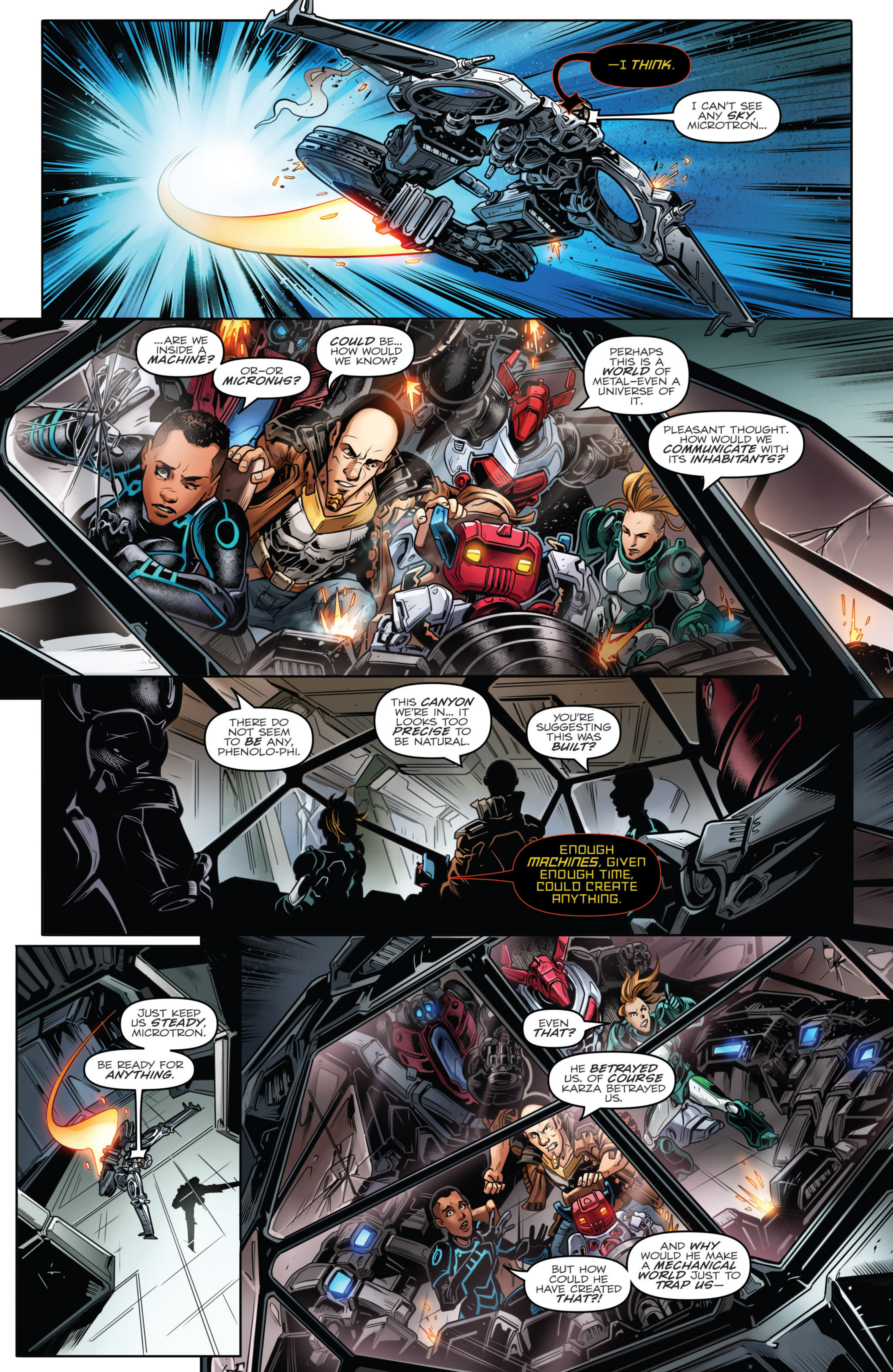

"...NOW HE SHALL SEE *MINE*."
IS *THIS* WHAT KARZA INTENDED?
REALLY DOUBT IT!
PHEN— CAN YOU—
I CAN'T MOVE *AT ALL!*
NO MATTER— THERE'S NOWHERE TO *GO*.
YOU!
YOU *KNEW* THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN?!
NOT... *PRECISELY*.
WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN? DID YOU *CAUSE* THIS?!
IT MEANS...
...THAT *TIME* IS *ALL THINGS*.
IF YOU TRULY WISH TO *SAVE* OUR UNIVERSE, YOU MUST *GO FORTH*—
—*THROUGH* THE SPACEBRIDGE, *BEFORE* IT CLOSES FOREVER.
WHAT THE HELL...

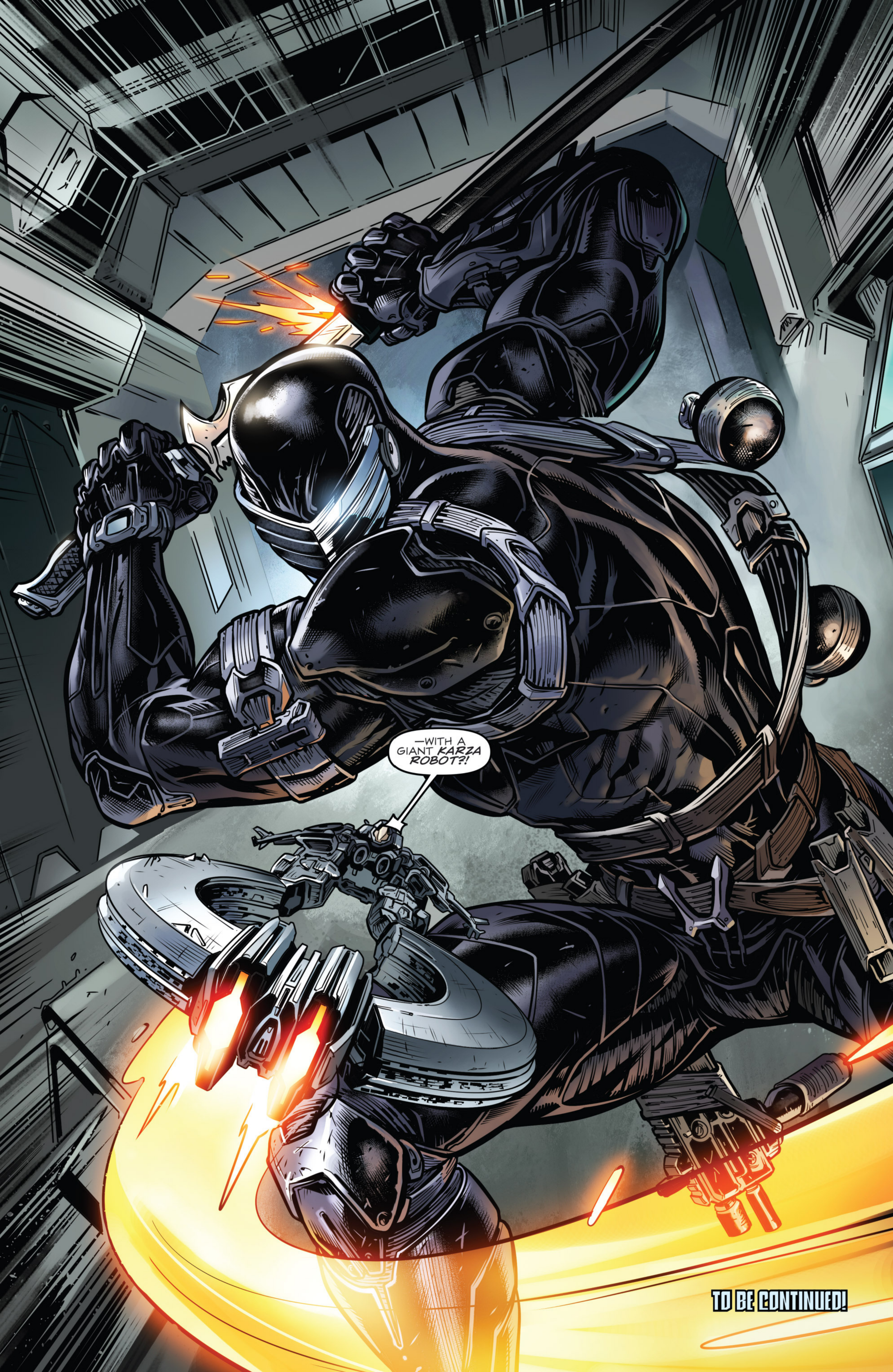

"...A SPACEBRIDGE SOUNDS LIKE A FUN RIDE."
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW... OR WHY...
...BUT MY ARMOR RESONATES WITH THE CRYSTALS...
...WITH THE BRIDGE...
I CONTROL IT.
I CAN END THE DANGER, NOW AND FOREVER...
...WITH THE ORE-13 SHUNTED THROUGH SPACETIME...
...MY VOW TO PROTECT EARTH FROM THE WRAITHS WILL BE—
YOU LIKE THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE, DON'T YOU?
WELL, I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M HEARING.
UNG!
CRACH
WINDBLADE—DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!
IT IS WITHIN MY GRASP TO SAVE THIS WORLD!
I UNDERSTAND IT'S AT THE EXPENSE OF COUNTLESS OTHERS!


WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?!
I KINDA THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTO HIS PLAN.
HE'S GETTING THE ORE OFF THIS PLANET. THAT'S OUR PRIORITY, ISN'T IT?
SO WHAT IF MICRONUS' UNIVERSE DIES ON THE WAY?
THIS WAS NEVER MY INTENTION, WINDBLADE!
YEAH? WELL, YOU MADE IT HAPPEN, OPTIMUS!
HE PULLED THE TRIGGER, BUT YOU TOLD HIM WHERE TO AIM!
ROM—
—IS THIS WHAT YOU ARE?
THE EMBODIMENT OF MY DARKEST FEARS OF BEING A PRIME?
DO YOU CARE WHO IS HARMED BY YOUR ACTIONS?!
IF THE WRAITHS GAIN CONTROL OF ORE-13'S POWER, THE DESTRUCTION OF HUMANITY WILL ONLY BE THE BEGINNING!
THEY WILL CONQUER OUR UNIVERSE!
OPTIMUS—I HAVE COMMAND OF THE SPACEBRIDGE...

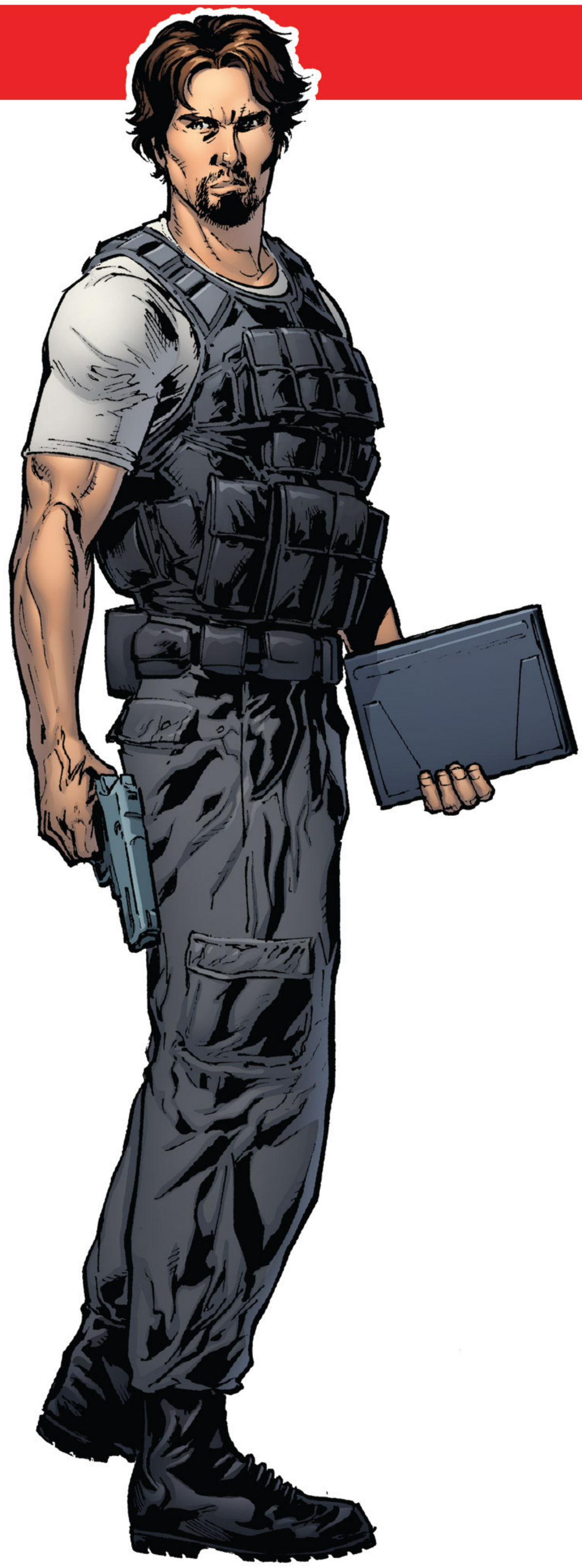

...THIS IS O— AGGH!
THOOM
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO PROTECT OUR UNIVERSE, OPTIMUS PRIME!
STOP, PLEASE—
—THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
I THINK OF NOTHING ELSE!
THE SPACE KNIGHTS KNOW WHAT CYBERTRONIANS DO WHEN WORLDS STAND IN THE WAY OF VICTORY.
YOUR PRIMES HAVE ENDED CIVILIZATIONS.
YOU PLANT YOUR FLAG ON EARTH AND DECLARE YOU KNOW WHAT IS BEST FOR IT.
AND NOW YOUR HYPOCRISY LEADS YOU TO STAND BEFORE ME AND DEMAND ANOTHER REALITY IS OFF-LIMITS WHEN IT COMES TO SAVING THIS ONE?
IT'S NOT HYPOCRISY, ROM.
I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO BECOME US.
WINDBLADE... I SHOULD HAVE BEEN LESS QUICK TO DISMISS YOUR WISDOM.
ALLOWING INNOCENTS TO DIE—
—ANYWHERE—
—IS NEVER THE ANSWER.
I HAVE VOWED TO PRESERVE THE EARTH—
BUT WE CAN'T SAVE IT LIKE THIS.
THE WRAITHS MUST BE STOPPED. BUT WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO IF THAT WHICH STOPS THEM...
...IS AS BAD?
IN THE HANDS OF THE DIRE WRAITHS, THE POWER OF ORE-13—
—IT IS UNTHINKABLE...


...BUT SO ARE MY ACTIONS.
THERE MUST BE A BETTER WAY TO STOP THE WRAITHS.
I HAVE BEEN WHERE YOU ARE, ROM.
WE COMPROMISE OUR PRINCIPLES FOR EXPEDIENCY...
...WE TELL OURSELVES WE DO WHAT IS NECESSARY...
...THAT WE ALONE GUARD THE PRECIPICE OF ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION...
BUT WE ARE NOT ALONE, ROM.
NOT ANY LONGER.
WINDBLADE, SOUNDWAVE, MYSELF— WE STAND IN ALLIANCE.
THE WRAITHS MUST BE STOPPED...
...EARTH MUST BE SAVED...
...BUT MICROSPACE SHALL NOT DIE ON THIS DAY.
WE SURVIVED—


—I THINK.
I CAN'T SEE ANY SKY, MICROTRON...
...ARE WE INSIDE A MACHINE?
OR—OR MICRONUS?
COULD BE... HOW WOULD WE KNOW?
PERHAPS THIS IS A WORLD OF METAL—EVEN A UNIVERSE OF IT.
PLEASANT THOUGHT. HOW WOULD WE COMMUNICATE WITH ITS INHABITANTS?
THERE DO NOT SEEM TO BE ANY, PHENOLO-PHI.
THIS CANYON WE'RE IN... IT LOOKS TOO PRECISE TO BE NATURAL.
YOU'RE SUGGESTING THIS WAS BUILT?
ENOUGH MACHINES, GIVEN ENOUGH TIME, COULD CREATE ANYTHING.
JUST KEEP US STEADY, MICROTRON.
BE READY FOR ANYTHING.
EVEN THAT?
HE BETRAYED US. OF COURSE KARZA BETRAYED US.
BUT HOW COULD HE HAVE CREATED THAT?!
AND WHY WOULD HE MAKE A MECHANICAL WORLD JUST TO TRAP US—


—WITH A GIANT *KARZA ROBOT?!*
TO BE CONTINUED!

# MAINFRAME



**Real name:** Blaine L. Parker
**Occupation:** E-5 Sergeant, Army
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United States of America
**Place of birth:** Phoenix, Arizona
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** Unknown
**Group affiliation:** G.I. Joe
**Current base of operations:** Governor's Island
**First appearance (historical):** *G.I. Joe* (1982) #58
**First appearance (this continuity):** *G.I. Joe* (2009) #7

**History:** Growing up in Phoenix, Mainframe was a natural athlete. But despite his prowess in physical pursuits, it was mental ones that truly captured his interest. Particularly, Mainframe was fascinated by computers, and after a stint in the Army, during which he served as an Infantryman, Mainframe earned his degree from MIT on the G.I. Bill.

Unlike many members of the G.I. Joe team, Mainframe didn't initially plan on being a career soldier. But after working in Silicon Valley and finding himself bored by the lack of action, he took his technical expertise to the Marine Corps and, eventually, the Pentagon.

As happens with many exceptional members of the United States military, Mainframe came to the attention of the nation's finest fighting force, G.I. Joe. Recruited as a computer specialist, Mainframe proved an invaluable member of the team and was even the first person to suspect the existence of the international terrorist organization, Cobra, which, up until that point, had operated in the utmost secrecy.

This suspicion–and the unwillingness of G.I. Joe brass to heed it–led to Mainframe going AWOL to investigate. But even with the full force of G.I. Joe gunning for him, with his extensive military training and some help from Snake Eyes, he was able to not only evade capture, but prove the existence of Cobra.

After being reinstated on the G.I. Joe team, Mainframe began to take a more active role in field operations, even leading a mission to protect a diplomat being targeted by Cobra. And while doing so, he found something new to capture his interest: Scarlett, and his budding romantic relationship with his fellow Joe.

**Height:** 5'10"
**Weight:** 195 lbs
**Eyes:** Brown
**Hair:** Brown

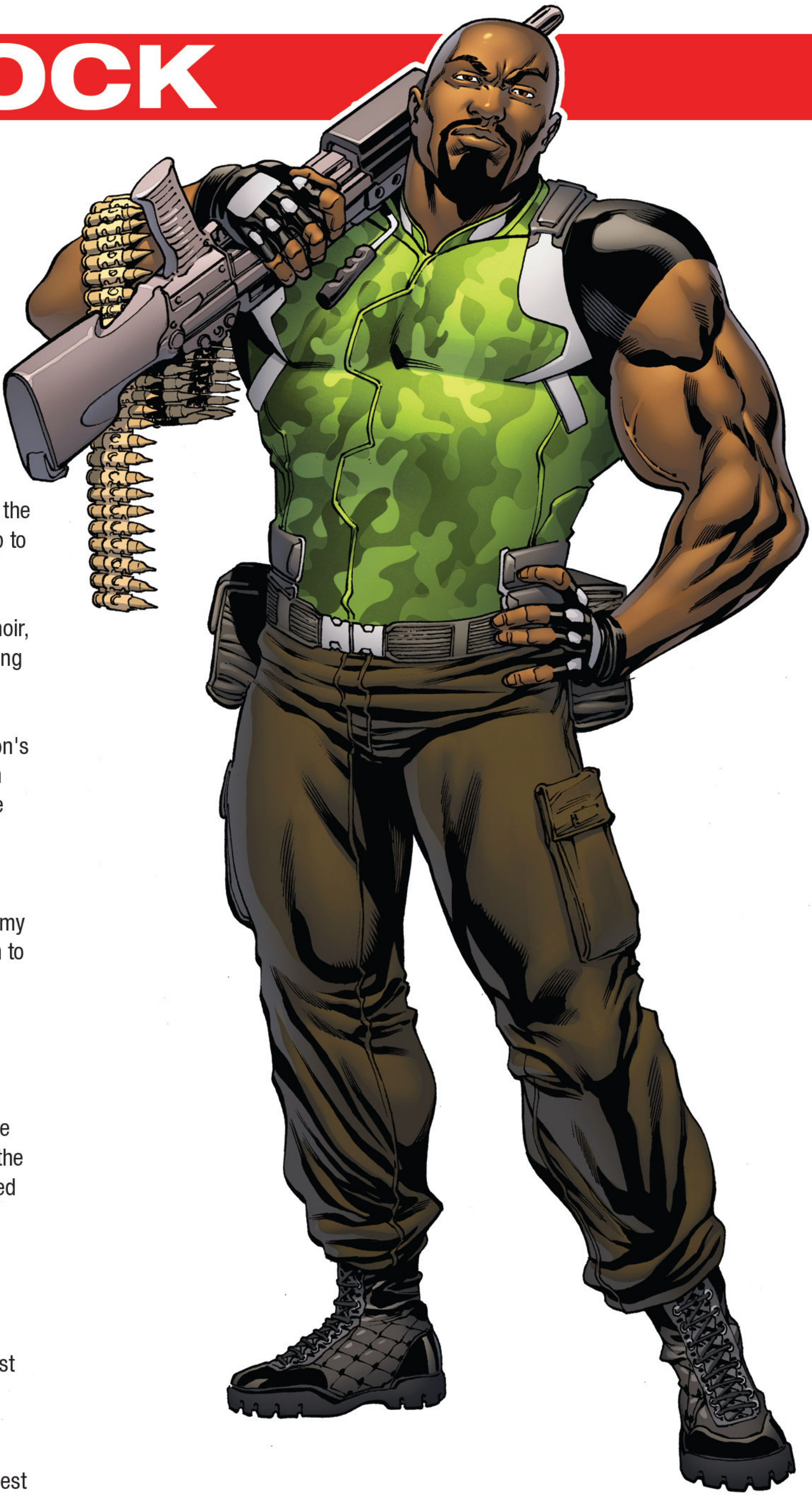
**Strength level:** Mainframe possesses the strength and endurance of an adult man who engages in regular, intensive exercise and personal training.

**Unusual powers:** While capable in the field, Mainframe's true value is behind a computer screen. He exhibits a preternatural command of numerous forms of coding and has a peerless ability to hack into enemy systems, program viruses and protect G.I. Joe's equipment from the same.

**Weapons:** Though computers are his specialty, Mainframe was an enlisted man in the Army with a secondary Military Occupational Specialty of Infantry, giving him proficiency in all standard military grade firearms.

Text: **Aubrey Sitterson** • Art: **Steve Kurth** & **Simon Gough**

# ROADBLOCK



**Real name:** Marvin F. Hinton
**Occupation:** Sergeant First Class, Army
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United States of America
**Place of birth:** Biloxi, Mississippi
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** Cousin, Heavy Duty
**Group affiliation:** G.I. Joe
**Current base of operations:** Governor's Island
**First appearance (historical):** *G.I. Joe* (1982) #22
**First appearance (this continuity):** *G.I. Joe* (2011) #4

**History:** Growing up in Biloxi, Mississippi, Marvin F. Hinton, the man who would become Roadblock dreamed of growing up to be, not a member of an elite military force, but a gourmet chef. Following an all-American upbringing, including membership in both the Boy Scouts and his local church choir, Hinton began working as a bouncer with the goal of attending a French culinary institute.

However, when an Army recruiter caught a glimpse of Hinton's massive frame, he convinced the young man to enlist as an Army, with the promise of eventual chef training. Though he never lost his love for the kitchen, Hinton also found a new passion: Heavy weapons.

Hinton quickly distinguished himself in the United States Army due not only to his massive size and strength–enabling him to carry and fire weapons that are normally considered stationary–but also his unwavering patriotism and commitment to the American dream.

While searching for his missing cousin Hershel Dalton (Heavy Duty), he stumbled upon G.I. Joe's secret base—The PIT. General Hawk recruited him on the spot and gave him the code name Roadblock. Though the G.I. Joe team was tasked with varying directives, it was rare that a soldier of Roadblock's unique proportions and talents wasn't considered essential.

Now, with alien presences threatening the entire globe, Roadblock is more committed than ever to ensuring that first and foremost, the people of the United States of America remain safe and protected. And the best way to do achieve that goal? Roadblock firmly believes that it is a continued commitment to G.I. Joe, where he is one of the team's highest ranked and most respected members.

**Height:** 6'4"
**Weight:** 267 lbs
**Eyes:** Brown
**Hair:** Black

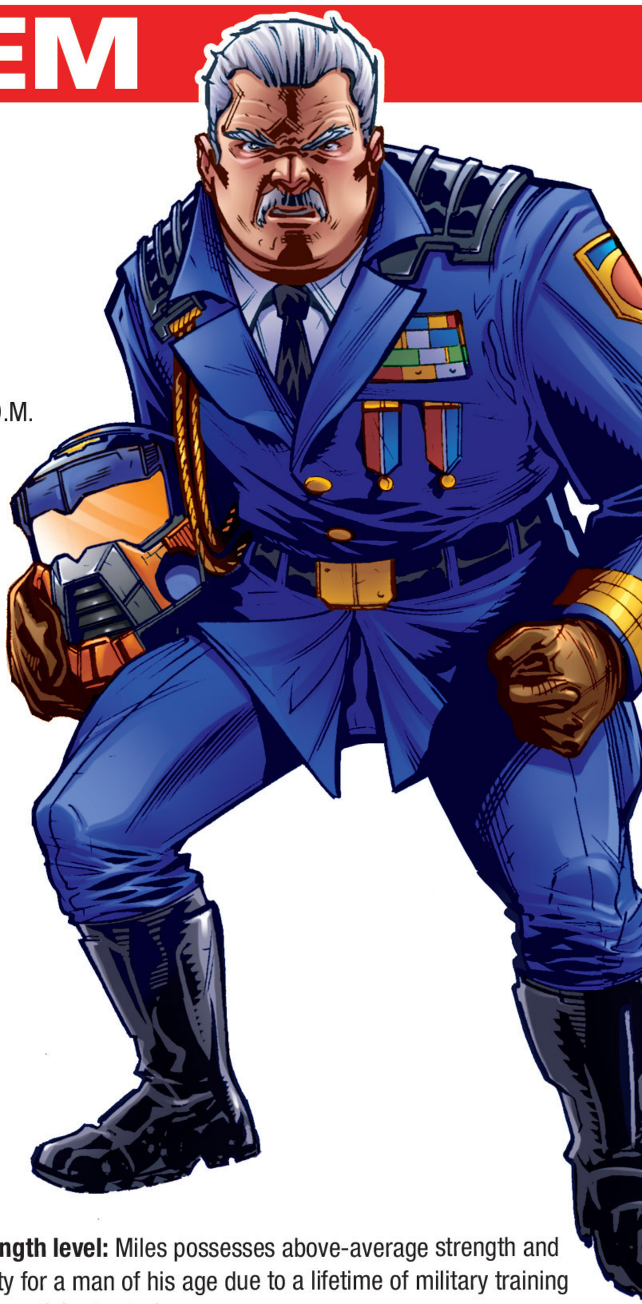
**Strength level:** Roadblock possesses a level of strength and endurance that is remarkable even for a man of his considerable size and physical condition.

**Unusual powers:** Like the rest of the G.I. Joe team, Roadblock possesses no special powers per se, but he is notable for his shocking strength. With a linebacker's frame, piled high with muscle, Roadblock's maximum lift and carrying capacity is prodigious, making him able to wield a fully loaded M2 Browning machine gun as if it was nothing more than a rifle. Additionally, while not technically a "power," Roadblock's hulking frame belies an impressive acumen in the kitchen, as he is a trained, gourmet chef.

**Weapons:** As a member of the United States Army with a primary MOS of Infantry Heavy Weapons, Roadblock is proficient in all standard military grade guns, rifles and knives. Additionally, he displays a particular fondness for the M2 Browning 50 cal heavy machine gun, and is an expert in all other heavy machine guns, the M-16 and the M-1911A1 auto pistol.

Text: **Aubrey Sitterson** • Art: **Robert Atkins** & **Simon Gough**

# MILES MAYHEM



**Real name:** Miles "Mayhem" Manheim
**Occupation:** Military General (public persona), Black market weapons dealer (secret)
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United States of America
**Place of birth:** Philadelphia, PA
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None
**Group affiliation:** United States Army; founding member of Adventure Team; founding member and former leader of M.A.S.K.; founding member and current leader of V.E.N.O.M.
**Current base of operations:** Mobile
**First appearance (historical):** *M.A.S.K.* TV series (September 30th, 1985)
**First appearance (this continuity):** *Revolution* #0 (2016)

**History:** Not much is known about Miles' childhood or teenage years other than the fact that his family has lived in the Philadelphia area for several generations–something he spoke of briefly during his time as a member of the Adventure Team.

Miles has revealed on occasion that his neighborhood was a tough, working-class environment where weak kids didn't last long and whoever had the most weapons would win the fight. Further details beyond these are scarce and Miles usually doesn't care to elaborate.

What is known is that Miles enlisted in the U.S. Army and quickly rose through the ranks after graduating from the officer's academy. Miles impressed his commanders with his aptitude in espionage, counter-espionage and black ops strategic planning. His overwhelming disregard for civilians and a willingness to sacrifice anything under the umbrella of "collateral damage" made him the perfect soldier in the Cold War military-industrial social order.

One of his commanding officers noted that "Wherever Miles went, mayhem was sure to follow." The nickname of Miles "Mayhem" stuck but few people ever called him that to his face.

Miles joined the Adventure Team and participated in many adventures. Their exploits were documented but Miles' activities after the Adventure Team disbanded are shrouded in mystery. It is believed that Miles began to assemble a black market criminal infrastructure after realizing the lucrative potential of supplying weapons to multiple parties within unstable political regions.

Miles became one of the youngest generals in the history of the U.S. Army. Many of his assignments and missions remain classified, but his activities intensified and became public once the Cybertronian Civil War fell upon the Earth.

With the Cybertronian conflict ripping the Earth apart, Miles became a key figure in a joint task force consisting of the U.S. Department of Defense, the Earth Defense Command (EDC) and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) that used a highly experimental cybernetic technology that could increase human combat efficiency. This project was crafted by Cornelius Trakker, a brilliant scientist whose research into the human nervous system and singularity would eventually be absorbed into the machines of Mobile Armored Strike Kommand. The vehicles utilizing Trakker's technology were being designed for the singular purpose of killing Autobots and Decepticons. Now with Optimus Prime adding Earth to the Cybertronian Council, Miles has two goals: 1) ridding the Earth of all Cybertronian life; and 2) consolidating his power base so that he can shape the world according to his vision of stability.

Miles' charming exterior hides a brutal dictator who has no qualms about sacrificing countless lives in pursuit of wealth and power. Even the members of V.E.N.O.M. are wary of Manheim's disregard for human suffering.

**Height:** 6'1"
**Weight:** 250 lbs
**Eyes:** Blue
**Hair:** Gray

**Strength level:** Miles possesses above-average strength and agility for a man of his age due to a lifetime of military training and martial arts study.

**Unusual powers:** Like all members of Mobile Armored Strike Kommand, Miles was granted a measure of "technopathy" (the ability to control and interface with cybernetic technology) by bonding with their weaponized helmets (a.k.a. "masks"). The technopathy is limited to the mask the wearer first bonds with and cannot be used independently.

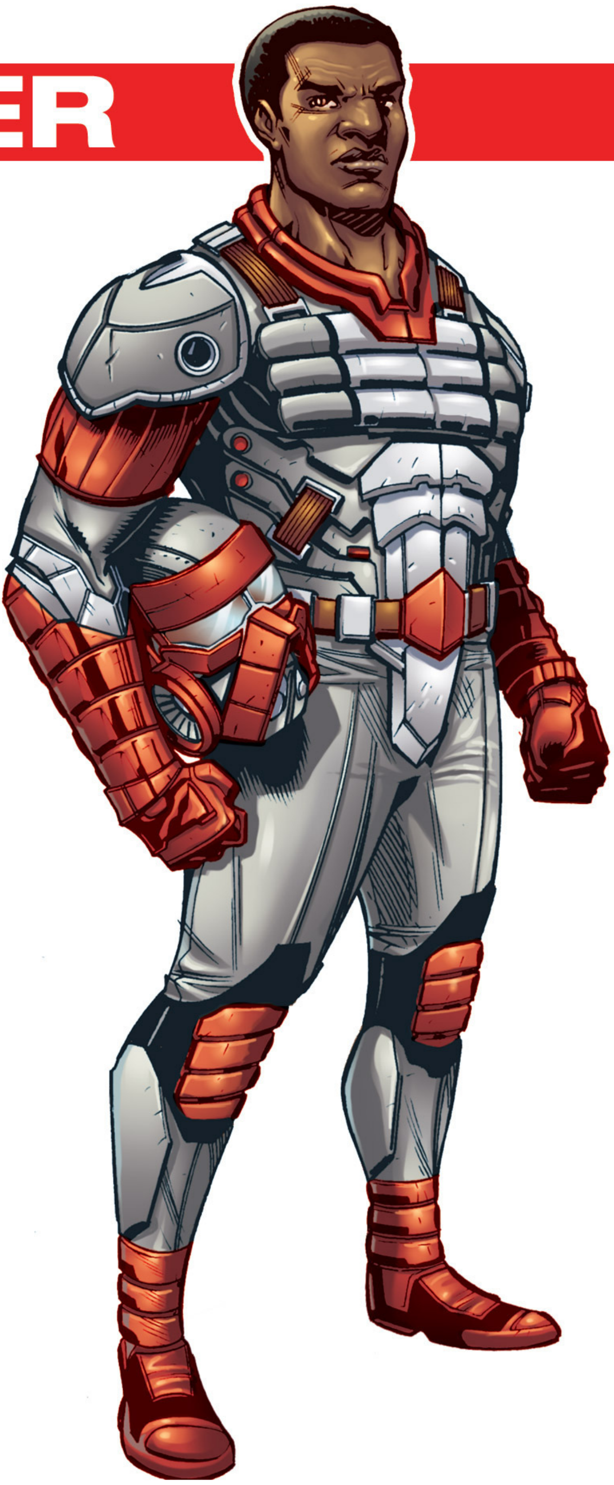
**Weapons:** Miles is highly proficient with all terrestrial military arms including handguns, rifles, automatic machine guns, rocket-propelled weapons, mines and other ordinance. Miles also is a fantastic pilot with the above-average ability to master all forms of transport (fighters, boats, helicopters, tanks, etc.).

Miles' mask projects a thin, almost imperceptible fiber optic wire that conducts electromagnetic energy and can be used to ensnare a victim like a dolphin caught in fishing net. Miles can constrict the wire causing a person to be cut deeply and/or suffocated. The mask carries a payload of corrosive acid that can melt through solid metal, concrete and human flesh.

Miles pilots an APACHE-style military helicopter that converts to a high-speed VTOL stealth bomber. The helicopter mode is outfitted with a full complement of anti-air/anti-tank/anti-personnel weapons in the form of missiles, high-caliber machine guns and laser-targeted mines. The stealth bomber mode has various MOABs, anti-air and air-to-surface missiles. Both modes are highly maneuverable with high aerial ceilings.

Text: **Brandon Easton** • Art: **Marcelo Ferreira** & **Jordi Escuin**

# MATT TRAKKER



**Real name:** Matthew Trakker
**Occupation:** Engineer, adventurer
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United States of America
**Place of birth:** Long Island, NY
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** Cornelius Trakker (Father, deceased), Alessandra Trakker (Mother)
**Group affiliation:** Founding member and current leader of M.A.S.K.
**Current base of operations:** Miami, Florida
**First appearance (historical):** *M.A.S.K.* TV series (September 30th, 1985)
**First appearance (this continuity):** *M.A.S.K. Revolution* one-shot (2016)

**History:** Matt was born the only child of Cornelius and Alessandra Trakker and spent the early years of his life in relative bliss despite the fact that his father was often away for months doing research for the U.S. government.

Matt adored his father and patterned his life around everything Cornelius did. The family was overjoyed when they determined that Matt was a genius-level engineer and physicist by the age of ten. Because Cornelius was away for much of the year, Matt decided to build an array of droids, filters and electronic scanners within the Trakker home to assist his mother who ran her own marketing company.

However, things took a dark turn when Cornelius was mysteriously murdered. Matt took the death of his father exceptionally hard and became withdrawn. His teachers and peers noticed the shift in his attitude and behavior and tried to get him therapy but he rejected it, preferring to deal with the loss in his own way.

Soon, Matt began spending his nights on the town and became enamored with illegal street racing. With his aptitude in engineering, Matt enhanced his cars and tampered with the traffic monitoring systems of various cities so that he would gain a competitive edge. Matt quickly developed a reputation as the most "daring and beautiful engineer" anyone had ever seen.

As Matt competed on the street racing circuit internationally, he became aware of economic and environmental injustice and worked to even the odds for the underprivileged and downtrodden. He practiced a kind of guerilla engineering with a Robin Hood twist–Matt would illegally fix city infrastructure, electrical systems, water purification assemblies and other necessities in favor of those who needed services the most.

Eventually, Matt was placed on a number of most wanted lists and was on the run for years. His mother Alessandra reached out to Miles Manheim, an old family friend, to see if he could pull any strings to keep Matt out of trouble. At the time, Miles was carefully constructing a team of pilots for an experimental program that would be known as Mobile Armored Strike Kommand.

With no alternative other than a lengthy prison stint, Matt reluctantly joined the M.A.S.K. team. Although Matt had no desire to participate in the program, his admiration and respect for Miles made the decision much easier. After the death of Cornelius, Miles visited the family and comforted Alessandra with the promise that he would finish the work Cornelius started regardless of the cost or manpower. Matt always remembered Miles' kindness and held the man in high esteem.

Despite his intelligence, good looks, natural charisma and popularity, Matt is wracked with crippling insecurity, guilt and self-doubt. On some level, Matt has always felt horrible about not living up to the standard of his father and knows that he's letting his parents down. When thrust into the leadership position of M.A.S.K., Matt will be forced to learn and grow quickly into a commander capable of inspiring his team to trust each other and save lives.

**Strength level:** Matt possesses near Olympic levels of strength, dexterity and agility. His years of street racing have sharpened his senses and reflexes and his devotion to physical training has pushed Matt's physiology to peak condition.

**Unusual powers:** Like all members of Mobile Armored Strike Kommand, Matt was granted a measure of "technopathy" (the ability to control and interface with cybernetic technology) by bonding with their weaponized helmets (a.k.a. "masks"). The technopathy is limited to the mask the wearer first bonds with and cannot be used independently.

**Weapons:** Matt's mask can project intense beams of concussive electromagnetic force energy, burning heat and manipulate various aspects of the electromagnetic band (from infra-red to ultraviolet). Matt's mask allows him to see and analyze patterns of energy from miles away and can be boosted to detect energy signatures at the bottom of the ocean or in orbit for a brief period.

Matt pilots a classic American style muscle car that converts into a low-altitude assault jet with a speed close to MACH 2. Matt's vehicle is armed with high-velocity anti-aircraft guns and air-to-surface missiles. If he chooses, Matt can redirect the energy from his mask to release a massive energy blast from the car's headlights, but this burns out the power grid and can leave him fully vulnerable to attack.

Text: **Brandon Easton** • Art: **Marcelo Ferreira** & **Jordi Escuin**

# THEY CAME FROM MICROSPACE!

What terror reaches through the tendrils of entropy into our universe—and why does ROM want to kill it? Meanwhile, M.A.S.K.'s MATT TRAKKER makes a startling discovery about the TRANSFORMERS—but will G.I. JOE's SCARLETT believe him? The clash of the century heats up as the MICRONAUTS are forced to choose between utter destruction and a deal with the devil!

From *New York Times* best-selling writers Cullen Bunn and John Barber—and superstar-in-the-making artist Fico Ossio—comes a genre-bending crossover that will leave no stone unturned... and no soul unshaken.

The

REVOLUTION

is here—
take a stand!

Sitterson | Milonogiannis

# REVOLUTION

## G.I. JOE

# REVOLUTION

## G.I. JOE

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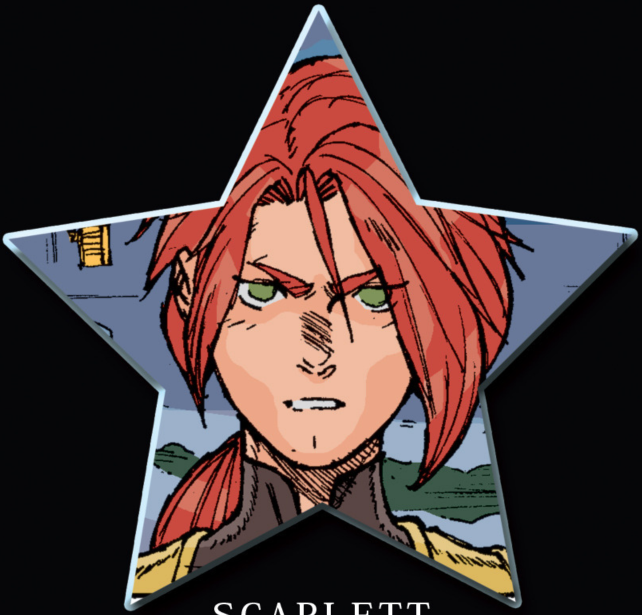
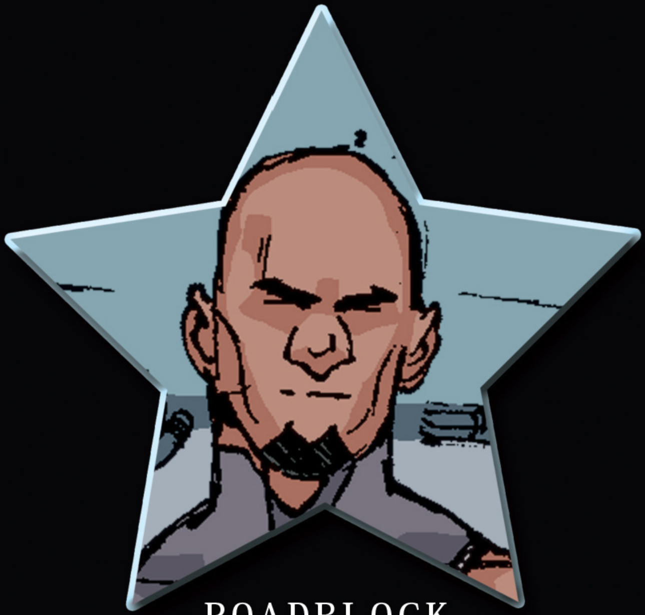
With the Earth Defense Command failing to push back the Autobots and Decepticons, G.I. Joe—under the leadership of Joe Colton and Scarlett—assumed leadership of Earth's defenses against the Cybertronians. But during an operation meant to draw out Optimus Prime and his forces, Joe Colton is killed. And soon, Scarlett discovers that Joe Colton was not the real Joe Colton—he was a Dire Wraith imposter. G.I. Joe has been compromised... its forces have been infiltrated by shape-changing Dire Wraiths.

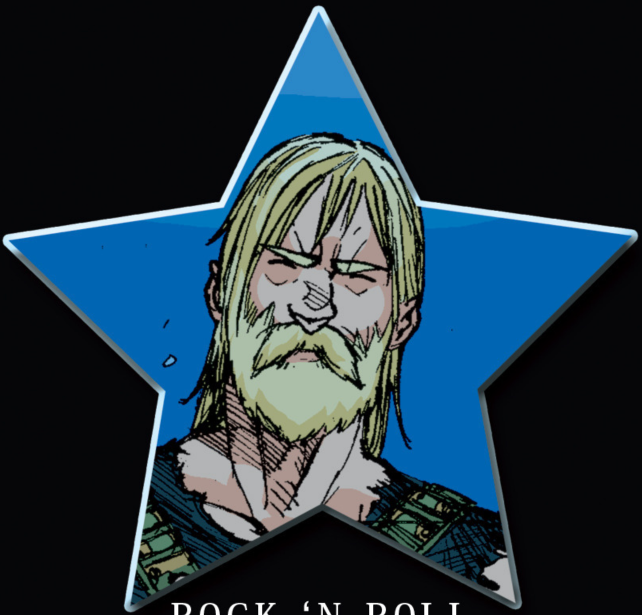
# ROLL CALL



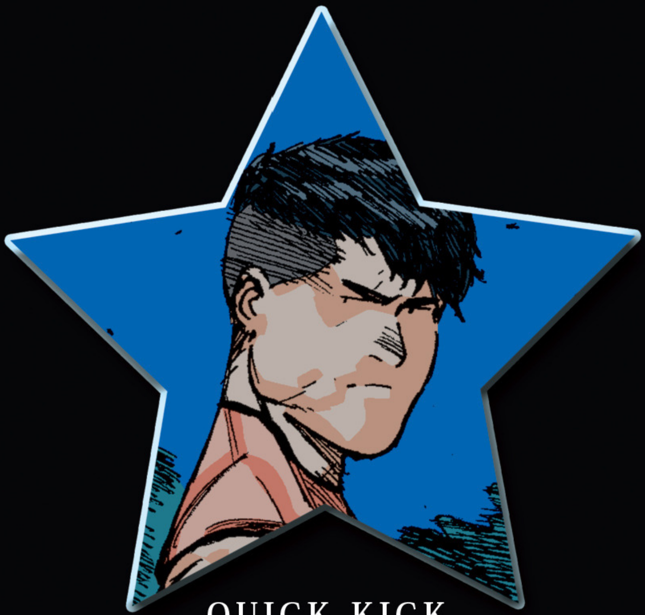
**SCARLETT**
Team Leader



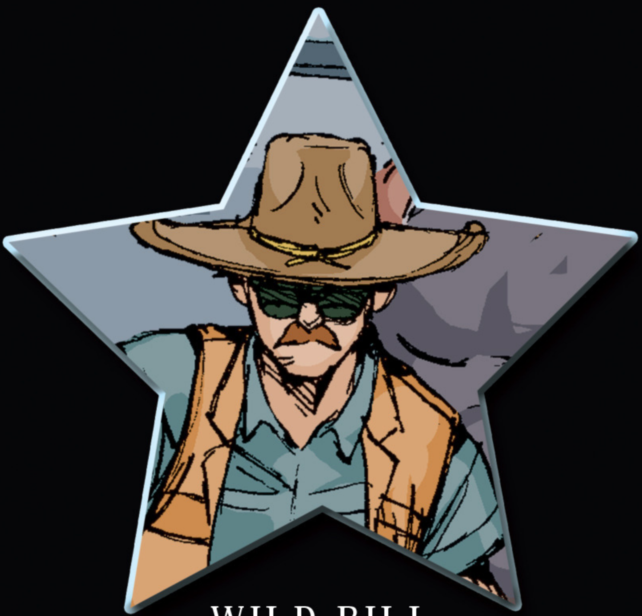
**ROADBLOCK**
Heavy Ordnance



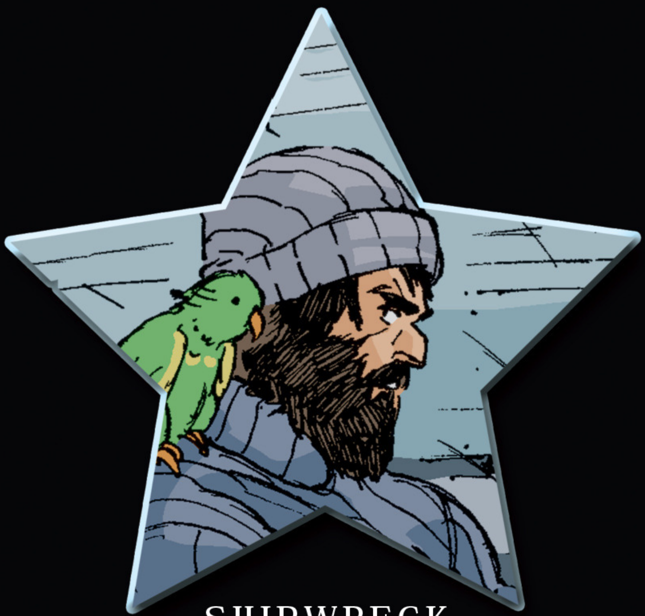
**ROCK ‘N ROLL**
Machine Gunner



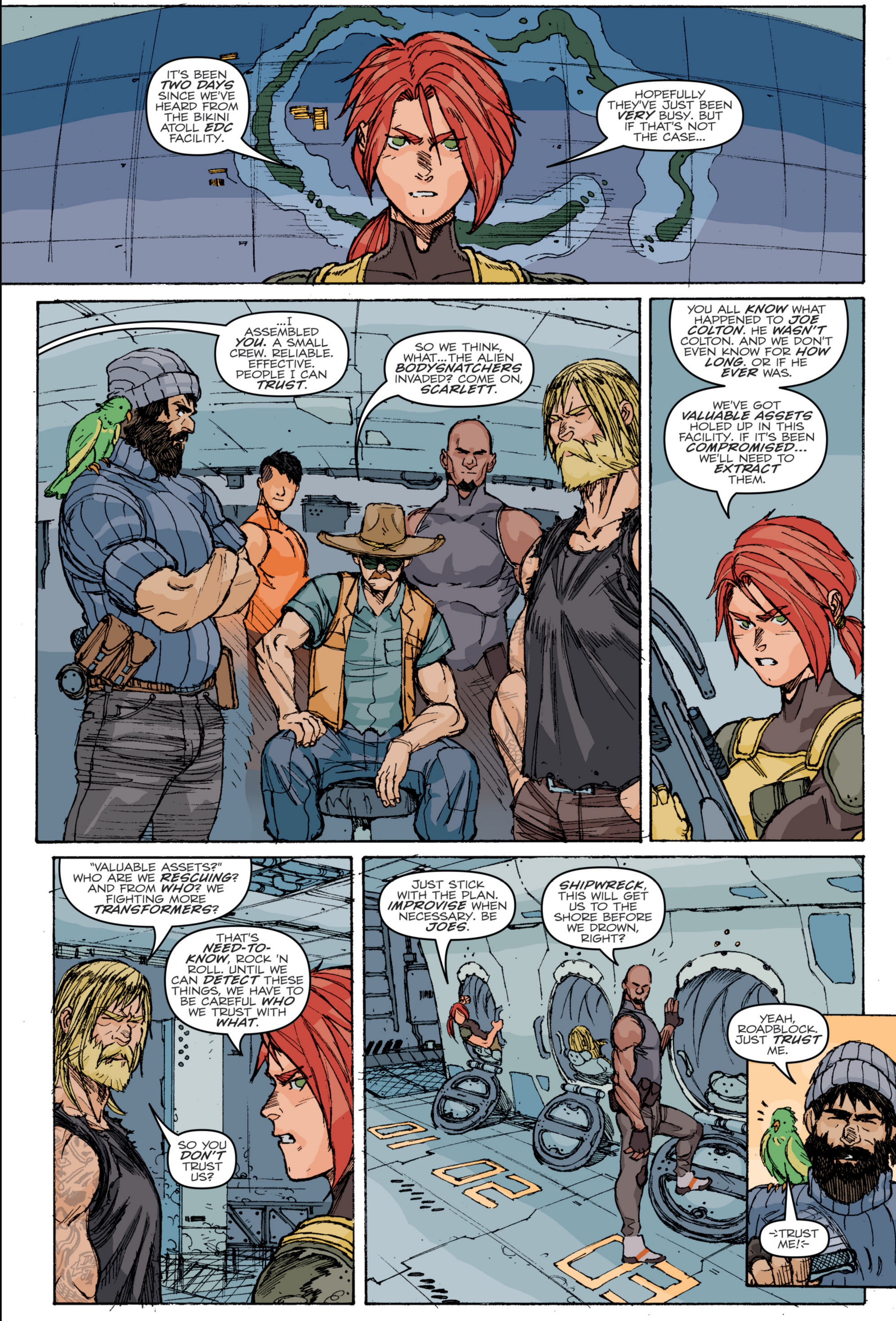
**QUICK KICK**
Hand-to-Hand Expert

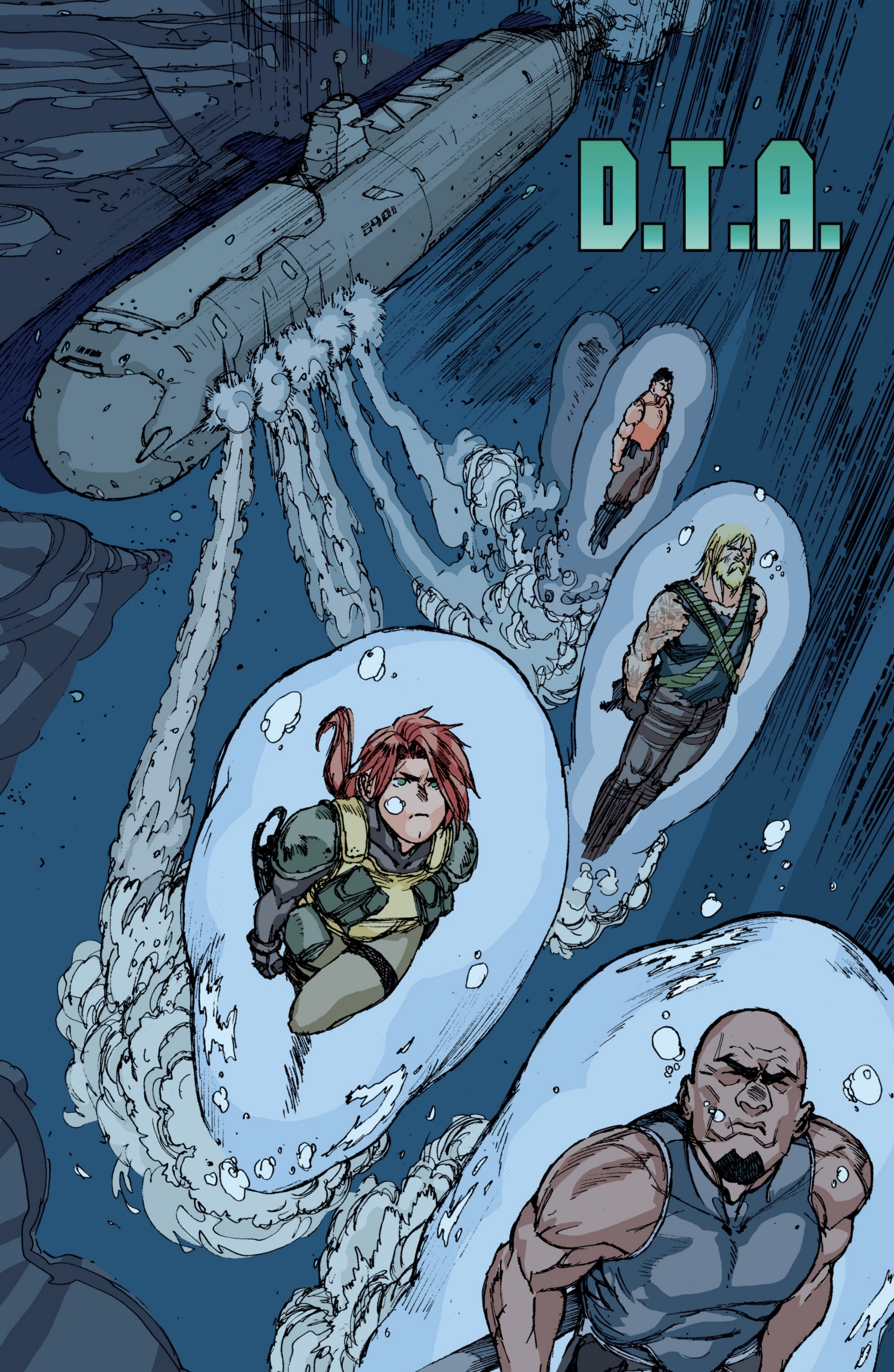


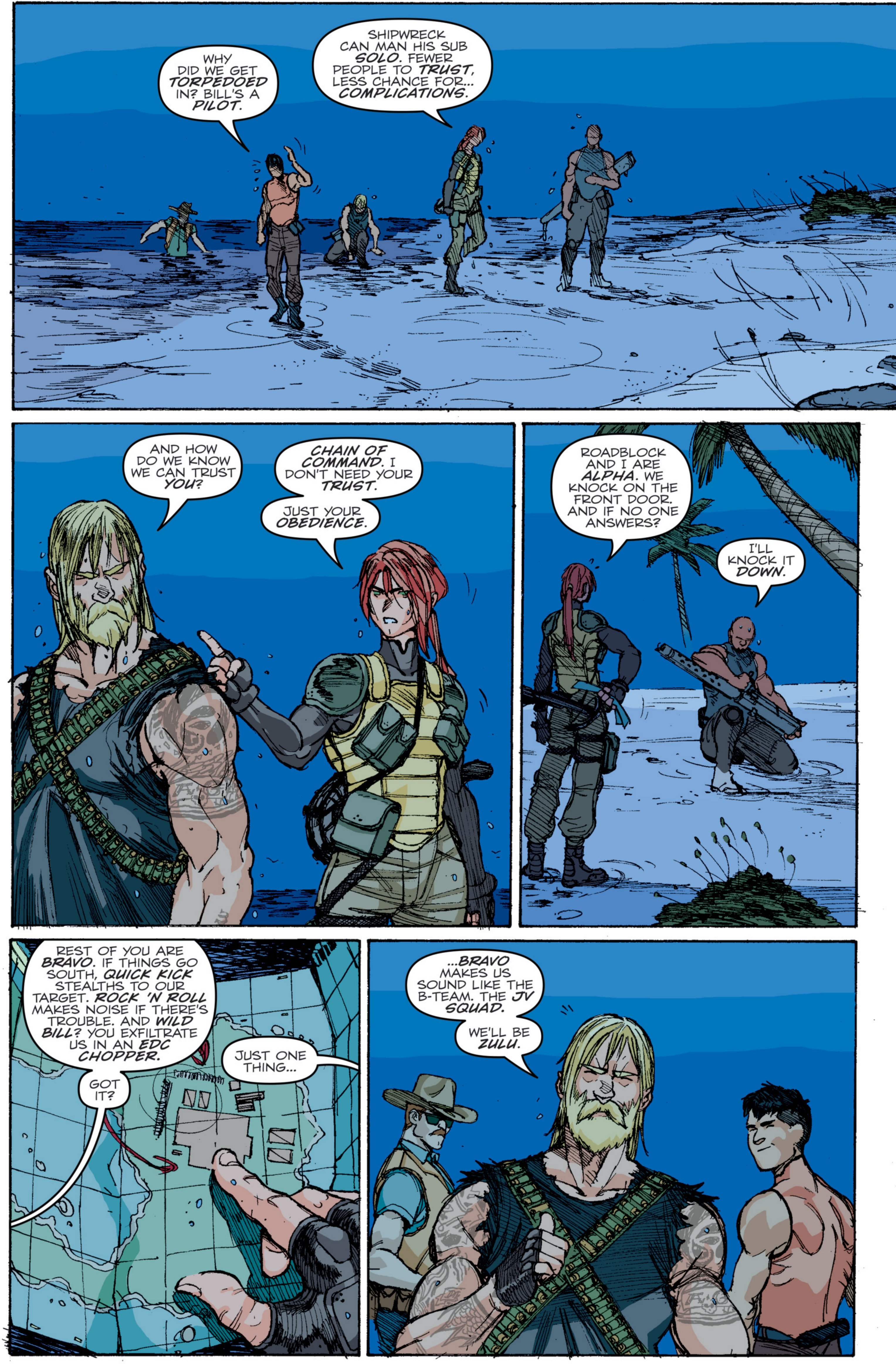
**WILD BILL**
Ace Pilot

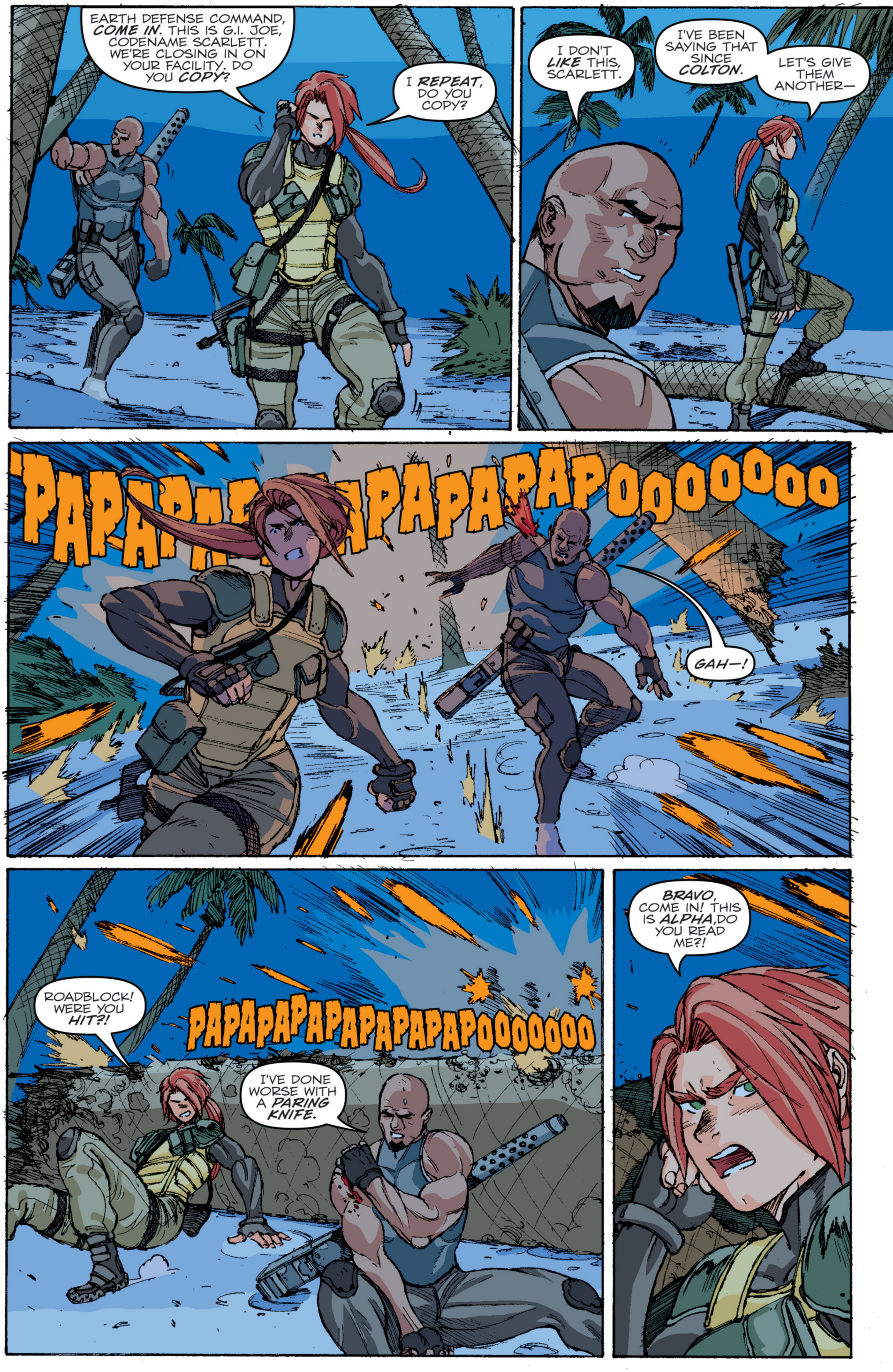


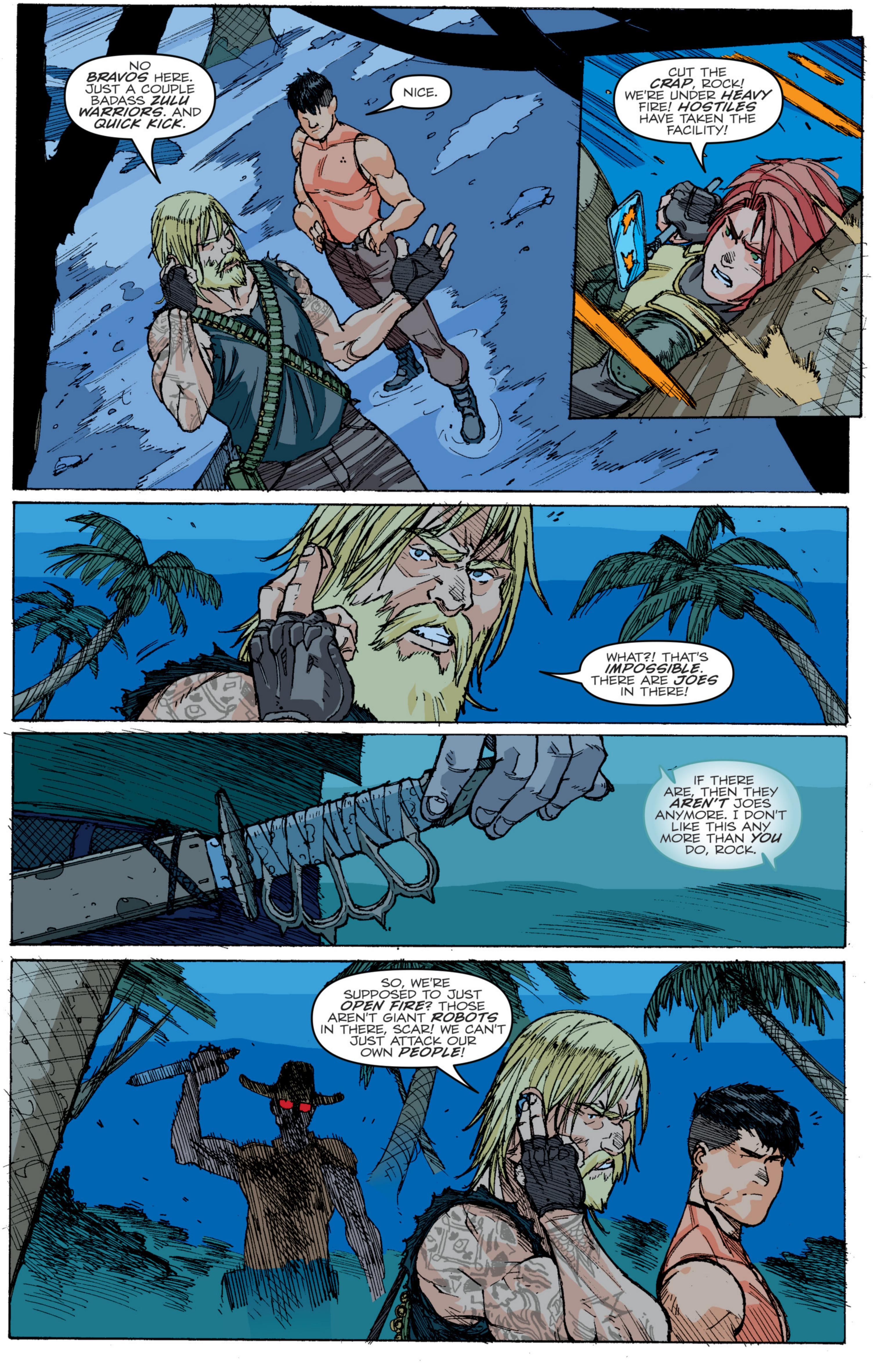
**SHIPWRECK**
Naval Expert

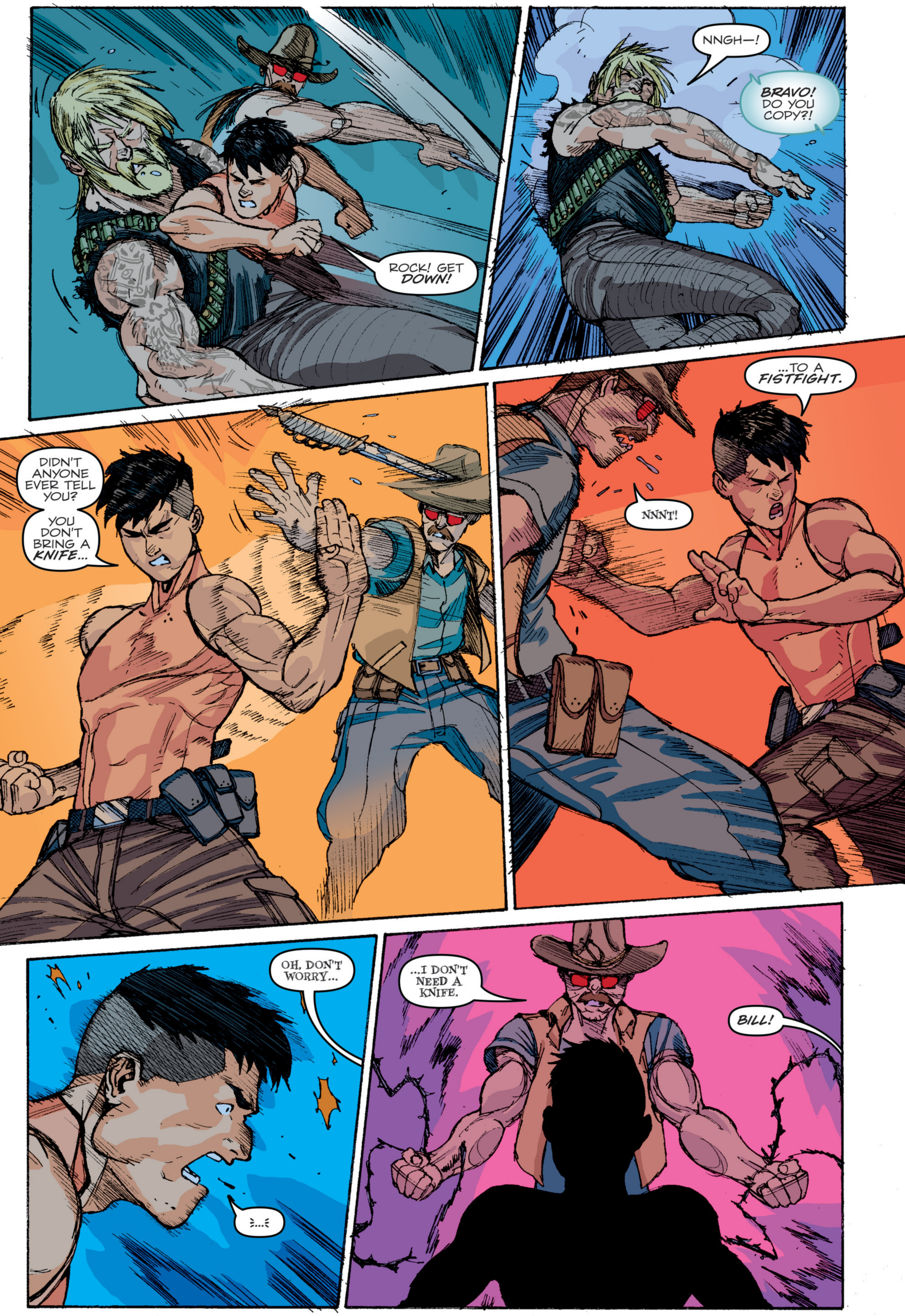

IT'S BEEN ***TWO DAYS*** SINCE WE'VE HEARD FROM THE BIKINI ATOLL ***EDC*** FACILITY.
HOPEFULLY THEY'VE JUST BEEN ***VERY*** BUSY. BUT IF THAT'S NOT THE CASE...
...I ASSEMBLED ***YOU***. A SMALL CREW. RELIABLE. EFFECTIVE. PEOPLE I CAN ***TRUST***.
SO WE THINK, WHAT...THE ALIEN ***BODYSNATCHERS*** INVADED? COME ON, ***SCARLETT***.
YOU ALL ***KNOW*** WHAT HAPPENED TO ***JOE COLTON***. HE ***WASN'T*** COLTON. AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR ***HOW LONG***. OR IF HE ***EVER*** WAS.
WE'VE GOT ***VALUABLE ASSETS*** HOLED UP IN THIS FACILITY. IF IT'S BEEN ***COMPROMISED...*** WE'LL NEED TO ***EXTRACT*** THEM.
"VALUABLE ASSETS?" WHO ARE WE ***RESCUING***? AND FROM ***WHO***? WE FIGHTING MORE ***TRANSFORMERS***?
THAT'S ***NEED-TO-KNOW***, ROCK 'N ROLL. UNTIL WE CAN ***DETECT*** THESE THINGS, WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL ***WHO*** WE TRUST WITH ***WHAT***.
SO YOU ***DON'T*** TRUST US?
JUST STICK WITH THE PLAN. ***IMPROVISE*** WHEN NECESSARY. BE ***JOES***.
***SHIPWRECK***, THIS WILL GET US TO THE SHORE BEFORE WE DROWN, RIGHT?
YEAH, ROADBLOCK. JUST ***TRUST*** ME.
TRUST ME!

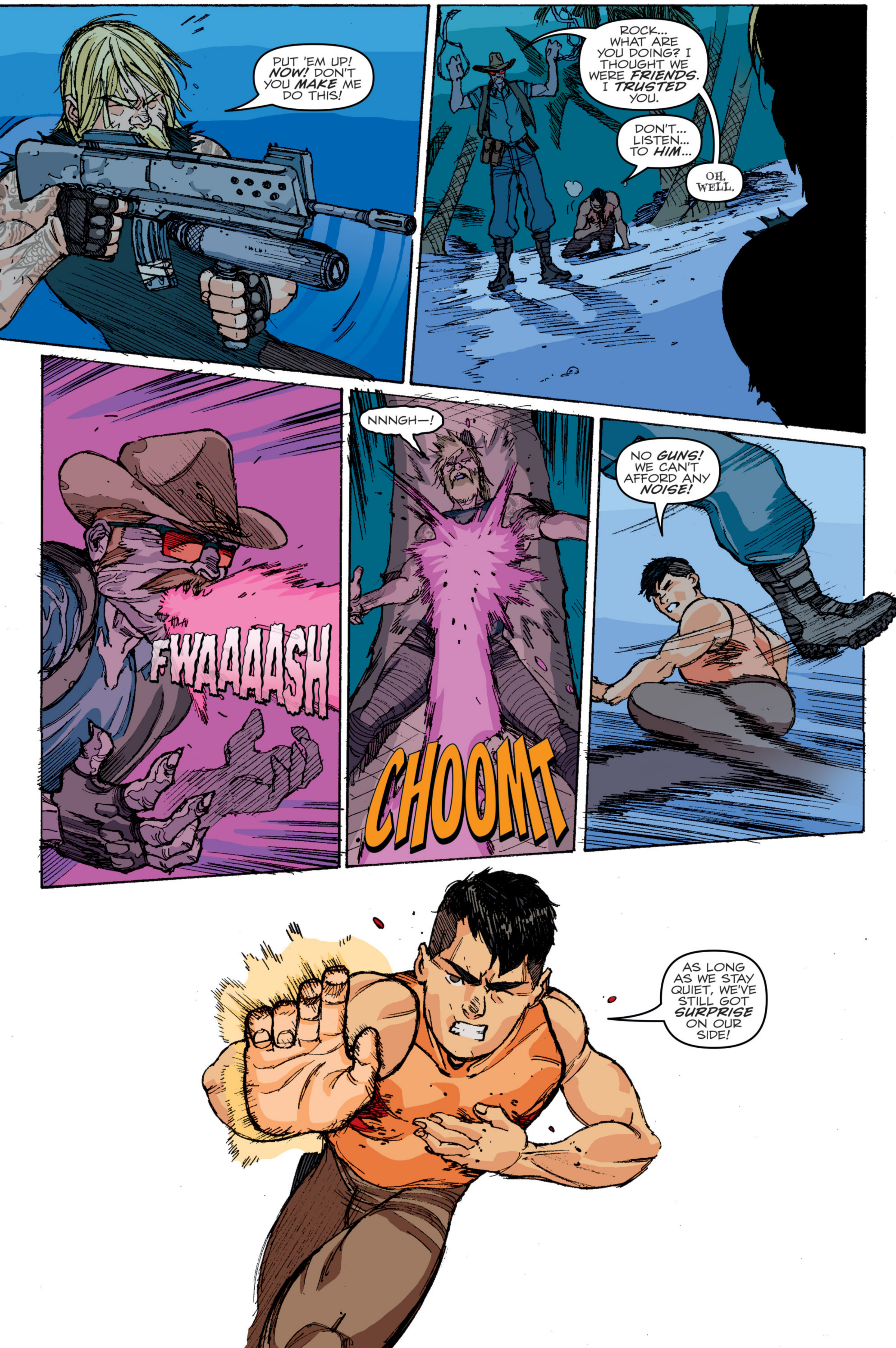

D.T.A.

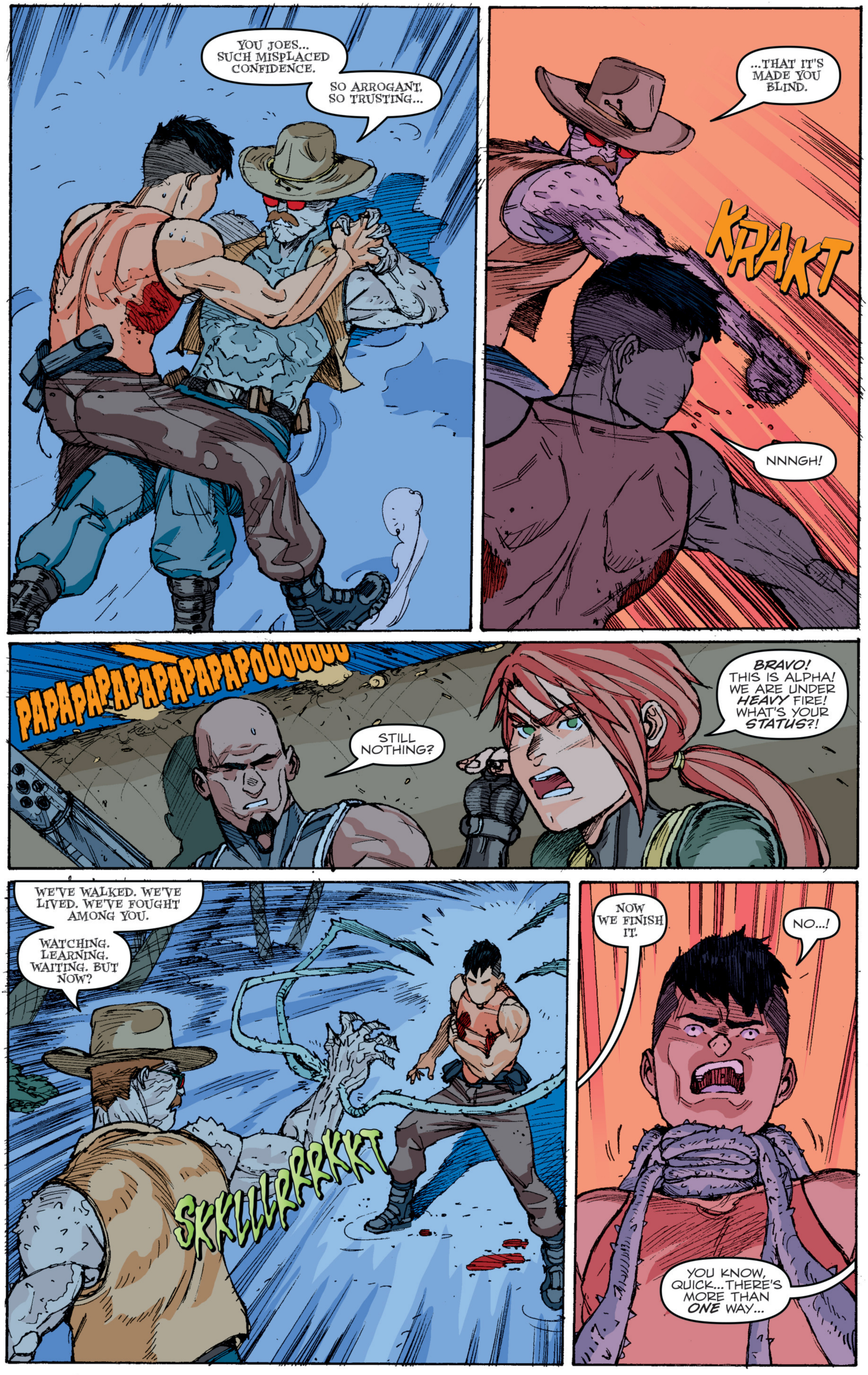

WHY DID WE GET *TORPEDOED* IN? BILL'S A *PILOT*.
SHIPWRECK CAN MAN HIS SUB *SOLO*. FEWER PEOPLE TO *TRUST*, LESS CHANCE FOR... *COMPLICATIONS*.
AND HOW DO WE KNOW WE CAN TRUST *YOU*?
*CHAIN OF COMMAND*. I DON'T NEED YOUR *TRUST*.
JUST YOUR *OBEDIENCE*.
ROADBLOCK AND I ARE *ALPHA*. WE KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR. AND IF NO ONE ANSWERS?
I'LL KNOCK IT *DOWN*.
REST OF YOU ARE *BRAVO*. IF THINGS GO SOUTH, *QUICK KICK* STEALTHS TO OUR TARGET. *ROCK 'N ROLL* MAKES NOISE IF THERE'S TROUBLE. AND *WILD BILL*? YOU EXFILTRATE US IN AN *EDC CHOPPER*.
GOT IT?
JUST ONE THING...
...*BRAVO* MAKES US SOUND LIKE THE B-TEAM. THE *JV SQUAD*.
WE'LL BE *ZULU*.

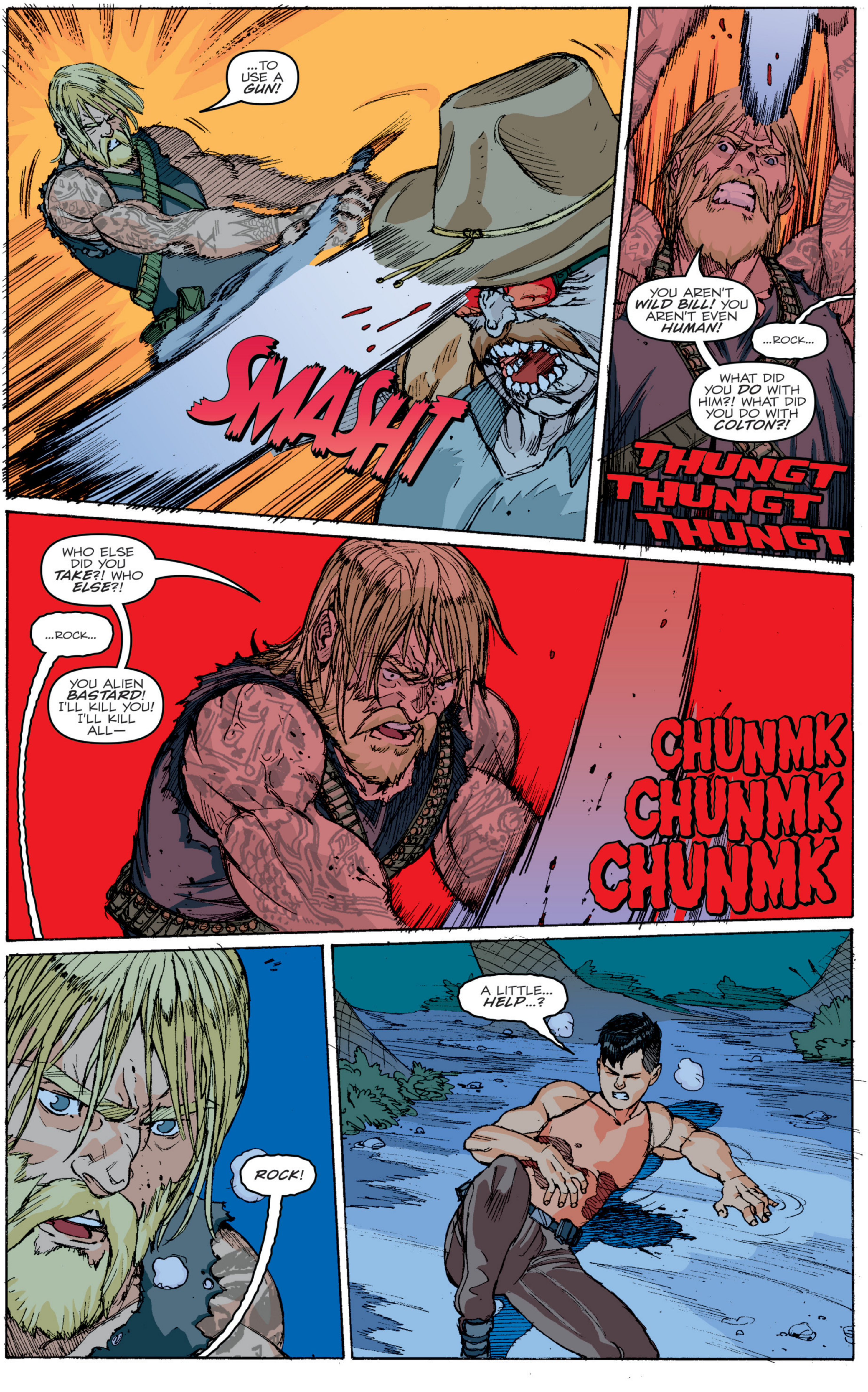

EARTH DEFENSE COMMAND, *COME IN*. THIS IS G.I. JOE, CODENAME SCARLETT. WE'RE CLOSING IN ON YOUR FACILITY. DO YOU *COPY*?
I *REPEAT*, DO YOU COPY?
I DON'T *LIKE* THIS, SCARLETT.
I'VE BEEN SAYING THAT SINCE *COLTON*.
LET'S GIVE THEM ANOTHER—
PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOOOOOO
GAH—!
ROADBLOCK! WERE YOU *HIT*?!
PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOOOOOO
I'VE DONE WORSE WITH A *PARING KNIFE*.
*BRAVO*, COME IN! THIS IS *ALPHA*, DO YOU READ ME?!

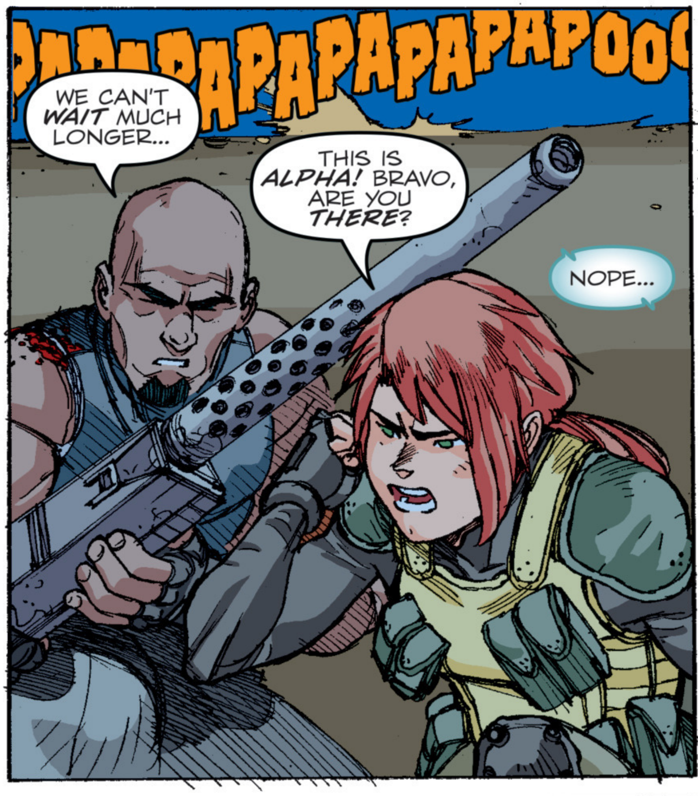

NO **BRAVOS** HERE. JUST A COUPLE BADASS **ZULU WARRIORS**. AND **QUICK KICK**.
NICE.
CUT THE **CRAP**, ROCK! WE'RE UNDER **HEAVY** FIRE! **HOSTILES** HAVE TAKEN THE FACILITY!
WHAT?! THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE**. THERE ARE **JOES** IN THERE!
IF THERE ARE, THEN THEY **AREN'T** JOES ANYMORE. I DON'T LIKE THIS ANY MORE THAN **YOU** DO, ROCK.
SO, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO JUST **OPEN FIRE**? THOSE AREN'T GIANT **ROBOTS** IN THERE, SCAR! WE CAN'T JUST ATTACK OUR OWN **PEOPLE**!

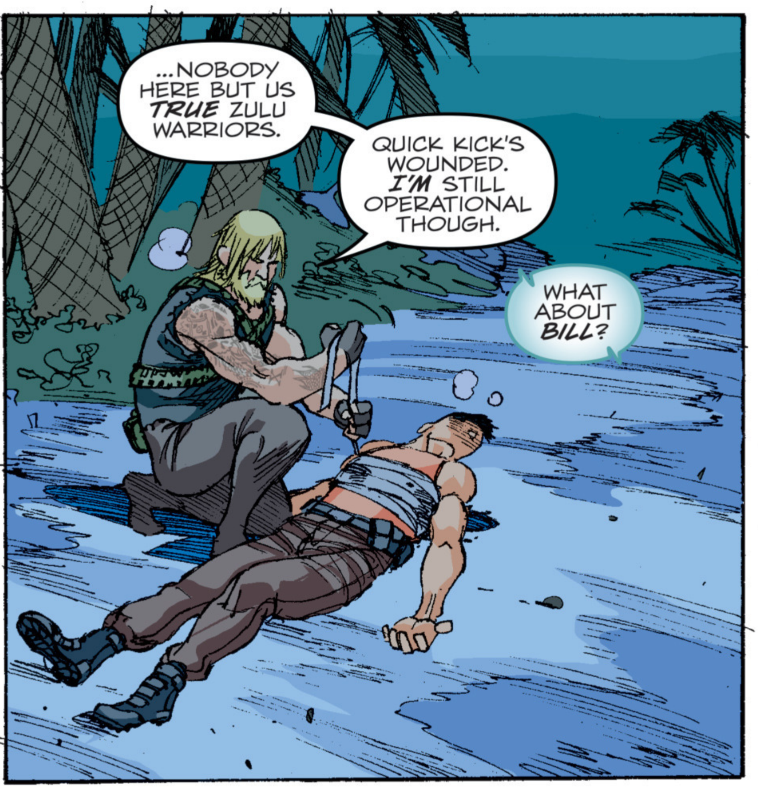

ROCK! GET *DOWN!*
NNGH—!
***BRAVO!*** DO YOU COPY?!
DIDN'T ANYONE EVER TELL YOU?
YOU DON'T BRING A ***KNIFE***...
...TO A ***FISTFIGHT.***
NNNT!
OH, DON'T WORRY...
...
...I DON'T NEED A KNIFE.
***BILL!***

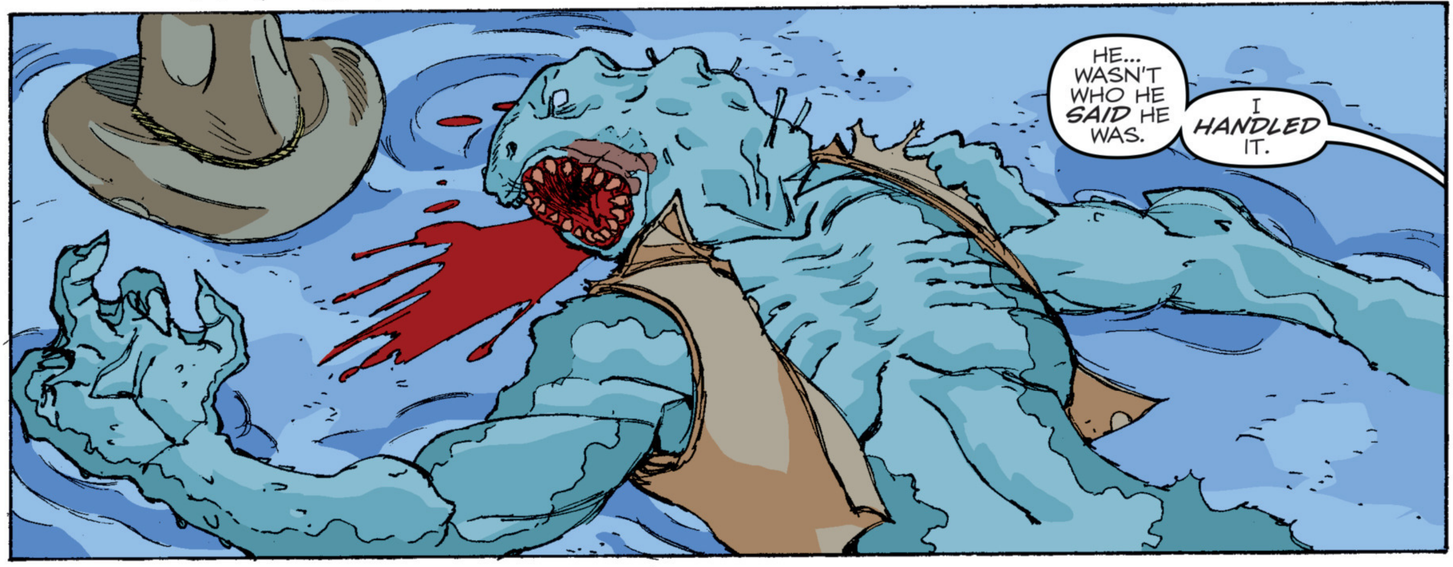

PUT 'EM UP! *NOW!* DON'T YOU *MAKE* ME DO THIS!
ROCK... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I THOUGHT WE WERE *FRIENDS*. I *TRUSTED* YOU.
DON'T... LISTEN... TO *HIM*...
OH, WELL.
FWAAAASH
NNNGH—!
CHOOMT
NO *GUNS!* WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY *NOISE!*
AS LONG AS WE STAY QUIET, WE'VE STILL GOT *SURPRISE* ON OUR SIDE!

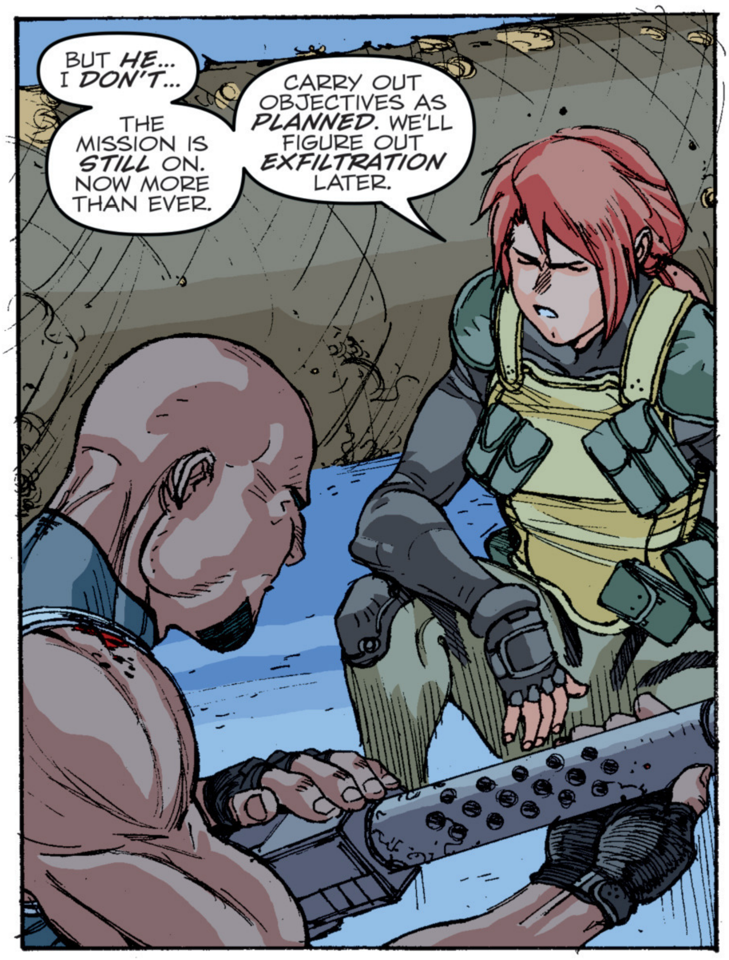

YOU JOES... SUCH MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.
SO ARROGANT, SO TRUSTING...
...THAT IT'S MADE YOU BLIND.
KRAKT
NNNGH!
PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOOOOOO
STILL NOTHING?
BRAVO! THIS IS ALPHA! WE ARE UNDER HEAVY FIRE! WHAT'S YOUR STATUS?!
WE'VE WALKED. WE'VE LIVED. WE'VE FOUGHT AMONG YOU.
WATCHING. LEARNING. WAITING. BUT NOW?
SKKLLLRRRKKKT
NOW WE FINISH IT.
NO...!
YOU KNOW, QUICK...THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY...

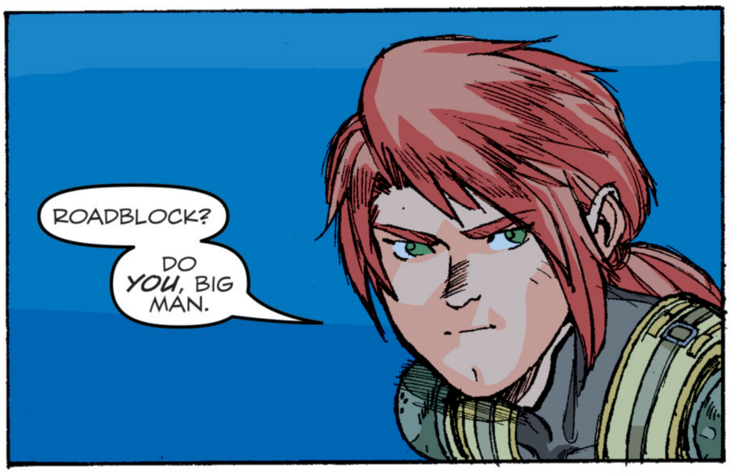

...TO USE A *GUN!*
SMASHT
YOU AREN'T *WILD BILL!* YOU AREN'T EVEN *HUMAN!*
...ROCK...
WHAT DID YOU *DO* WITH HIM?! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH *COLTON?!*
THUNGT THUNGT THUNGT
WHO ELSE DID YOU *TAKE?!* WHO *ELSE?!*
...ROCK...
YOU ALIEN *BASTARD!* I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL ALL—
CHUNMK CHUNMK CHUNMK
*ROCK!*
A LITTLE... *HELP...?*

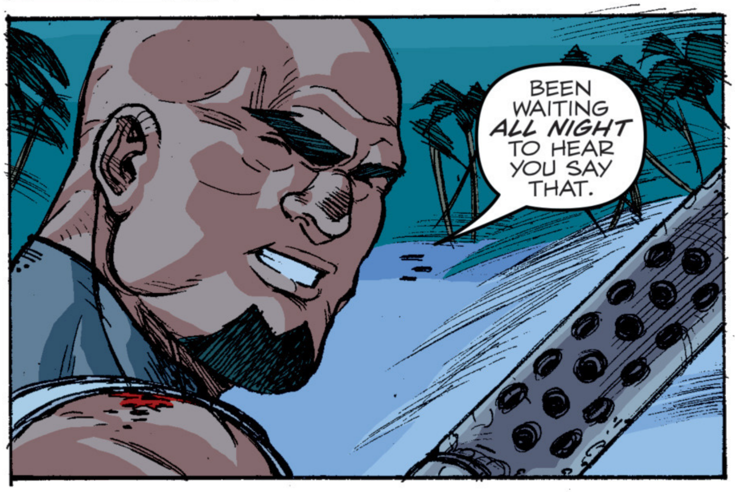

PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOO
WE CAN'T *WAIT* MUCH LONGER...
THIS IS *ALPHA!* BRAVO, ARE YOU *THERE?*
NOPE...

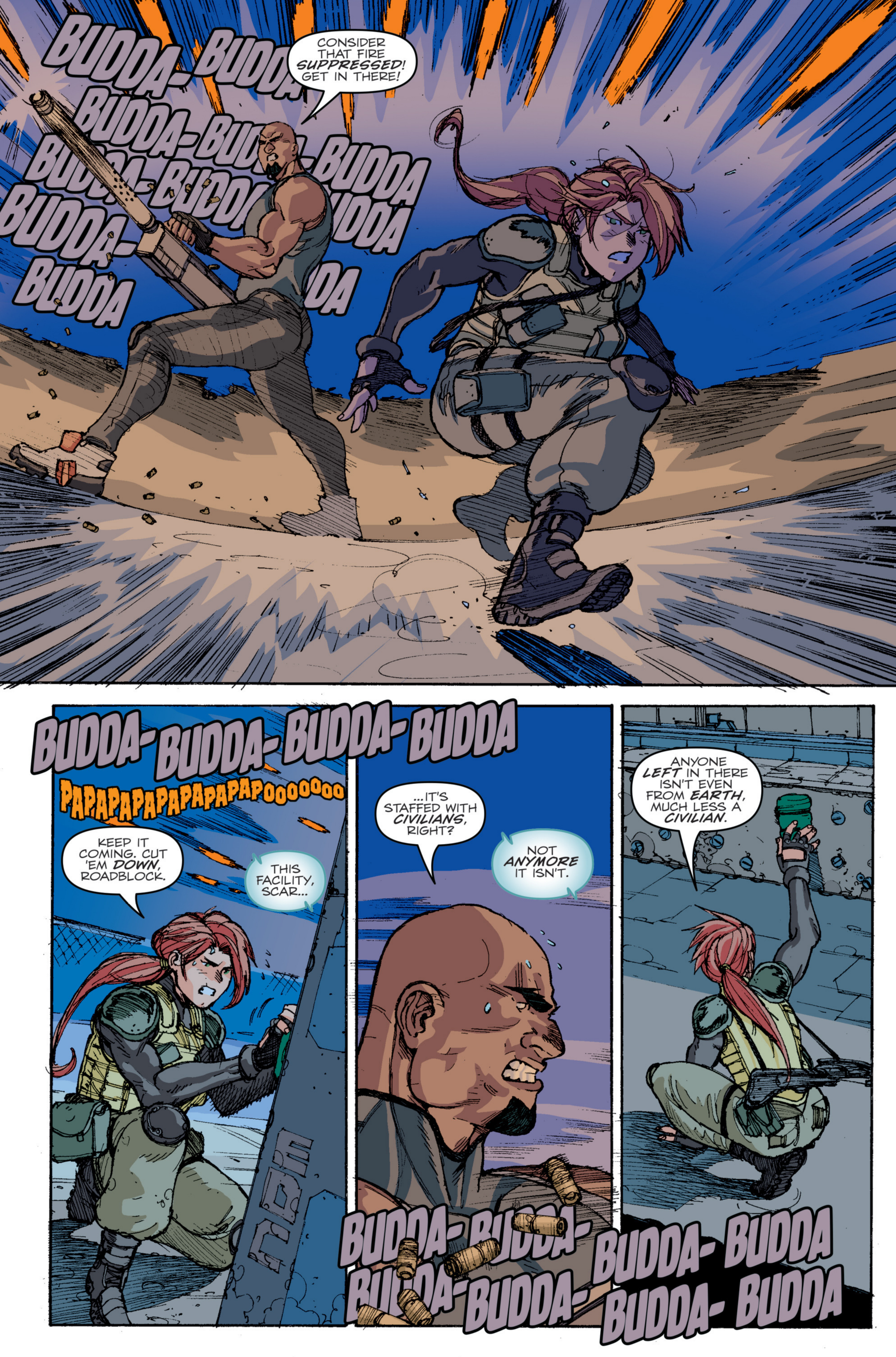

...NOBODY HERE BUT US *TRUE* ZULU WARRIORS.
QUICK KICK'S WOUNDED. *I'M* STILL OPERATIONAL THOUGH.
WHAT ABOUT *BILL?*

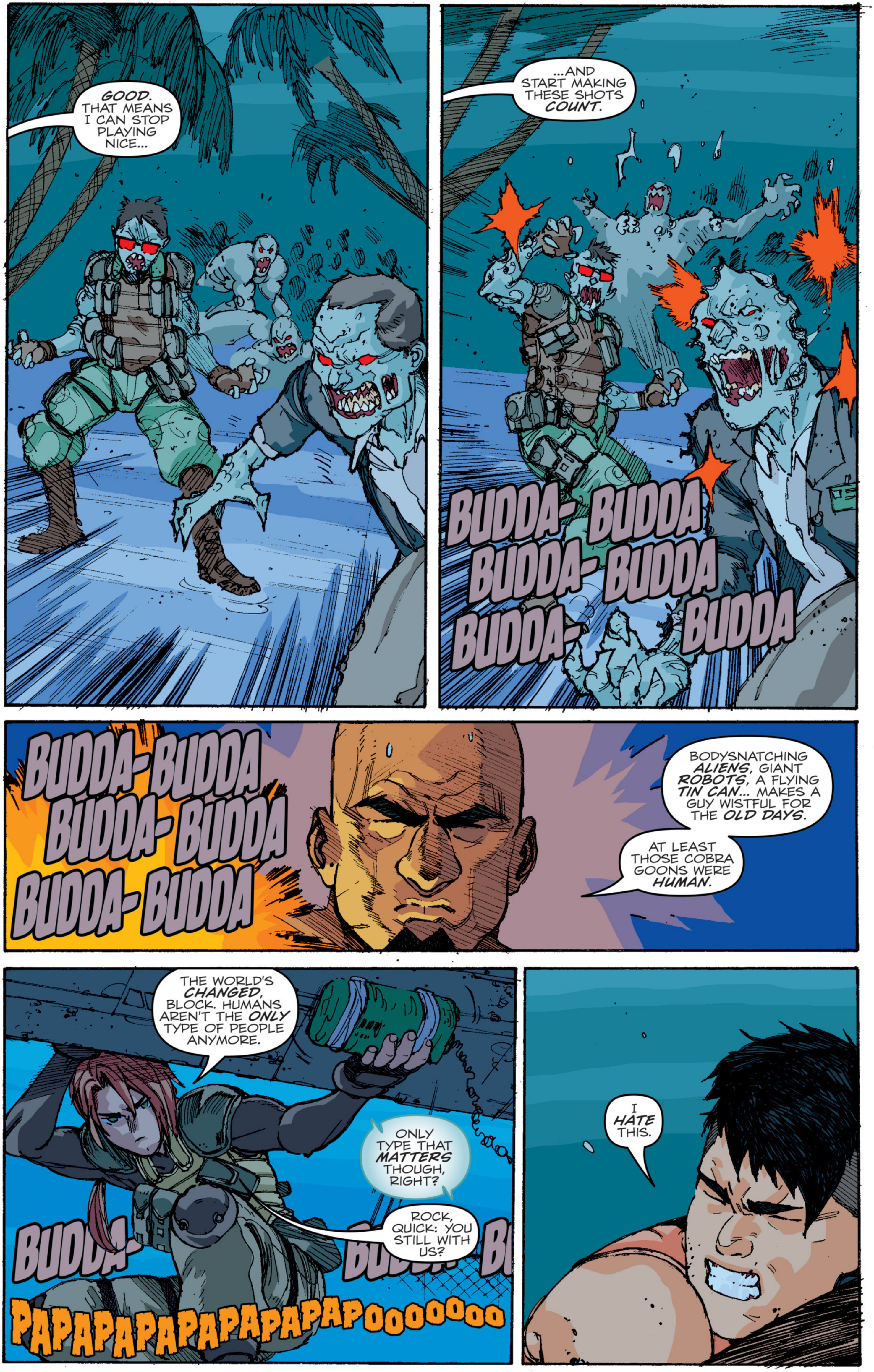

HE... WASN'T WHO HE *SAID* HE WAS.
I *HANDLED* IT.

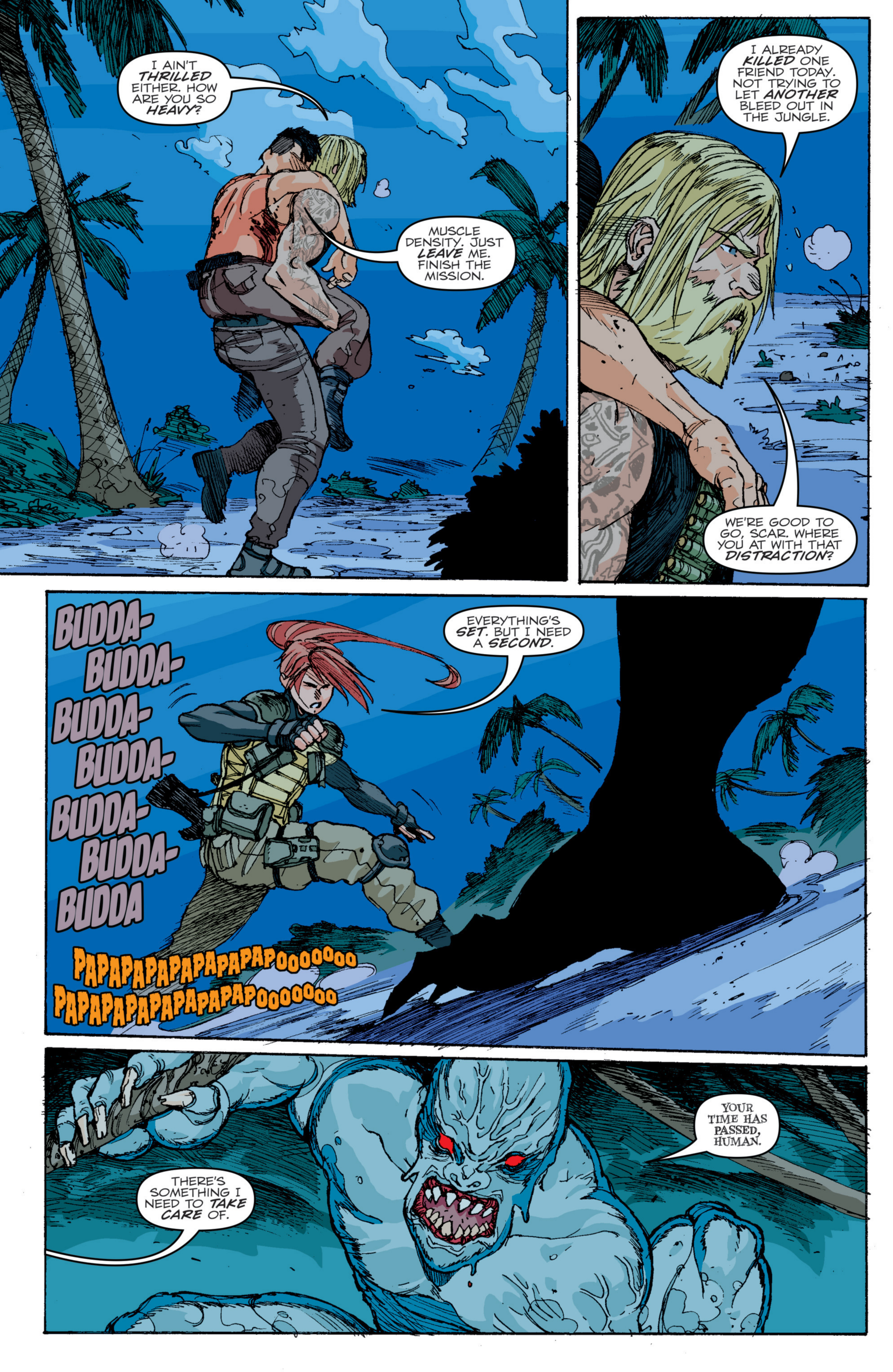

BUT *HE*... I *DON'T*...
THE MISSION IS *STILL* ON. NOW MORE THAN EVER.
CARRY OUT OBJECTIVES AS *PLANNED*. WE'LL FIGURE OUT *EXFILTRATION* LATER.

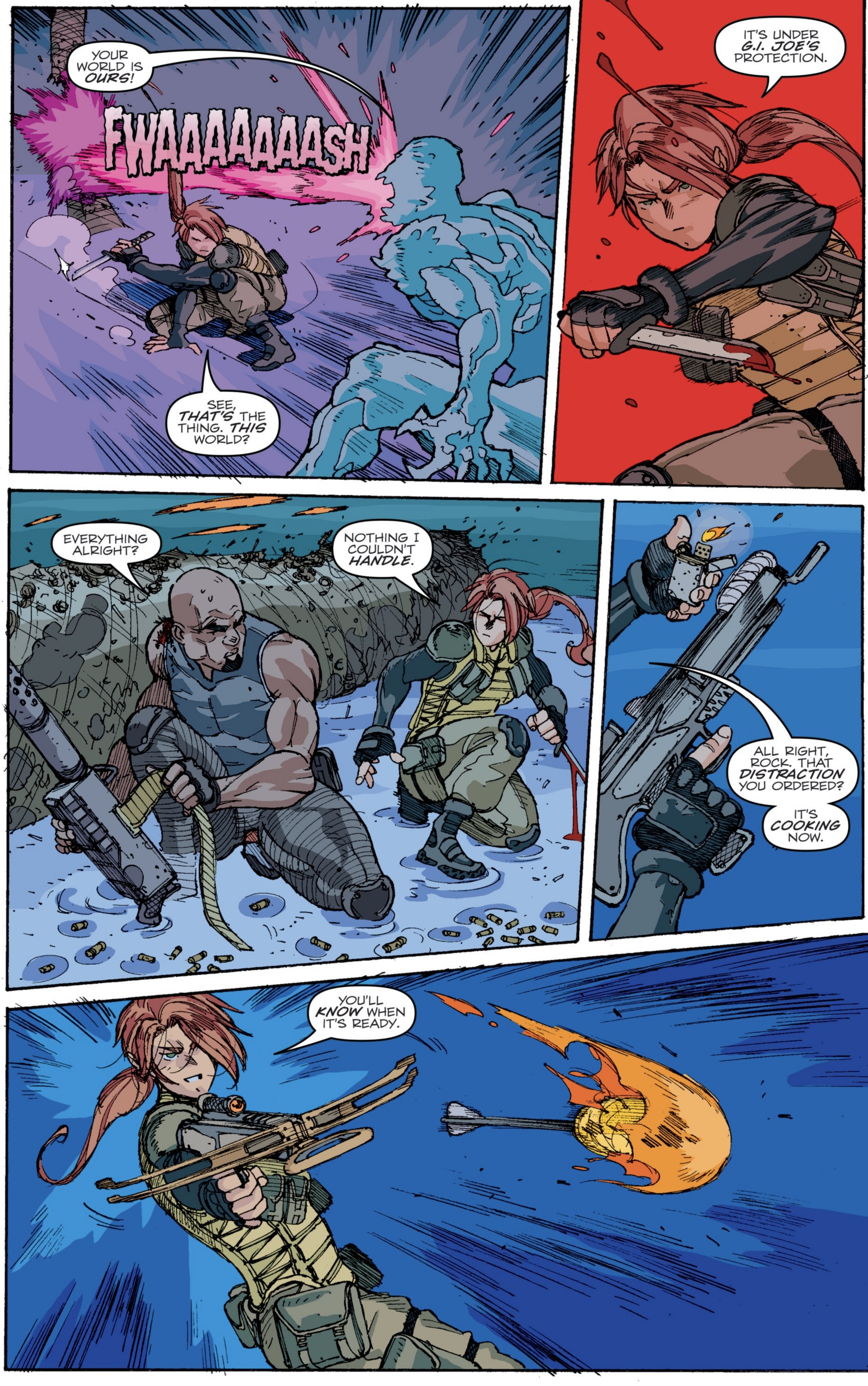

ROADBLOCK?
DO *YOU*, BIG MAN.

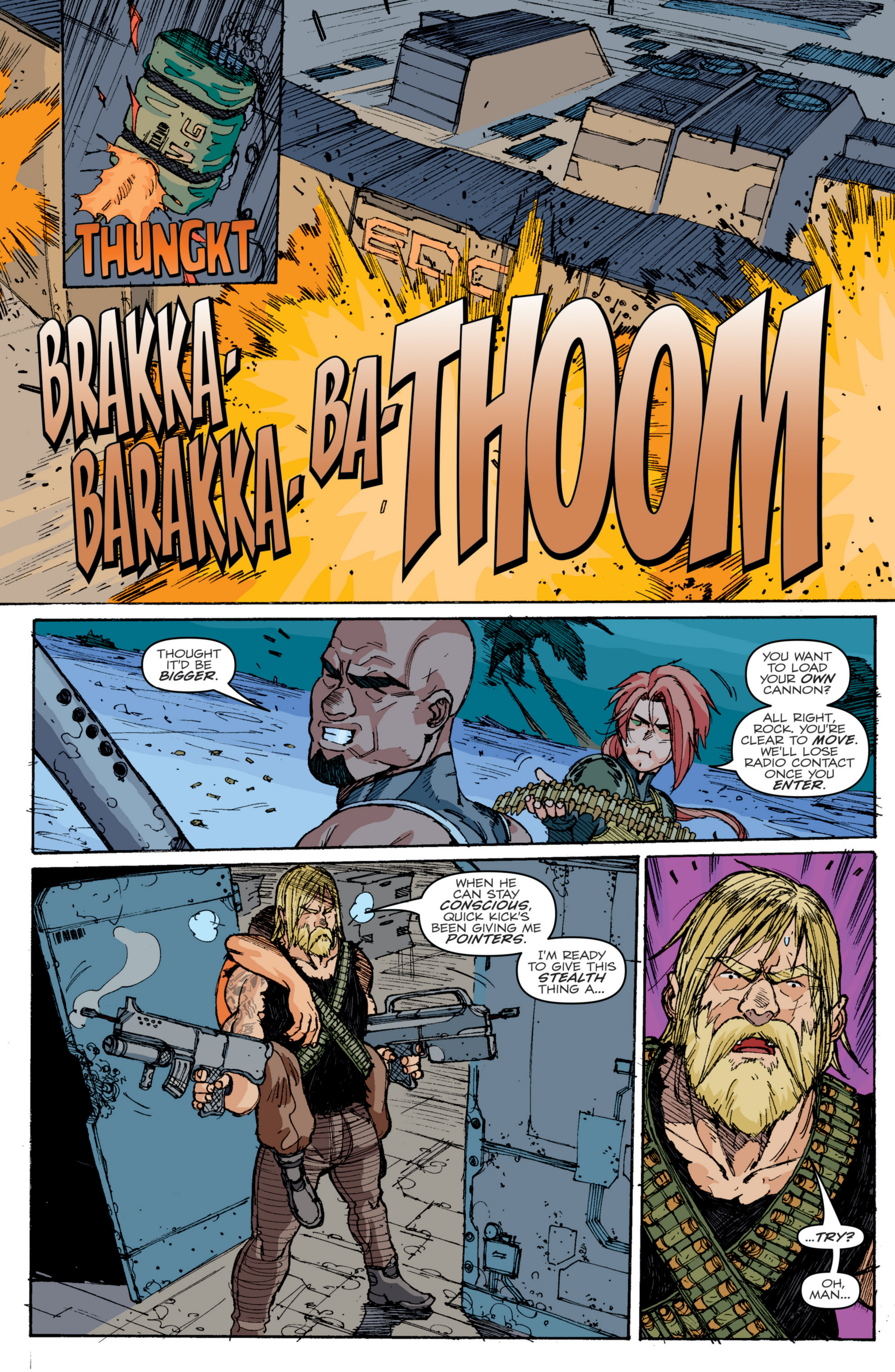

BEEN WAITING *ALL NIGHT* TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT.

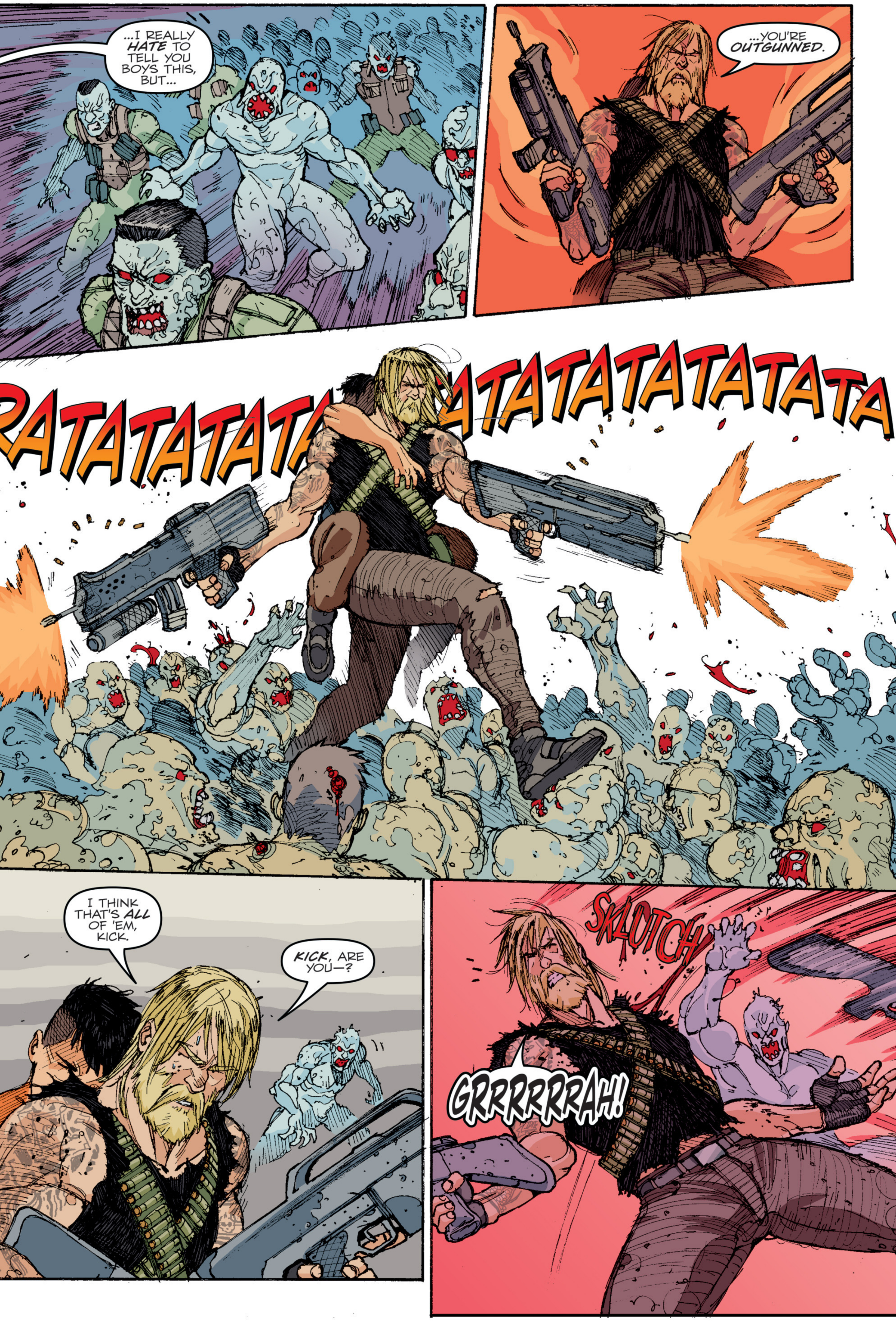

BUDDA- BUDDA
BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA
BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA
BUDDA- BUDDA
CONSIDER THAT FIRE *SUPPRESSED!* GET IN THERE!
BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA
PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOOOOOO
KEEP IT COMING. CUT 'EM *DOWN*, ROADBLOCK.
THIS FACILITY, SCAR...
...IT'S STAFFED WITH *CIVILIANS*, RIGHT?
NOT *ANYMORE* IT ISN'T.
ANYONE *LEFT* IN THERE ISN'T EVEN FROM *EARTH*, MUCH LESS A *CIVILIAN*.
BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA
BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA

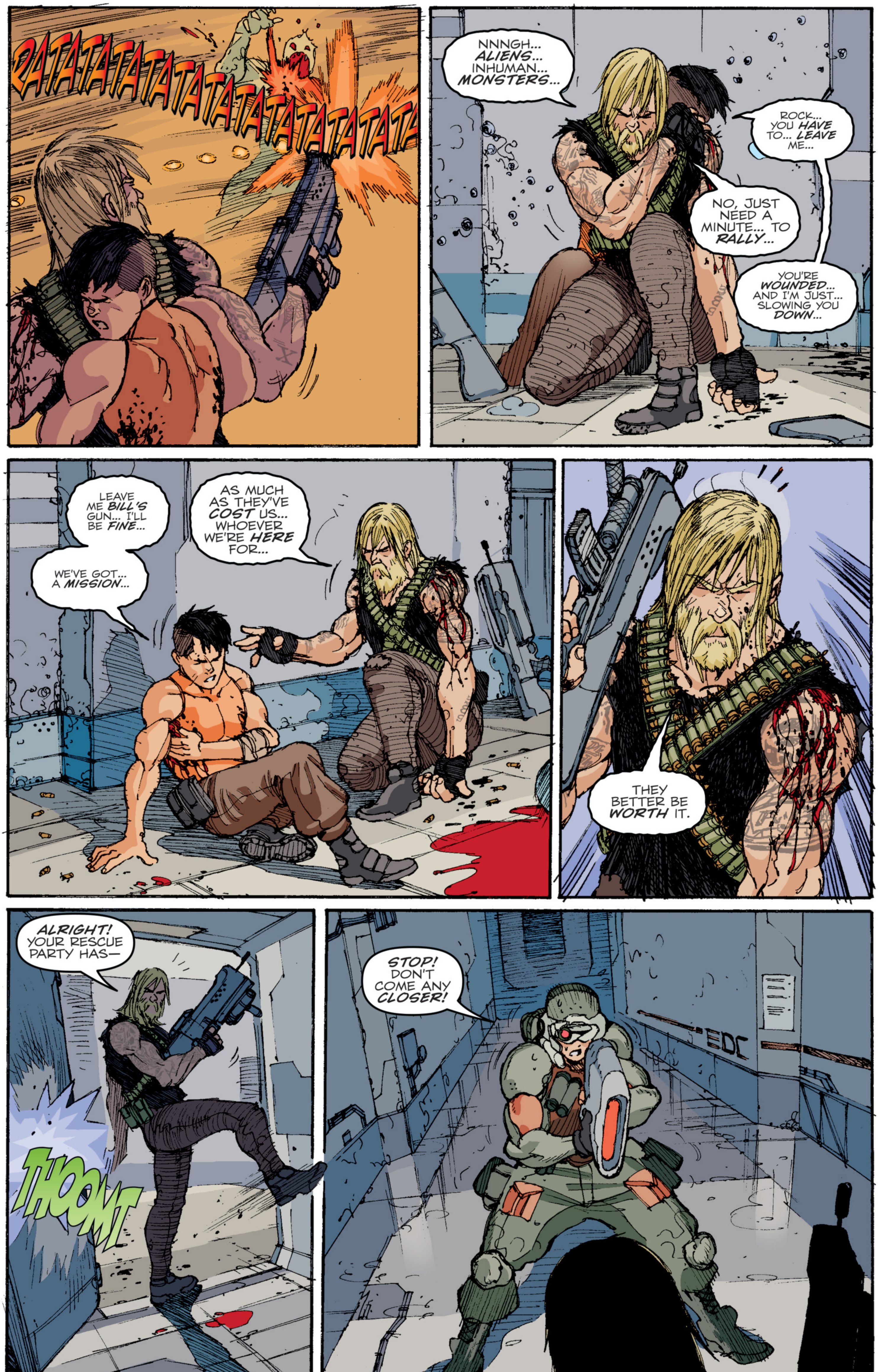

GOOD. THAT MEANS I CAN STOP PLAYING NICE...
...AND START MAKING THESE SHOTS COUNT.
BUDDA- BUDDA BUDDA- BUDDA BUDDA- BUDDA
BUDDA-BUDDA BUDDA- BUDDA BUDDA- BUDDA
BODYSNATCHING ALIENS, GIANT ROBOTS, A FLYING TIN CAN... MAKES A GUY WISTFUL FOR THE OLD DAYS.
AT LEAST THOSE COBRA GOONS WERE HUMAN.
THE WORLD'S CHANGED, BLOCK. HUMANS AREN'T THE ONLY TYPE OF PEOPLE ANYMORE.
ONLY TYPE THAT MATTERS THOUGH, RIGHT?
ROCK, QUICK: YOU STILL WITH US?
PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOOOOOOO
I HATE THIS.

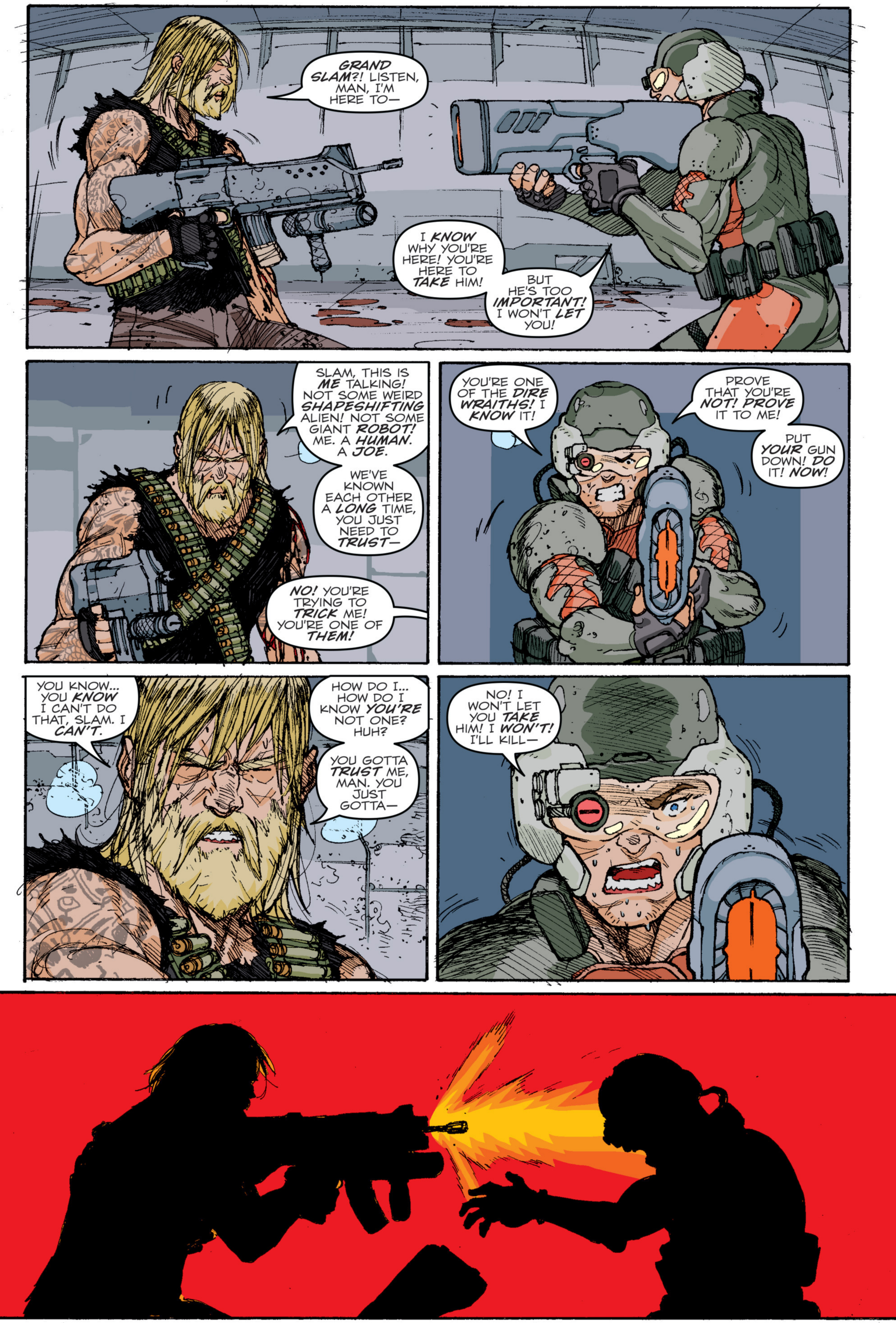

I AIN'T THRILLED EITHER. HOW ARE YOU SO HEAVY?
MUSCLE DENSITY. JUST LEAVE ME. FINISH THE MISSION.
I ALREADY KILLED ONE FRIEND TODAY. NOT TRYING TO LET ANOTHER BLEED OUT IN THE JUNGLE.
WE'RE GOOD TO GO, SCAR. WHERE YOU AT WITH THAT DISTRACTION?
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
EVERYTHING'S SET. BUT I NEED A SECOND.
PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOOOOOO
PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOOOOOOO
YOUR TIME HAS PASSED, HUMAN.
THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO TAKE CARE OF.

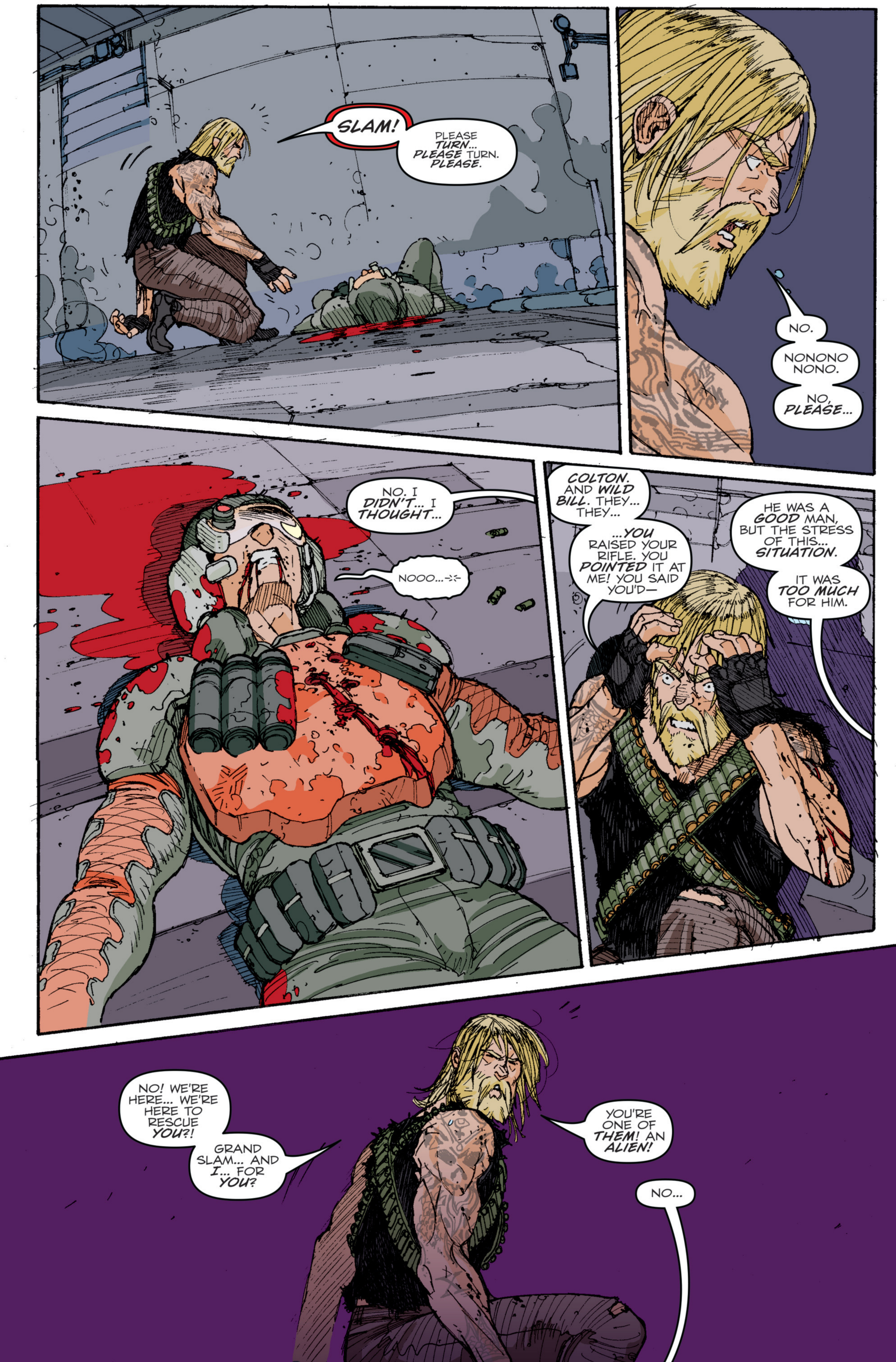

YOUR WORLD IS *OURS!*
FWAAAAAAAASH
SEE, *THAT'S* THE THING. *THIS* WORLD?
IT'S UNDER *G.I. JOE'S* PROTECTION.
EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?
NOTHING I COULDN'T *HANDLE*.
ALL RIGHT, ROCK. THAT *DISTRACTION* YOU ORDERED?
IT'S *COOKING* NOW.
YOU'LL *KNOW* WHEN IT'S READY.

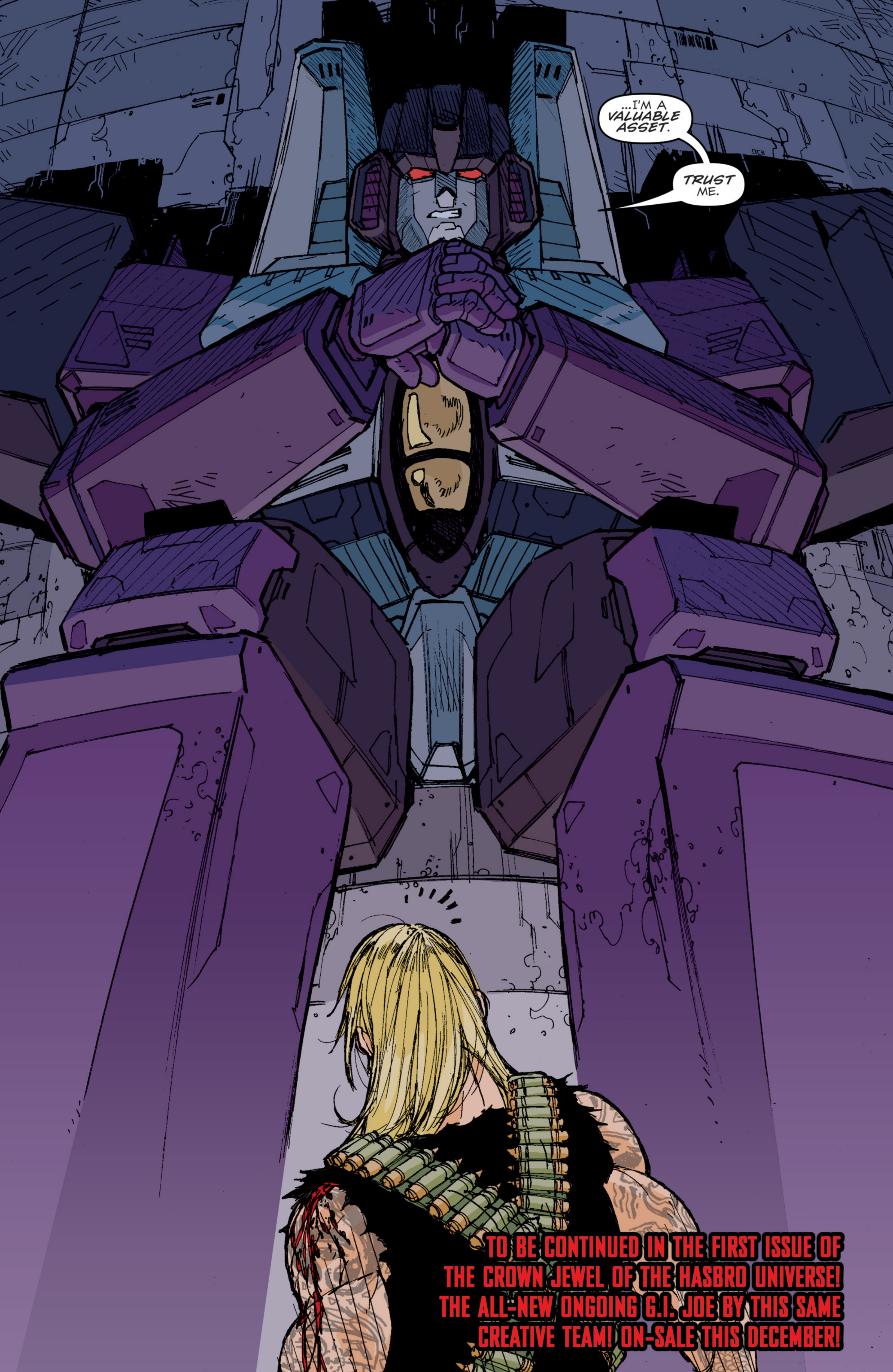

THUNGKT
BRAKKA-BARAKKA-BA-THOOM
THOUGHT IT'D BE *BIGGER*.
YOU WANT TO LOAD YOUR *OWN* CANNON?
ALL RIGHT, ROCK. YOU'RE CLEAR TO *MOVE*. WE'LL LOSE RADIO CONTACT ONCE YOU *ENTER*.
WHEN HE CAN STAY *CONSCIOUS*, QUICK KICK'S BEEN GIVING ME *POINTERS*.
I'M READY TO GIVE THIS *STEALTH* THING A...
...*TRY*?
OH, MAN...


...I REALLY *HATE* TO TELL YOU BOYS THIS, BUT...
...YOU'RE *OUTGUNNED*.
RATATATATATATATATATATATATA
I THINK THAT'S *ALL* OF 'EM, KICK.
*KICK*, ARE YOU—?
SKLOTCH
GRRRRRRAH!

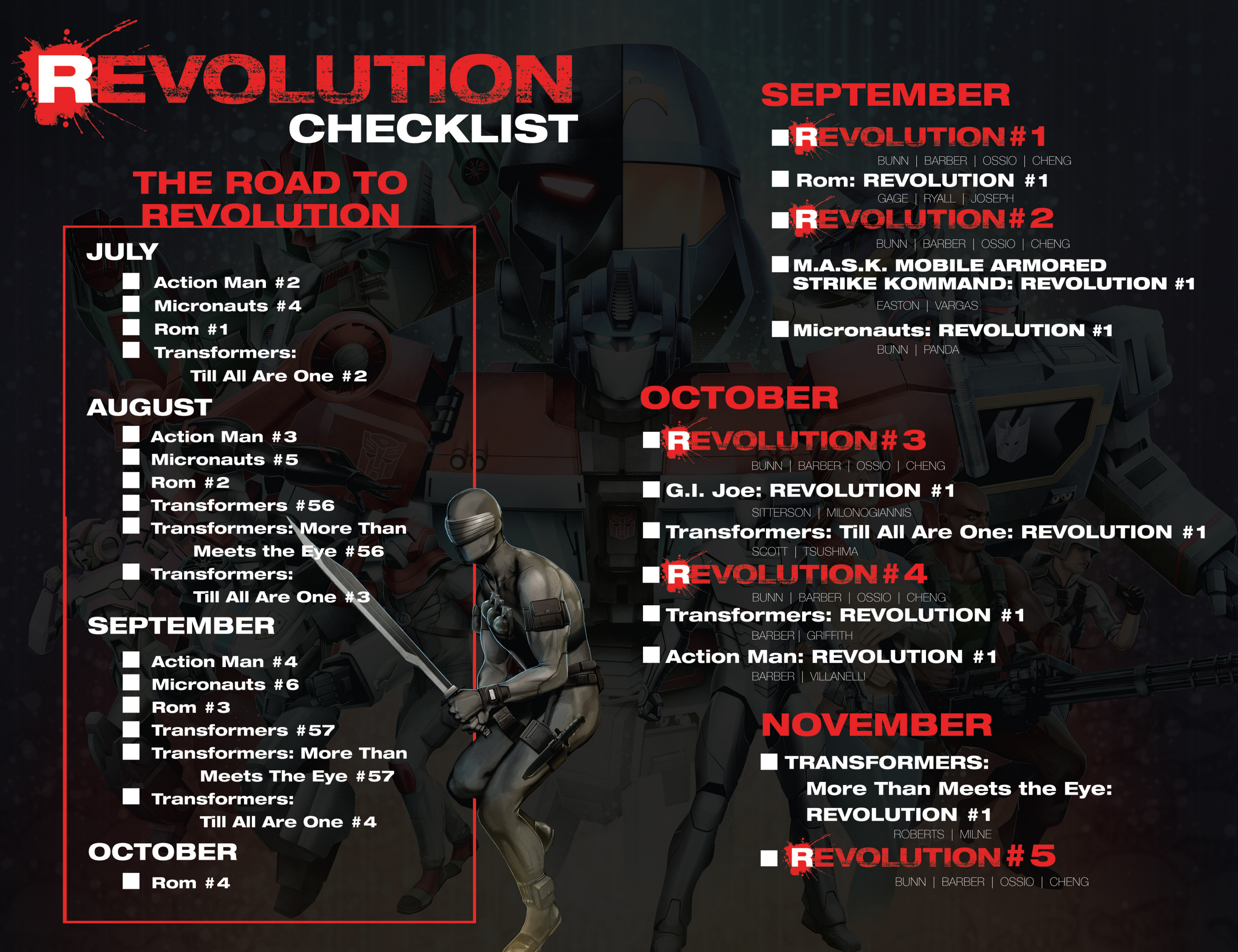

RATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATA
NNNGH... ALIENS... INHUMAN... MONSTERS...
ROCK... YOU HAVE TO... LEAVE ME...
NO, JUST NEED A MINUTE... TO RALLY...
YOU'RE WOUNDED... AND I'M JUST... SLOWING YOU DOWN...
LEAVE ME BILL'S GUN... I'LL BE FINE...
WE'VE GOT... A MISSION...
AS MUCH AS THEY'VE COST US... WHOEVER WE'RE HERE FOR...
THEY BETTER BE WORTH IT.
ALRIGHT! YOUR RESCUE PARTY HAS—
THOOM!
STOP! DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!
EDC


GRAND SLAM?! LISTEN, MAN, I'M HERE TO—
I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE! YOU'RE HERE TO TAKE HIM!
BUT HE'S TOO IMPORTANT! I WON'T LET YOU!
SLAM, THIS IS ME TALKING! NOT SOME WEIRD SHAPESHIFTING ALIEN! NOT SOME GIANT ROBOT! ME. A HUMAN. A JOE.
WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER A LONG TIME, YOU JUST NEED TO TRUST—
NO! YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!
YOU'RE ONE OF THE DIRE WRAITHS! I KNOW IT!
PROVE THAT YOU'RE NOT! PROVE IT TO ME!
PUT YOUR GUN DOWN! DO IT! NOW!
YOU KNOW... YOU KNOW I CAN'T DO THAT, SLAM. I CAN'T.
HOW DO I... HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT ONE? HUH?
YOU GOTTA TRUST ME, MAN. YOU JUST GOTTA—
NO! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE HIM! I WON'T! I'LL KILL—


SLAM!
PLEASE TURN... PLEASE TURN. PLEASE.
NO.
NONONO NONO.
NO, PLEASE...
NO. I DIDN'T... I THOUGHT...
NOOO...
COLTON. AND WILD BILL. THEY... THEY...
...YOU RAISED YOUR RIFLE. YOU POINTED IT AT ME! YOU SAID YOU'D—
HE WAS A GOOD MAN, BUT THE STRESS OF THIS... SITUATION.
IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.
NO! WE'RE HERE... WE'RE HERE TO RESCUE YOU?!
GRAND SLAM... AND I... FOR YOU?
YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! AN ALIEN!
NO...


...I'M A *VALUABLE ASSET*.
*TRUST* ME.
TO BE CONTINUED IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE CROWN JEWEL OF THE HASBRO UNIVERSE! THE ALL-NEW ONGOING G.I. JOE BY THIS SAME CREATIVE TEAM! ON-SALE THIS DECEMBER!

# REVOLUTION CHECKLIST



## THE ROAD TO REVOLUTION

### JULY

- ☐ Action Man #2
- ☐ Micronauts #4
- ☐ Rom #1
- ☐ Transformers: Till All Are One #2

### AUGUST

- ☐ Action Man #3
- ☐ Micronauts #5
- ☐ Rom #2
- ☐ Transformers #56
- ☐ Transformers: More Than Meets the Eye #56
- ☐ Transformers: Till All Are One #3

### SEPTEMBER

- ☐ Action Man #4
- ☐ Micronauts #6
- ☐ Rom #3
- ☐ Transformers #57
- ☐ Transformers: More Than Meets The Eye #57
- ☐ Transformers: Till All Are One #4

### OCTOBER

- ☐ Rom #4

## SEPTEMBER

- ☐ **REVOLUTION #1**
  BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG
- ☐ **Rom: REVOLUTION #1**
  GAGE | RYALL | JOSEPH
- ☐ **REVOLUTION #2**
  BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG
- ☐ **M.A.S.K. MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND: REVOLUTION #1**
  EASTON | VARGAS
- ☐ **Micronauts: REVOLUTION #1**
  BUNN | PANDA

## OCTOBER

- ☐ **REVOLUTION #3**
  BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG
- ☐ **G.I. Joe: REVOLUTION #1**
  SITTERSON | MILONOGIANNIS
- ☐ **Transformers: Till All Are One: REVOLUTION #1**
  SCOTT | TSUSHIMA
- ☐ **REVOLUTION #4**
  BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG
- ☐ **Transformers: REVOLUTION #1**
  BARBER | GRIFFITH
- ☐ **Action Man: REVOLUTION #1**
  BARBER | VILLANELLI

## NOVEMBER

- ☐ **TRANSFORMERS: More Than Meets the Eye: REVOLUTION #1**
  ROBERTS | MILNE
- ☐ **REVOLUTION #5**
  BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

Scott | Tsushima | DAI-XT

# REVOLUTION

## TRANSFORMERS: TILL ALL ARE ONE

# REVOLUTION

## TRANSFORMERS: TILL ALL ARE ONE

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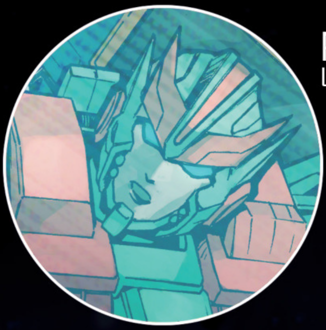
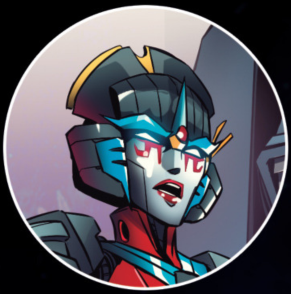
As the Revolution rages on Earth, Windblade—the CitySpeaker who communicates with Titans when no one else can—remains on Cybertron...

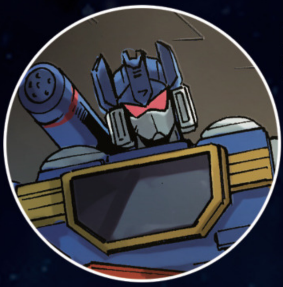
# ROLL CALL



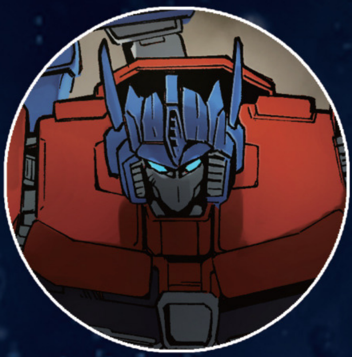
**PYRA MAGNA**
Leader Of The Torchbearers



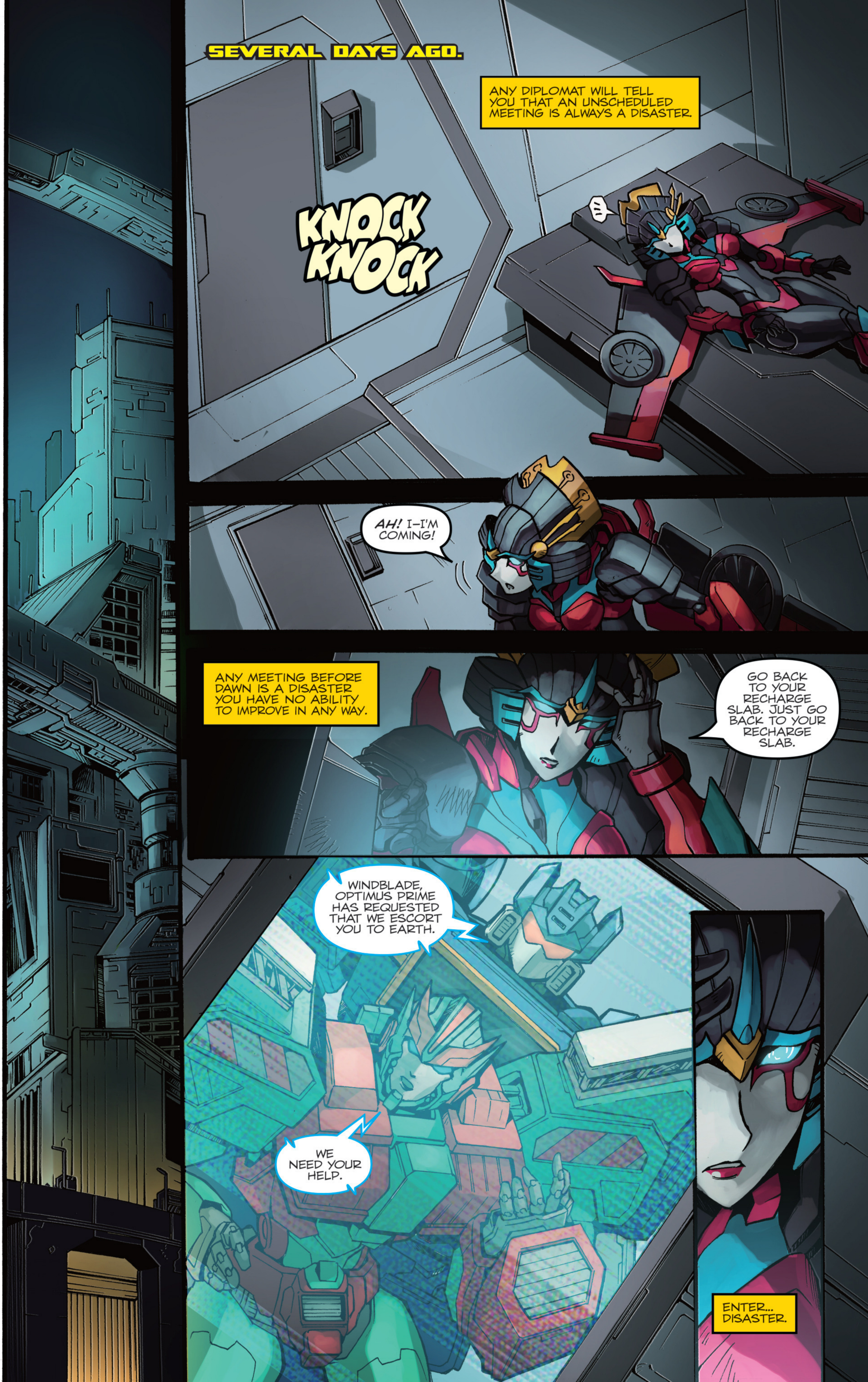
**WINDBLADE**
Camien Delegate

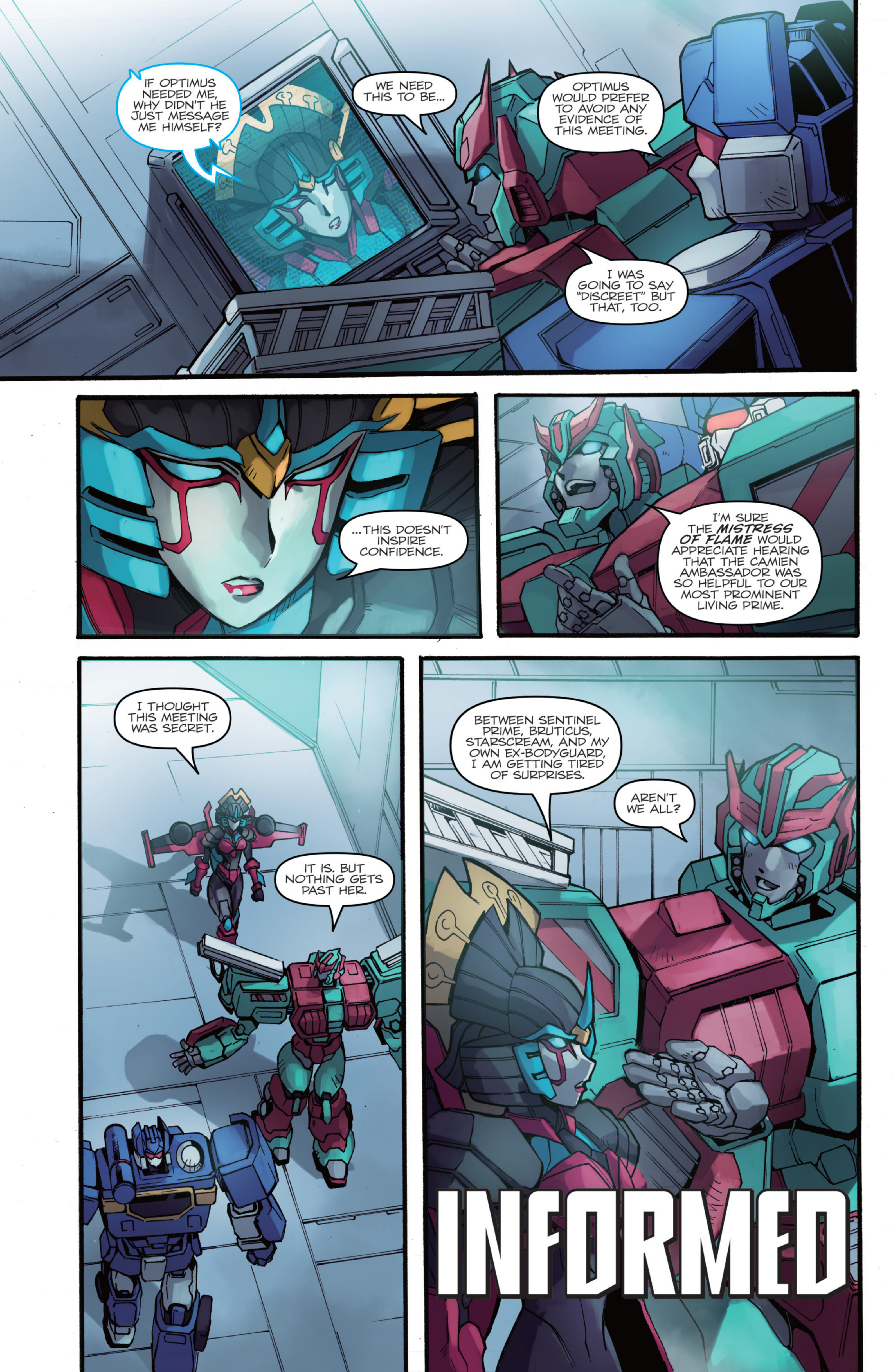


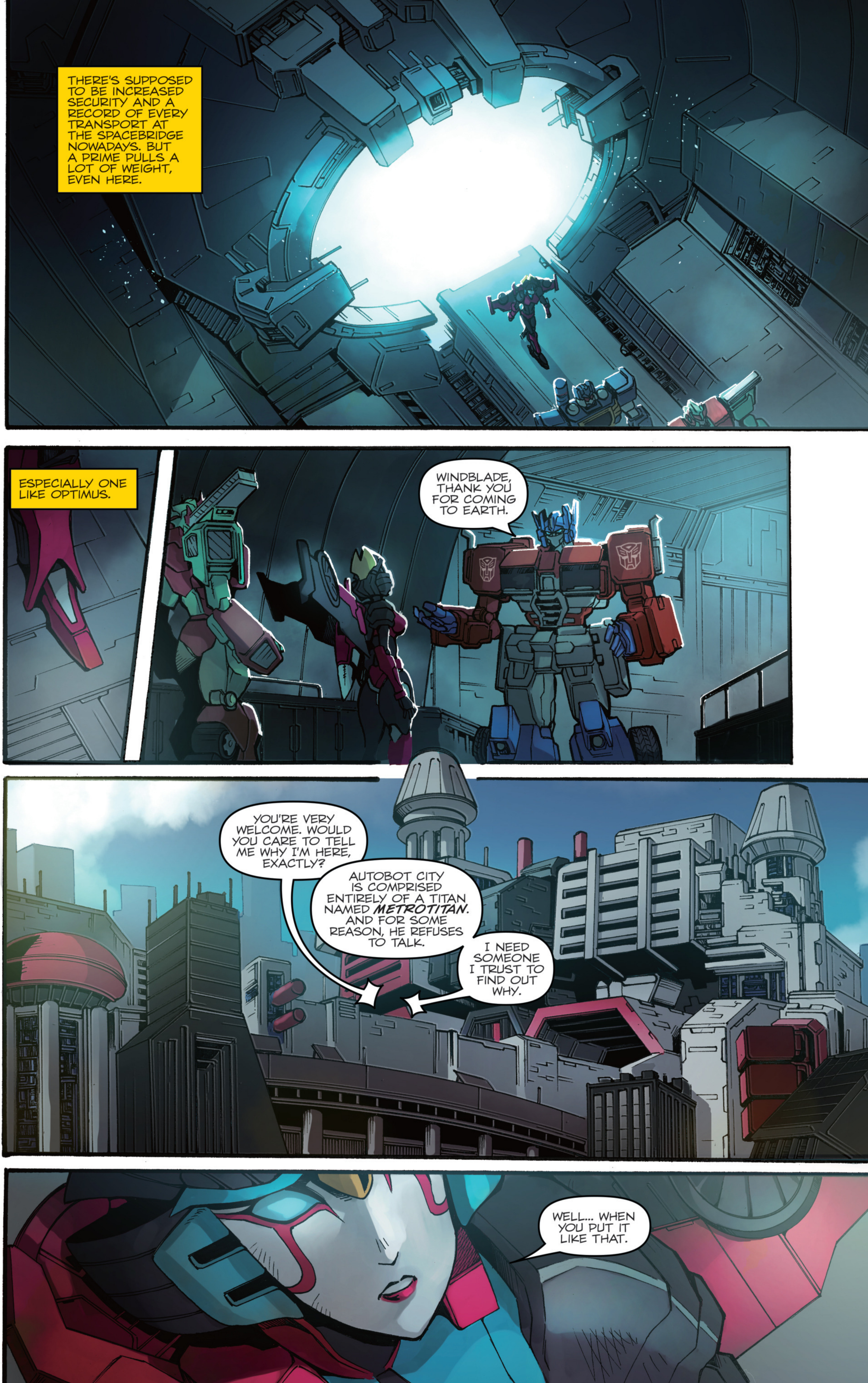
**SOUNDWAVE**
Decepticon Peacemaker

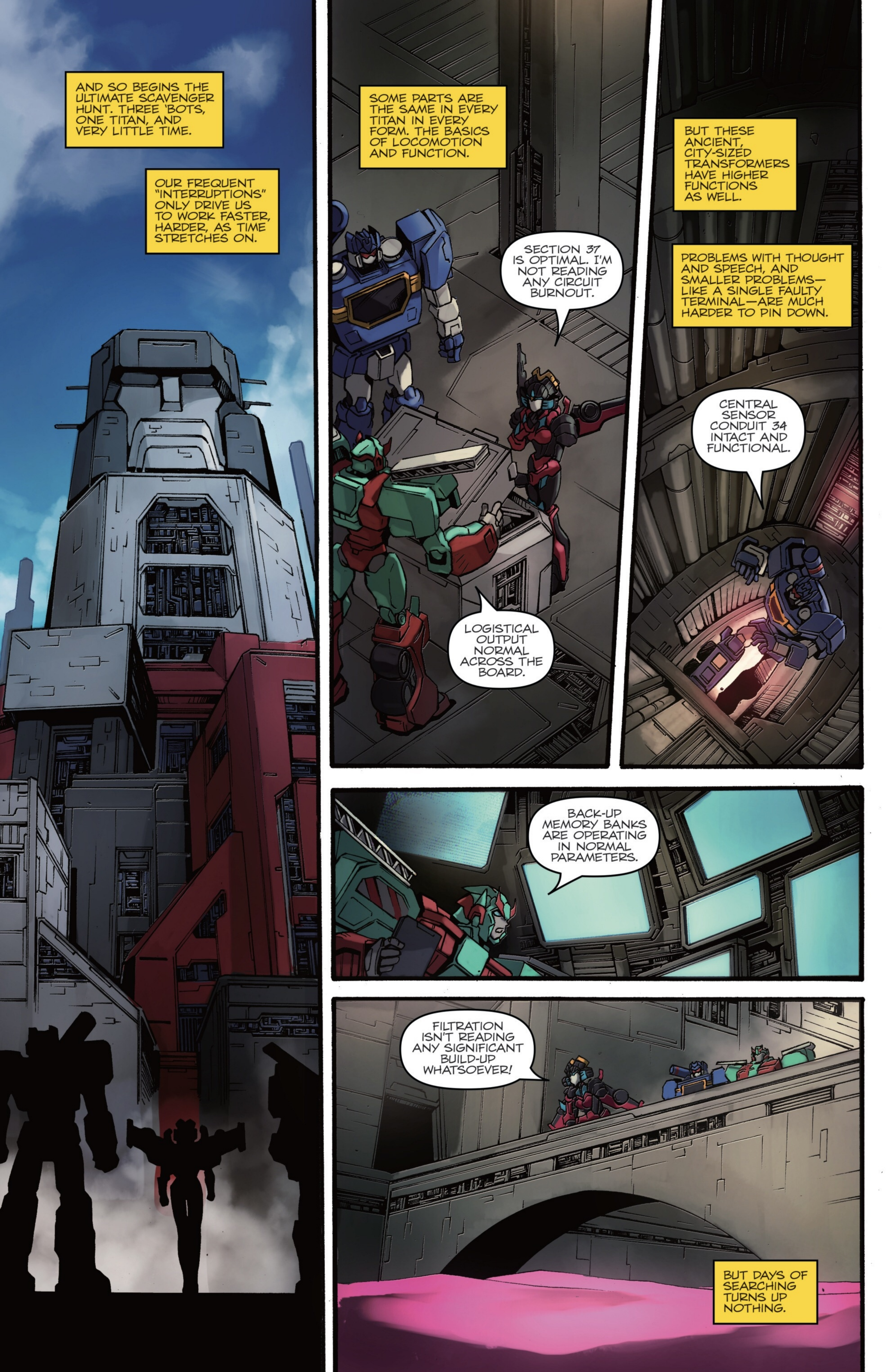


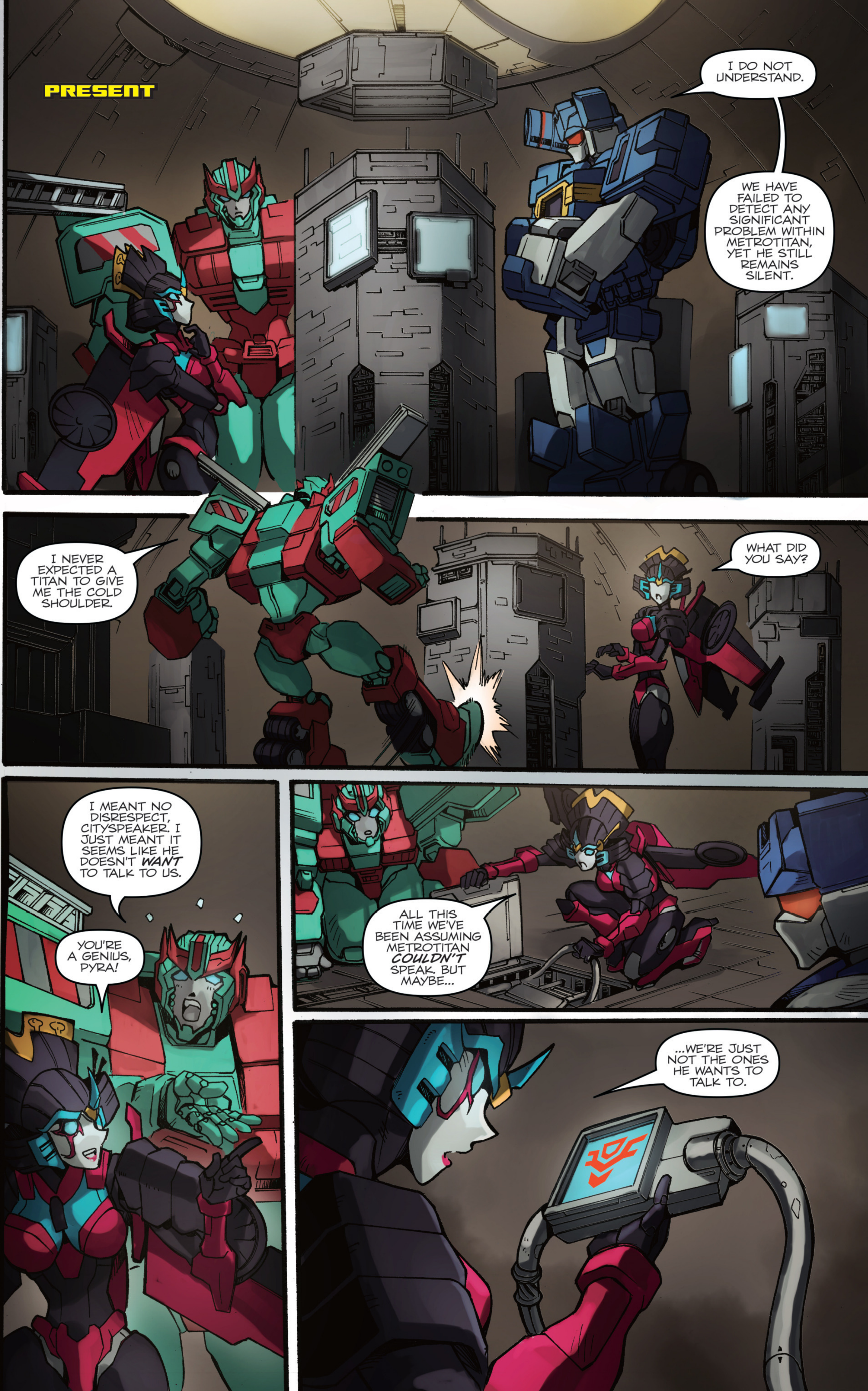
**OPTIMUS PRIME**
The Last True Prime?

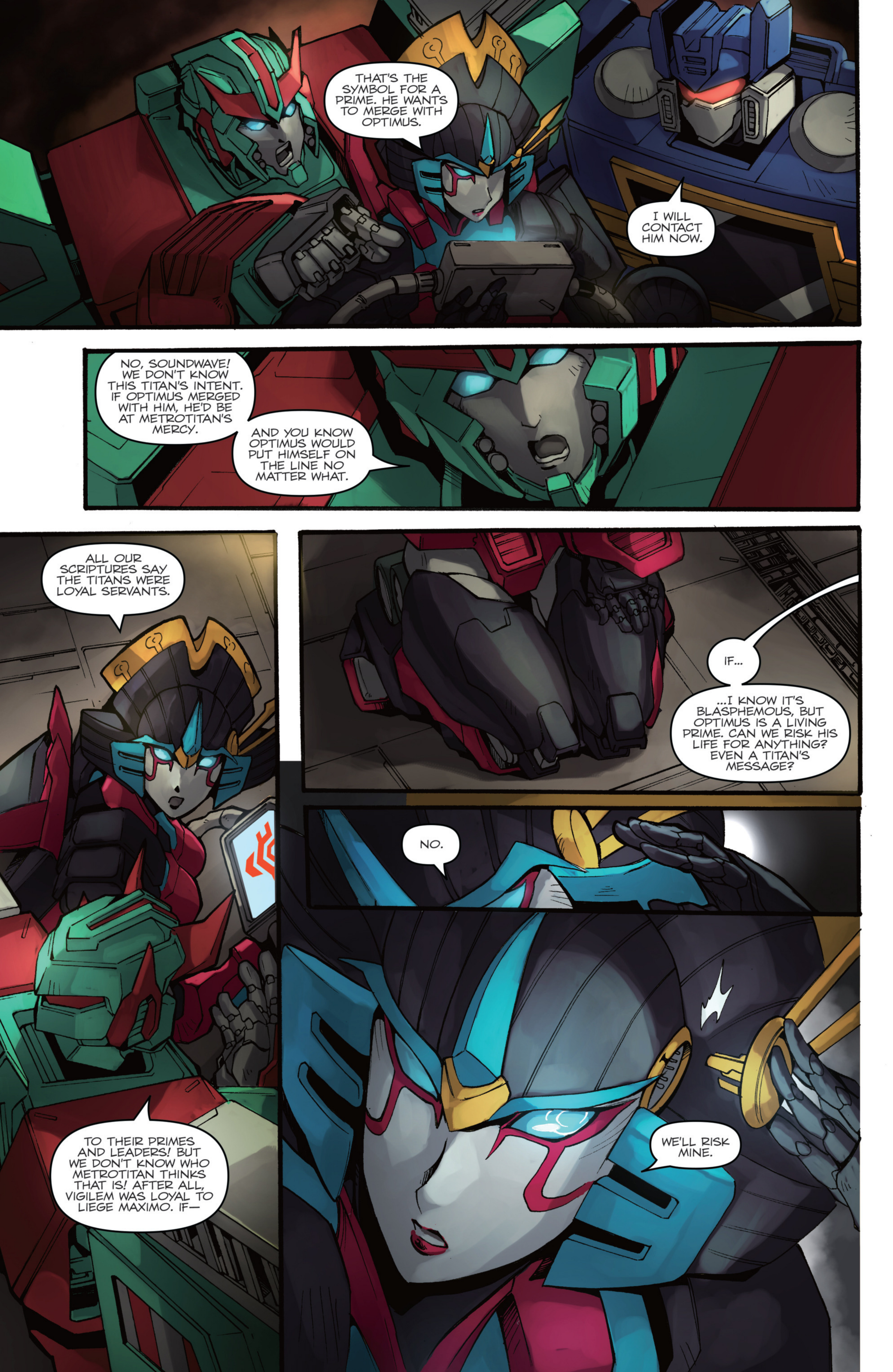

SEVERAL DAYS AGO.
ANY DIPLOMAT WILL TELL YOU THAT AN UNSCHEDULED MEETING IS ALWAYS A DISASTER.
KNOCK KNOCK
!
AH! I-I'M COMING!
ANY MEETING BEFORE DAWN IS A DISASTER YOU HAVE NO ABILITY TO IMPROVE IN ANY WAY.
GO BACK TO YOUR RECHARGE SLAB. JUST GO BACK TO YOUR RECHARGE SLAB.
WINDBLADE, OPTIMUS PRIME HAS REQUESTED THAT WE ESCORT YOU TO EARTH.
WE NEED YOUR HELP.
ENTER... DISASTER.

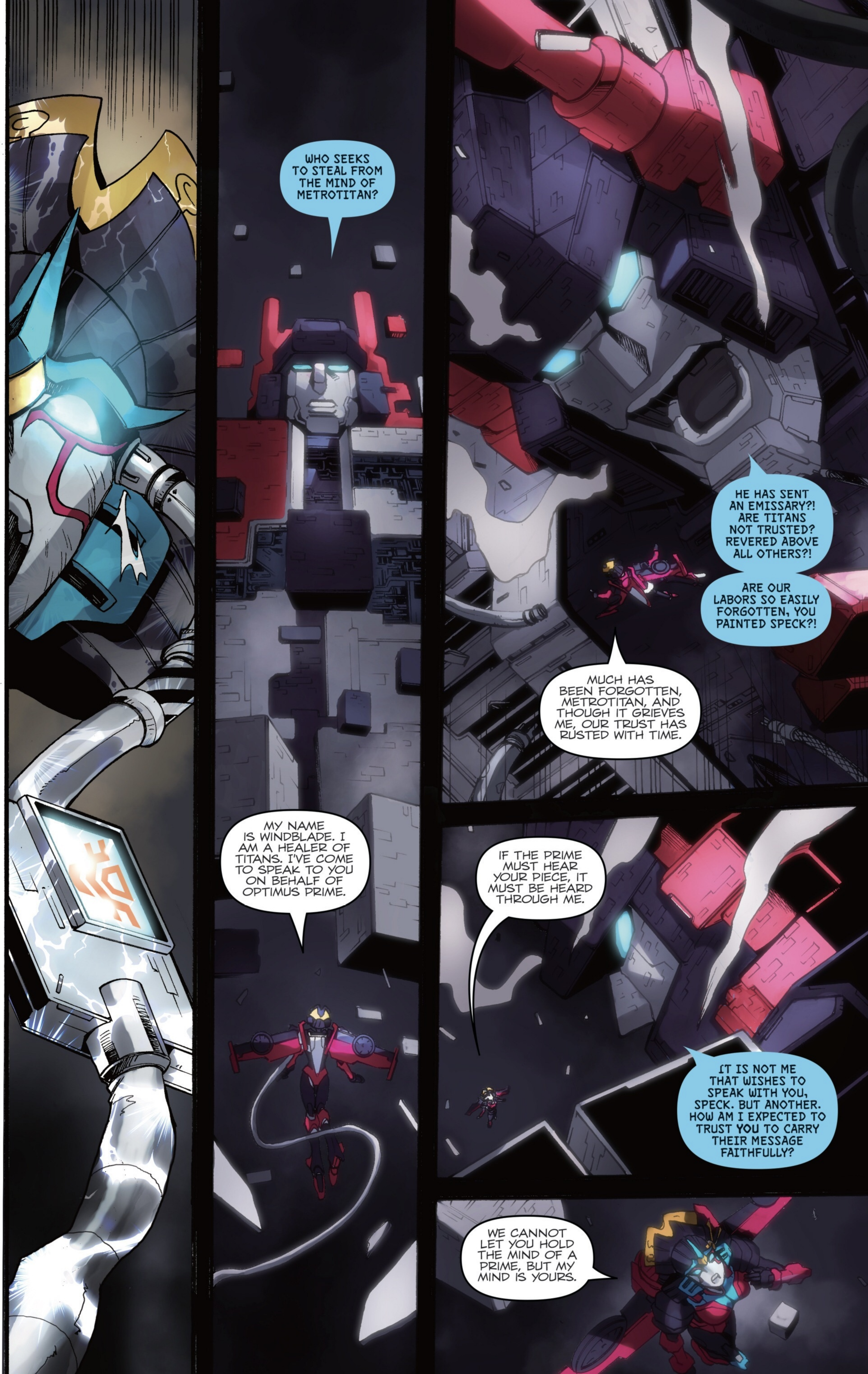

IF OPTIMUS NEEDED ME, WHY DIDN'T HE JUST MESSAGE ME HIMSELF?
WE NEED THIS TO BE...
OPTIMUS WOULD PREFER TO AVOID ANY EVIDENCE OF THIS MEETING.
I WAS GOING TO SAY "DISCREET" BUT THAT, TOO.
...THIS DOESN'T INSPIRE CONFIDENCE.
I'M SURE THE ***MISTRESS OF FLAME*** WOULD APPRECIATE HEARING THAT THE CAMIEN AMBASSADOR WAS SO HELPFUL TO OUR MOST PROMINENT LIVING PRIME.
I THOUGHT THIS MEETING WAS SECRET.
IT IS. BUT NOTHING GETS PAST HER.
BETWEEN SENTINEL PRIME, BRUTICUS, STARSCREAM, AND MY OWN EX-BODYGUARD, I AM GETTING TIRED OF SURPRISES.
AREN'T WE ALL?
INFORMED

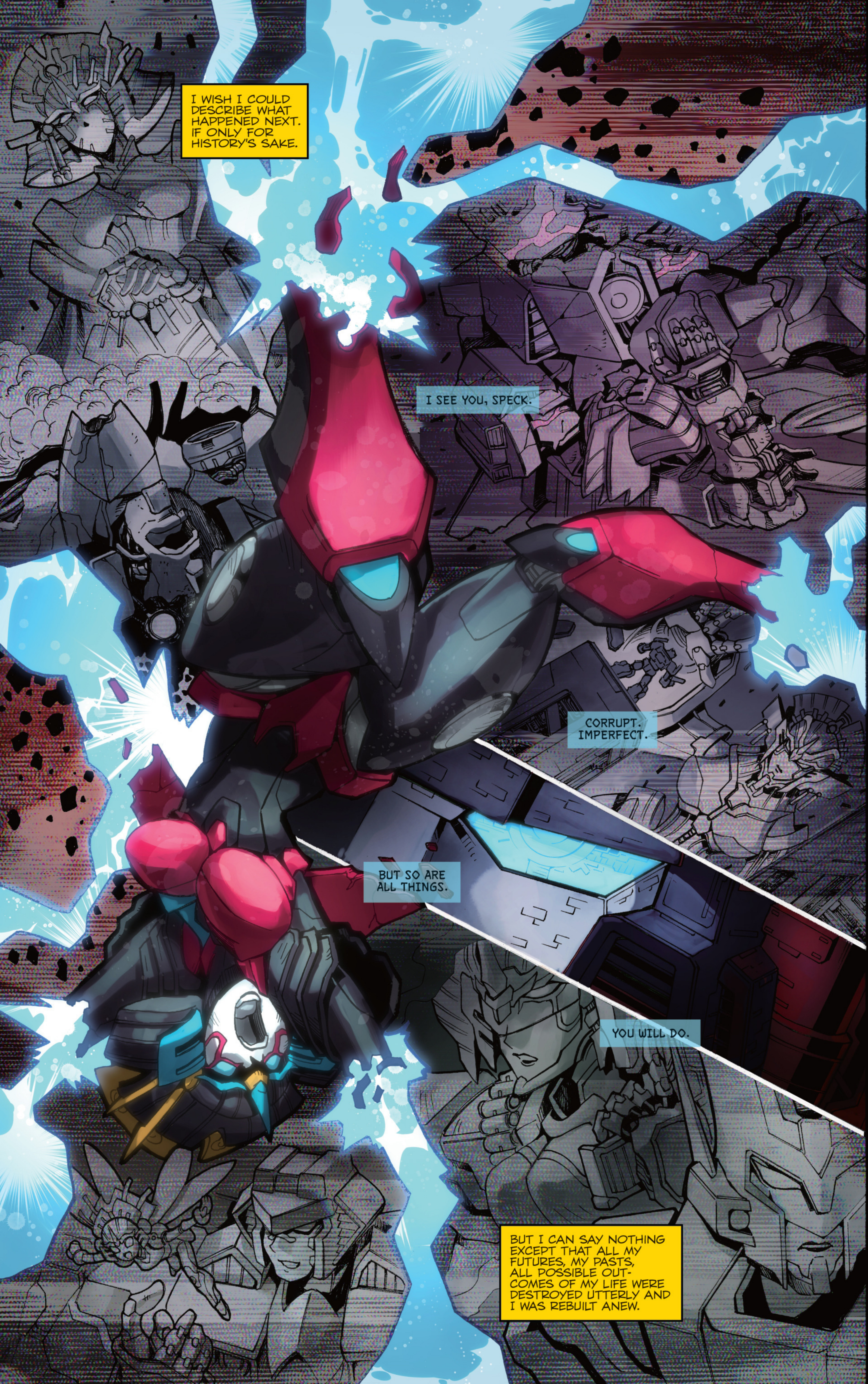

THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE INCREASED SECURITY AND A RECORD OF EVERY TRANSPORT AT THE SPACEBRIDGE NOWADAYS. BUT A PRIME PULLS A LOT OF WEIGHT, EVEN HERE.
ESPECIALLY ONE LIKE OPTIMUS.
WINDBLADE, THANK YOU FOR COMING TO EARTH.
YOU'RE VERY WELCOME. WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL ME WHY I'M HERE, EXACTLY?
AUTOBOT CITY IS COMPRISED ENTIRELY OF A TITAN NAMED ***METROTITAN***. AND FOR SOME REASON, HE REFUSES TO TALK.
I NEED SOMEONE I TRUST TO FIND OUT WHY.
WELL... WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT.

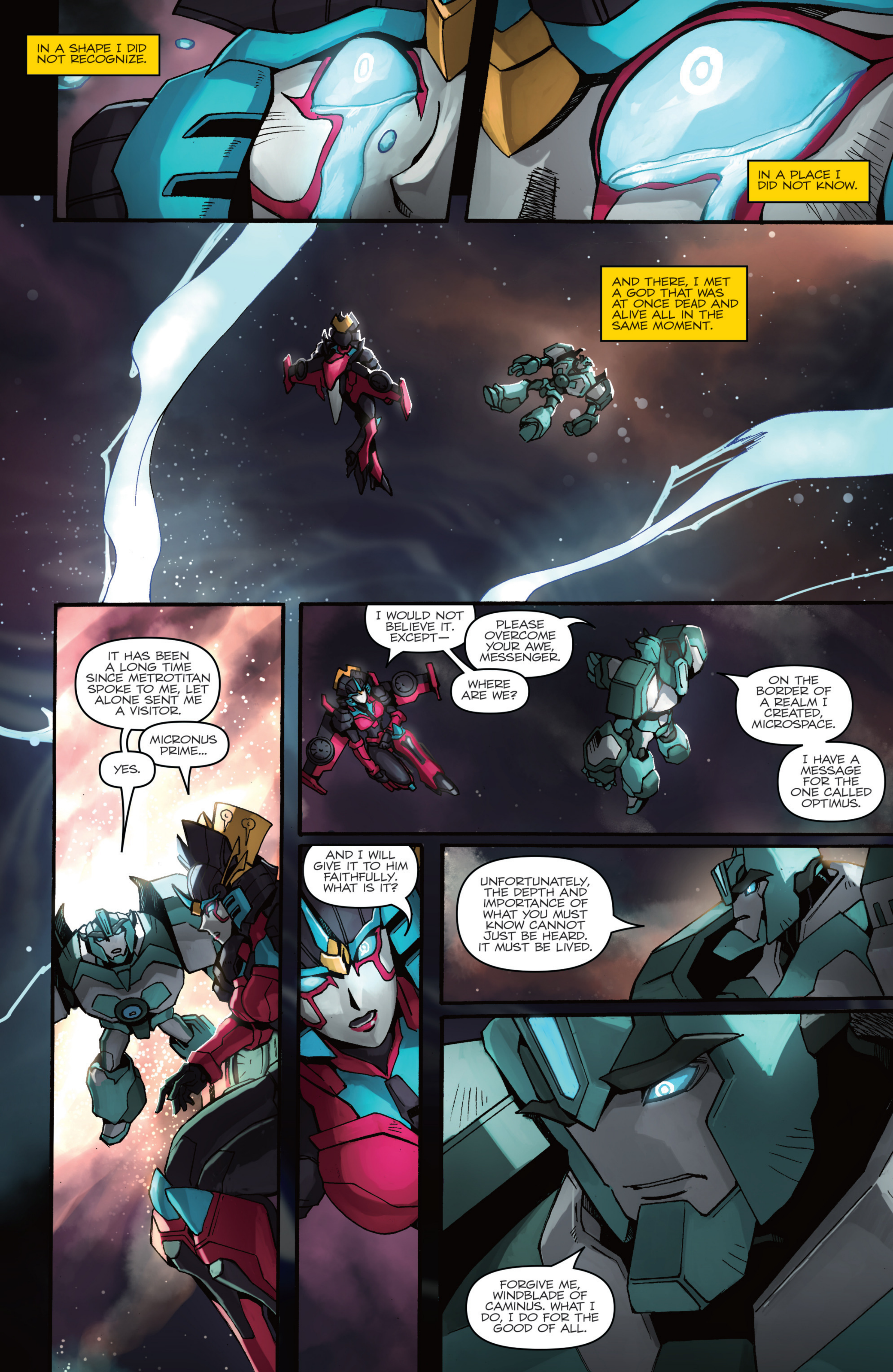

AND SO BEGINS THE ULTIMATE SCAVENGER HUNT. THREE 'BOTS, ONE TITAN, AND VERY LITTLE TIME.
OUR FREQUENT "INTERRUPTIONS" ONLY DRIVE US TO WORK FASTER, HARDER, AS TIME STRETCHES ON.
SOME PARTS ARE THE SAME IN EVERY TITAN IN EVERY FORM. THE BASICS OF LOCOMOTION AND FUNCTION.
SECTION 37 IS OPTIMAL. I'M NOT READING ANY CIRCUIT BURNOUT.
LOGISTICAL OUTPUT NORMAL ACROSS THE BOARD.
BUT THESE ANCIENT, CITY-SIZED TRANSFORMERS HAVE HIGHER FUNCTIONS AS WELL.
PROBLEMS WITH THOUGHT AND SPEECH, AND SMALLER PROBLEMS—LIKE A SINGLE FAULTY TERMINAL—ARE MUCH HARDER TO PIN DOWN.
CENTRAL SENSOR CONDUIT 34 INTACT AND FUNCTIONAL.
BACK-UP MEMORY BANKS ARE OPERATING IN NORMAL PARAMETERS.
FILTRATION ISN'T READING ANY SIGNIFICANT BUILD-UP WHATSOEVER!
BUT DAYS OF SEARCHING TURNS UP NOTHING.

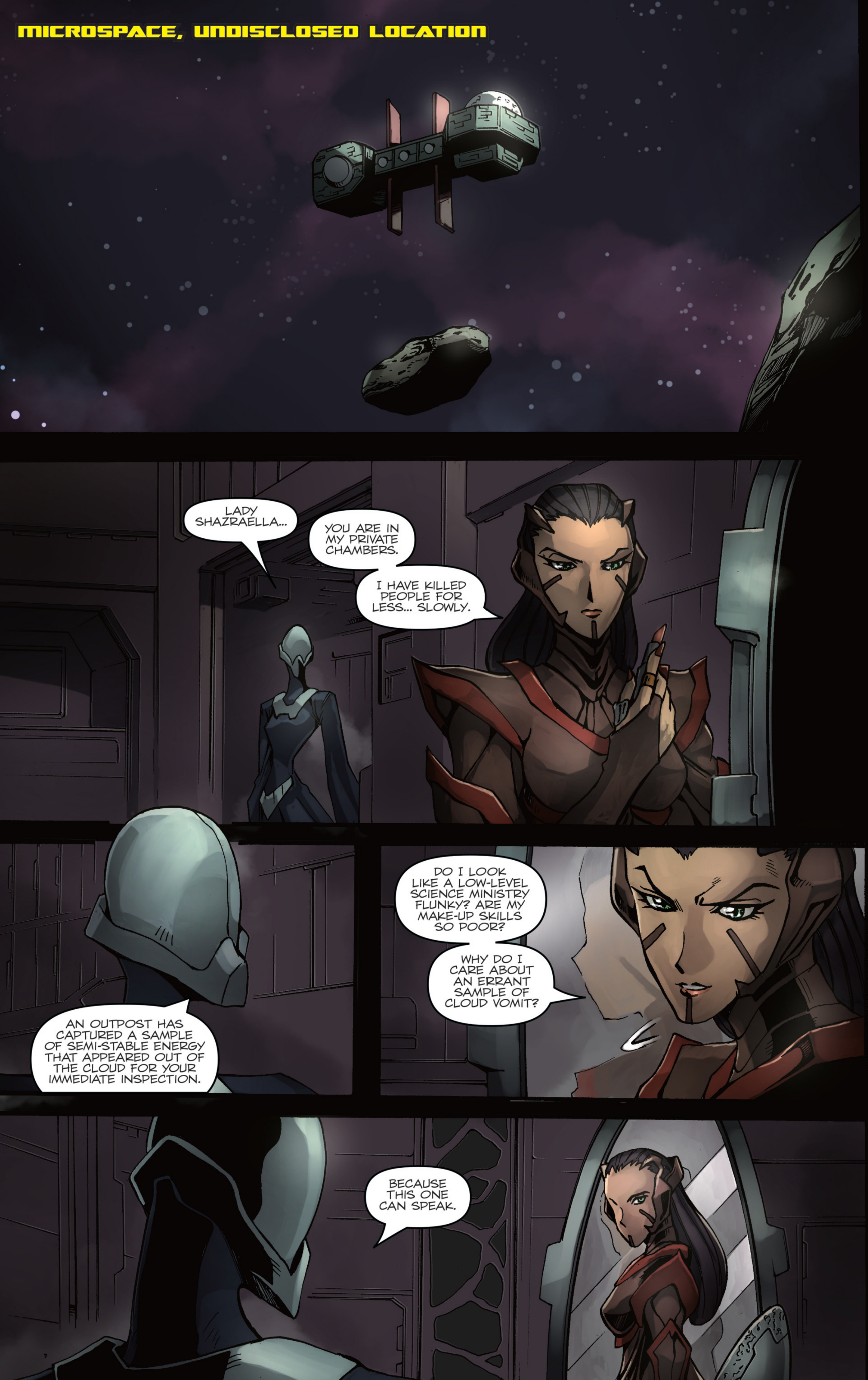

PRESENT
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
WE HAVE FAILED TO DETECT ANY SIGNIFICANT PROBLEM WITHIN METROTITAN, YET HE STILL REMAINS SILENT.
I NEVER EXPECTED A TITAN TO GIVE ME THE COLD SHOULDER.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I MEANT NO DISRESPECT, CITYSPEAKER. I JUST MEANT IT SEEMS LIKE HE DOESN'T *WANT* TO TALK TO US.
YOU'RE A GENIUS, PYRA!
ALL THIS TIME WE'VE BEEN ASSUMING METROTITAN *COULDN'T* SPEAK. BUT MAYBE...
...WE'RE JUST NOT THE ONES HE WANTS TO TALK TO.

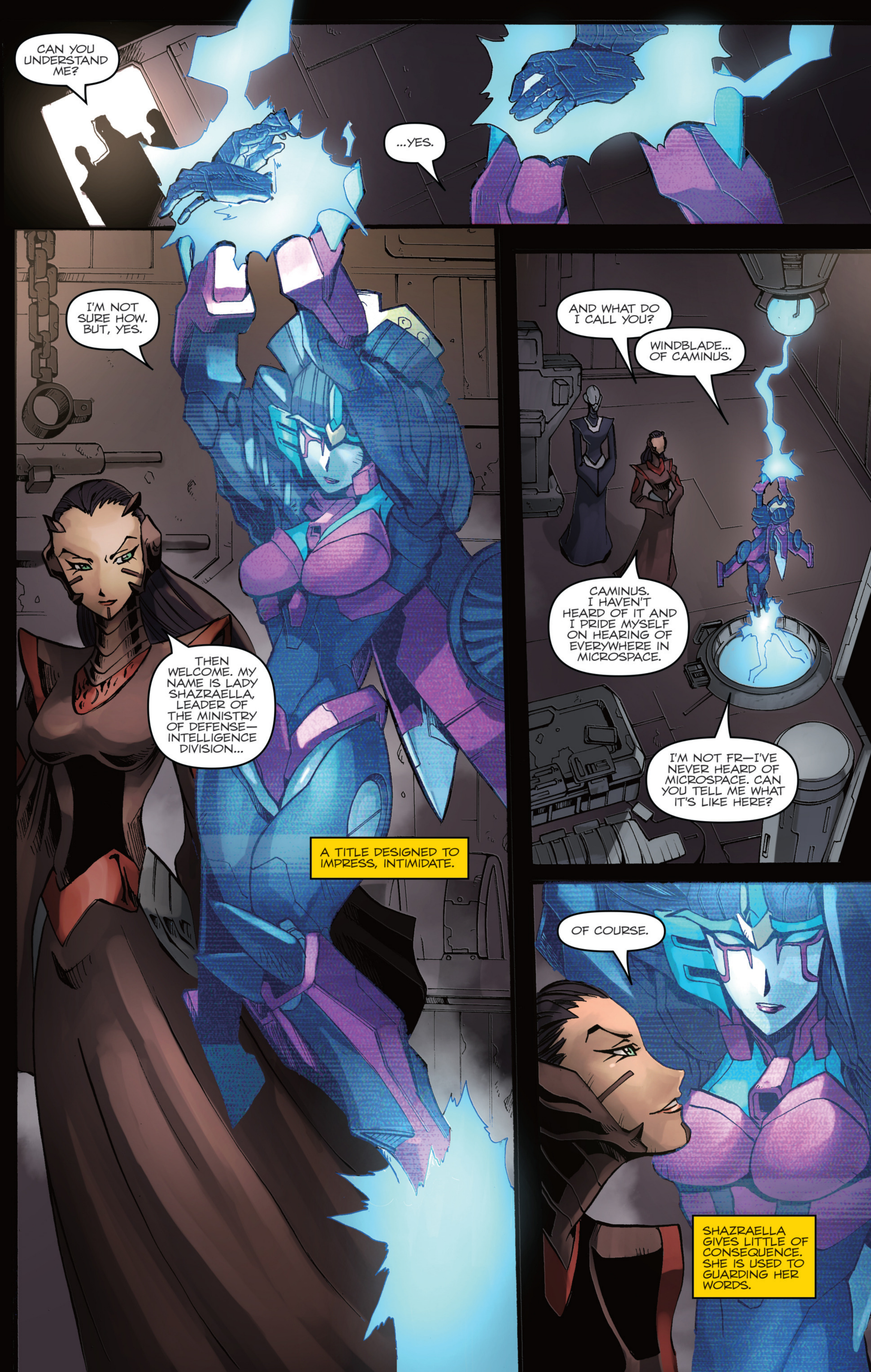

THAT'S THE SYMBOL FOR A PRIME. HE WANTS TO MERGE WITH OPTIMUS.
I WILL CONTACT HIM NOW.
NO, SOUNDWAVE! WE DON'T KNOW THIS TITAN'S INTENT. IF OPTIMUS MERGED WITH HIM, HE'D BE AT METROTITAN'S MERCY.
AND YOU KNOW OPTIMUS WOULD PUT HIMSELF ON THE LINE NO MATTER WHAT.
ALL OUR SCRIPTURES SAY THE TITANS WERE LOYAL SERVANTS.
TO THEIR PRIMES AND LEADERS! BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHO METROTITAN THINKS THAT IS! AFTER ALL, VIGILEM WAS LOYAL TO LIEGE MAXIMO. IF—
IF...
...I KNOW IT'S BLASPHEMOUS, BUT OPTIMUS IS A LIVING PRIME. CAN WE RISK HIS LIFE FOR ANYTHING? EVEN A TITAN'S MESSAGE?
NO.
WE'LL RISK MINE.

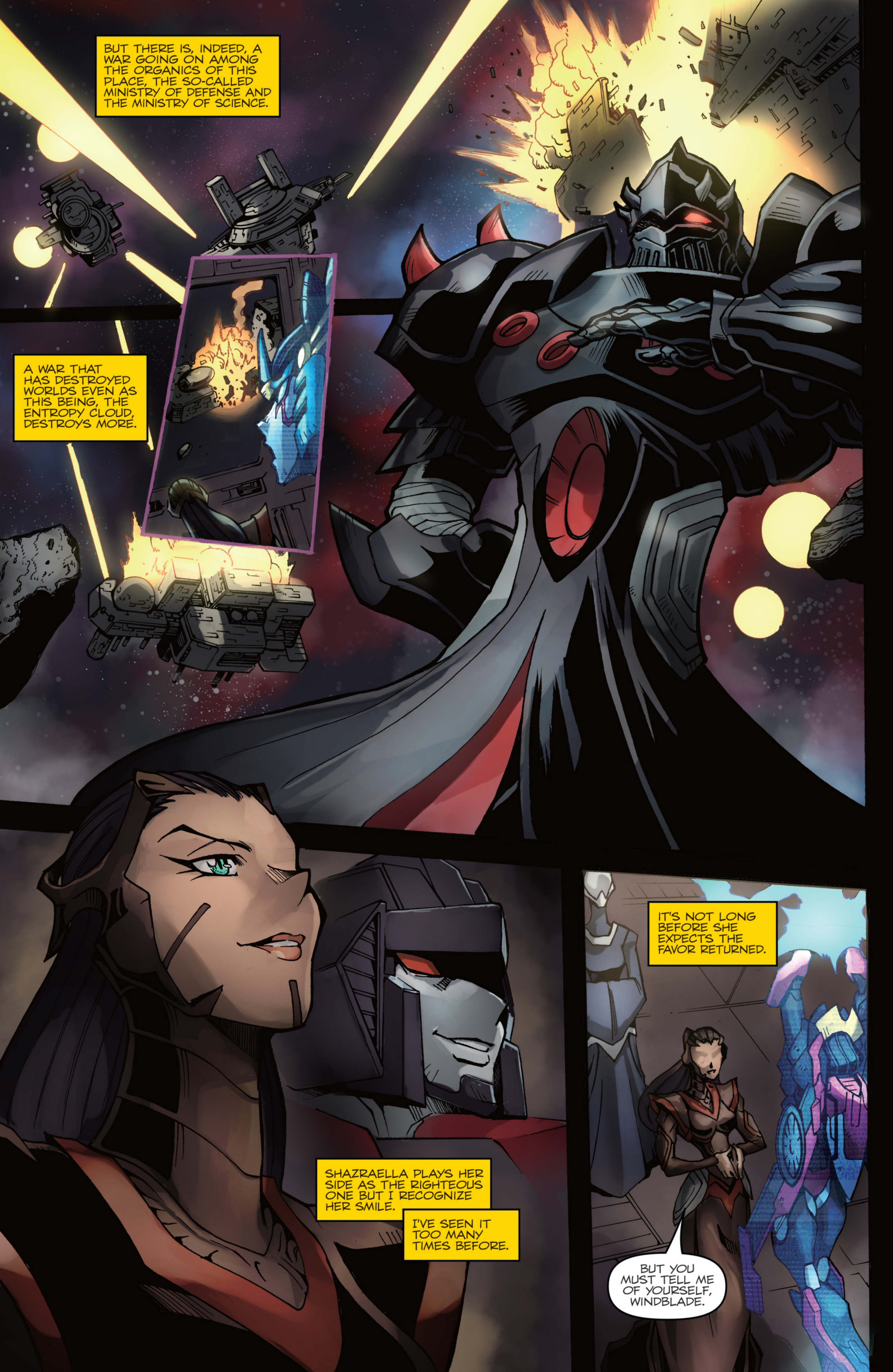

WHO SEEKS TO STEAL FROM THE MIND OF METROTITAN?
MY NAME IS WINDBLADE. I AM A HEALER OF TITANS. I'VE COME TO SPEAK TO YOU ON BEHALF OF OPTIMUS PRIME.
HE HAS SENT AN EMISSARY?! ARE TITANS NOT TRUSTED? REVERED ABOVE ALL OTHERS?!
ARE OUR LABORS SO EASILY FORGOTTEN, YOU PAINTED SPECK?!
MUCH HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN, METROTITAN, AND THOUGH IT GRIEVES ME, OUR TRUST HAS RUSTED WITH TIME.
IF THE PRIME MUST HEAR YOUR PIECE, IT MUST BE HEARD THROUGH ME.
IT IS NOT ME THAT WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU, SPECK. BUT ANOTHER. HOW AM I EXPECTED TO TRUST YOU TO CARRY THEIR MESSAGE FAITHFULLY?
WE CANNOT LET YOU HOLD THE MIND OF A PRIME, BUT MY MIND IS YOURS.

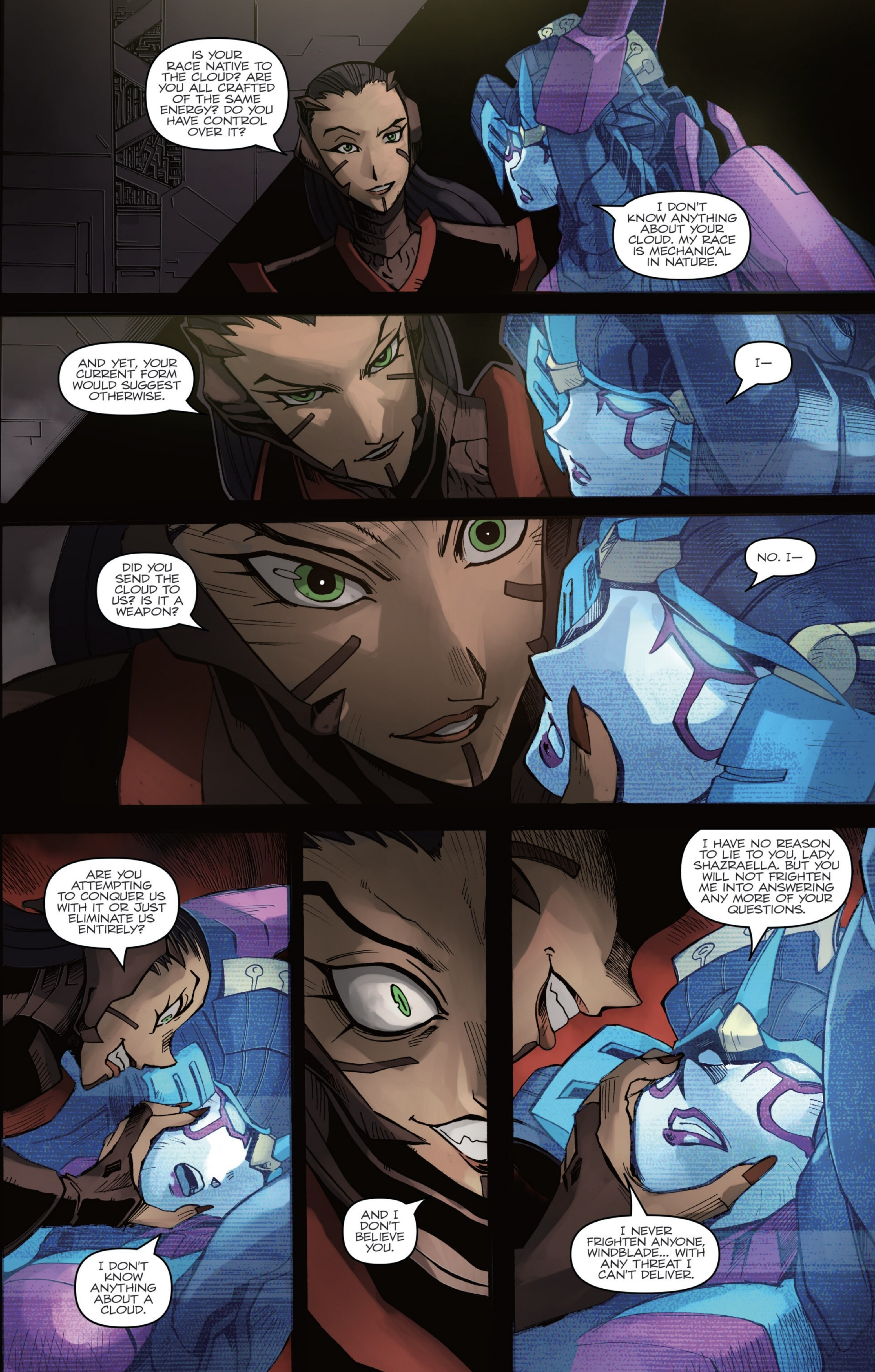

I WISH I COULD DESCRIBE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. IF ONLY FOR HISTORY'S SAKE.
I SEE YOU, SPECK.
CORRUPT. IMPERFECT.
BUT SO ARE ALL THINGS.
YOU WILL DO.
BUT I CAN SAY NOTHING EXCEPT THAT ALL MY FUTURES, MY PASTS, ALL POSSIBLE OUTCOMES OF MY LIFE WERE DESTROYED UTTERLY AND I WAS REBUILT ANEW.

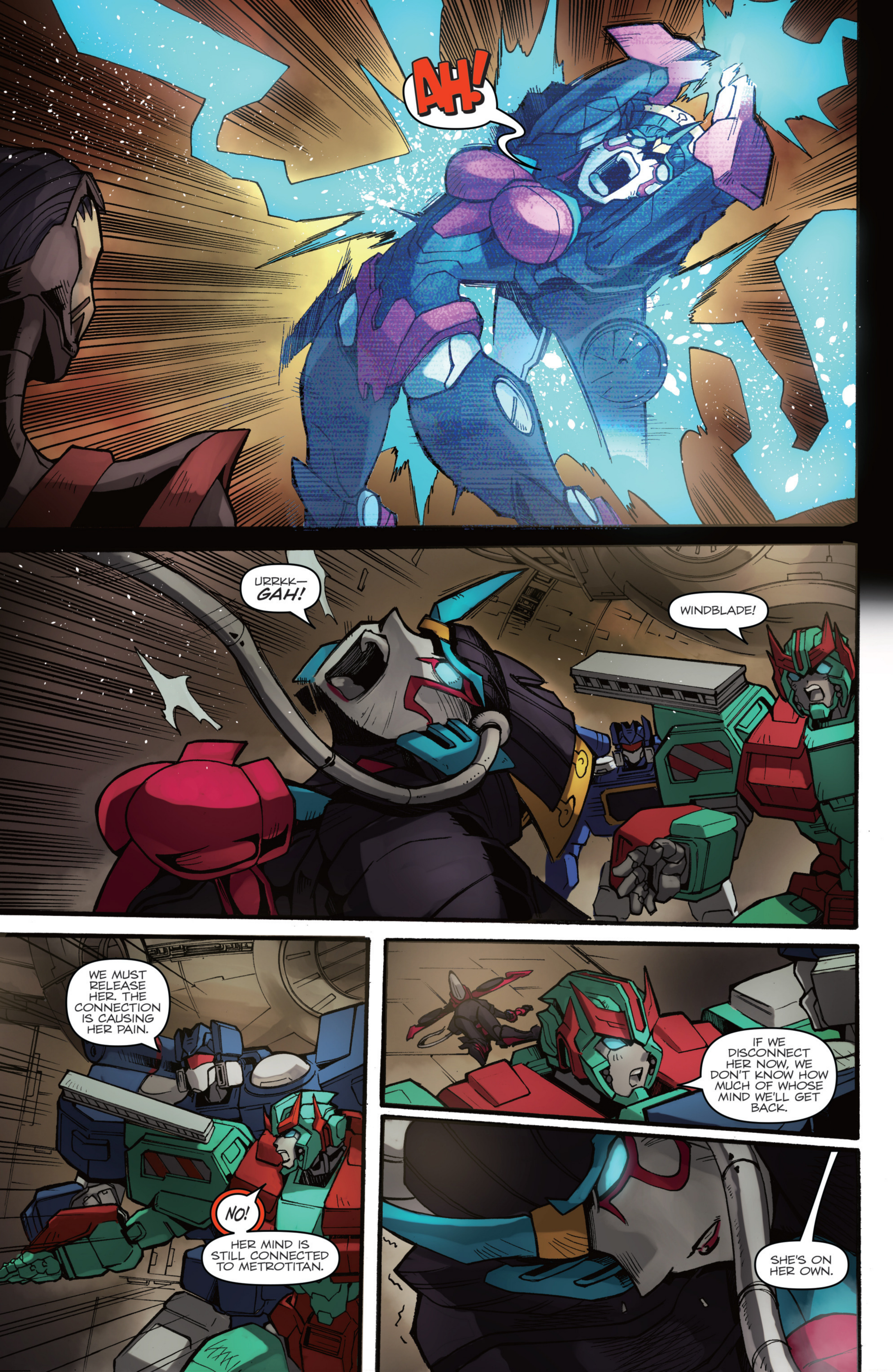

IN A SHAPE I DID NOT RECOGNIZE.
IN A PLACE I DID NOT KNOW.
AND THERE, I MET A GOD THAT WAS AT ONCE DEAD AND ALIVE ALL IN THE SAME MOMENT.
IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE METROTITAN SPOKE TO ME, LET ALONE SENT ME A VISITOR.
MICRONUS PRIME...
YES.
I WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT. EXCEPT—
PLEASE OVERCOME YOUR AWE, MESSENGER.
WHERE ARE WE?
ON THE BORDER OF A REALM I CREATED, MICROSPACE.
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR THE ONE CALLED OPTIMUS.
AND I WILL GIVE IT TO HIM FAITHFULLY. WHAT IS IT?
UNFORTUNATELY, THE DEPTH AND IMPORTANCE OF WHAT YOU MUST KNOW CANNOT JUST BE HEARD. IT MUST BE LIVED.
FORGIVE ME, WINDBLADE OF CAMINUS. WHAT I DO, I DO FOR THE GOOD OF ALL.

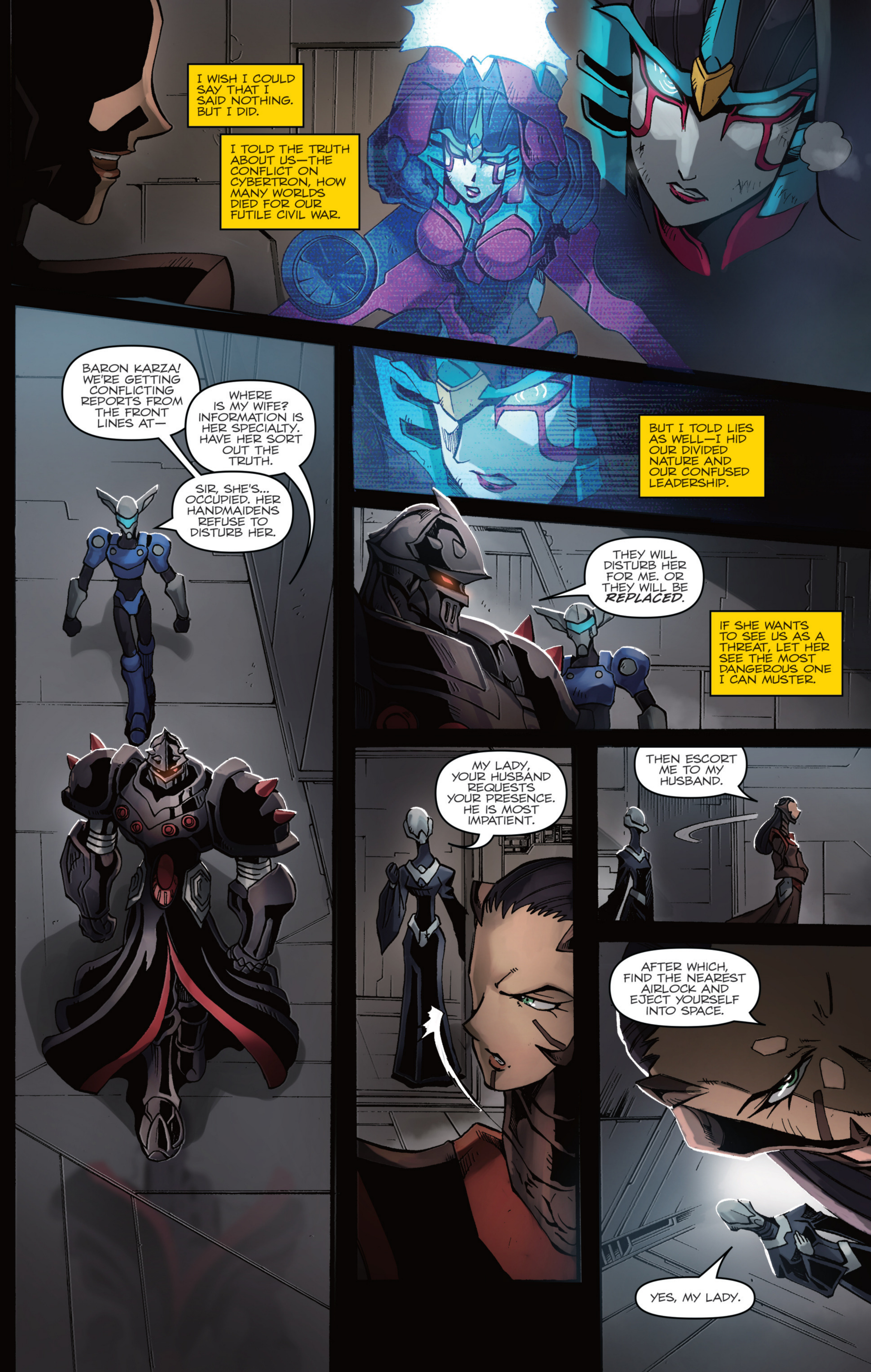

MICROSPACE, UNDISCLOSED LOCATION
LADY SHAZRAELLA...
YOU ARE IN MY PRIVATE CHAMBERS.
I HAVE KILLED PEOPLE FOR LESS... SLOWLY.
AN OUTPOST HAS CAPTURED A SAMPLE OF SEMI-STABLE ENERGY THAT APPEARED OUT OF THE CLOUD FOR YOUR IMMEDIATE INSPECTION.
DO I LOOK LIKE A LOW-LEVEL SCIENCE MINISTRY FLUNKY? ARE MY MAKE-UP SKILLS SO POOR?
WHY DO I CARE ABOUT AN ERRANT SAMPLE OF CLOUD VOMIT?
BECAUSE THIS ONE CAN SPEAK.

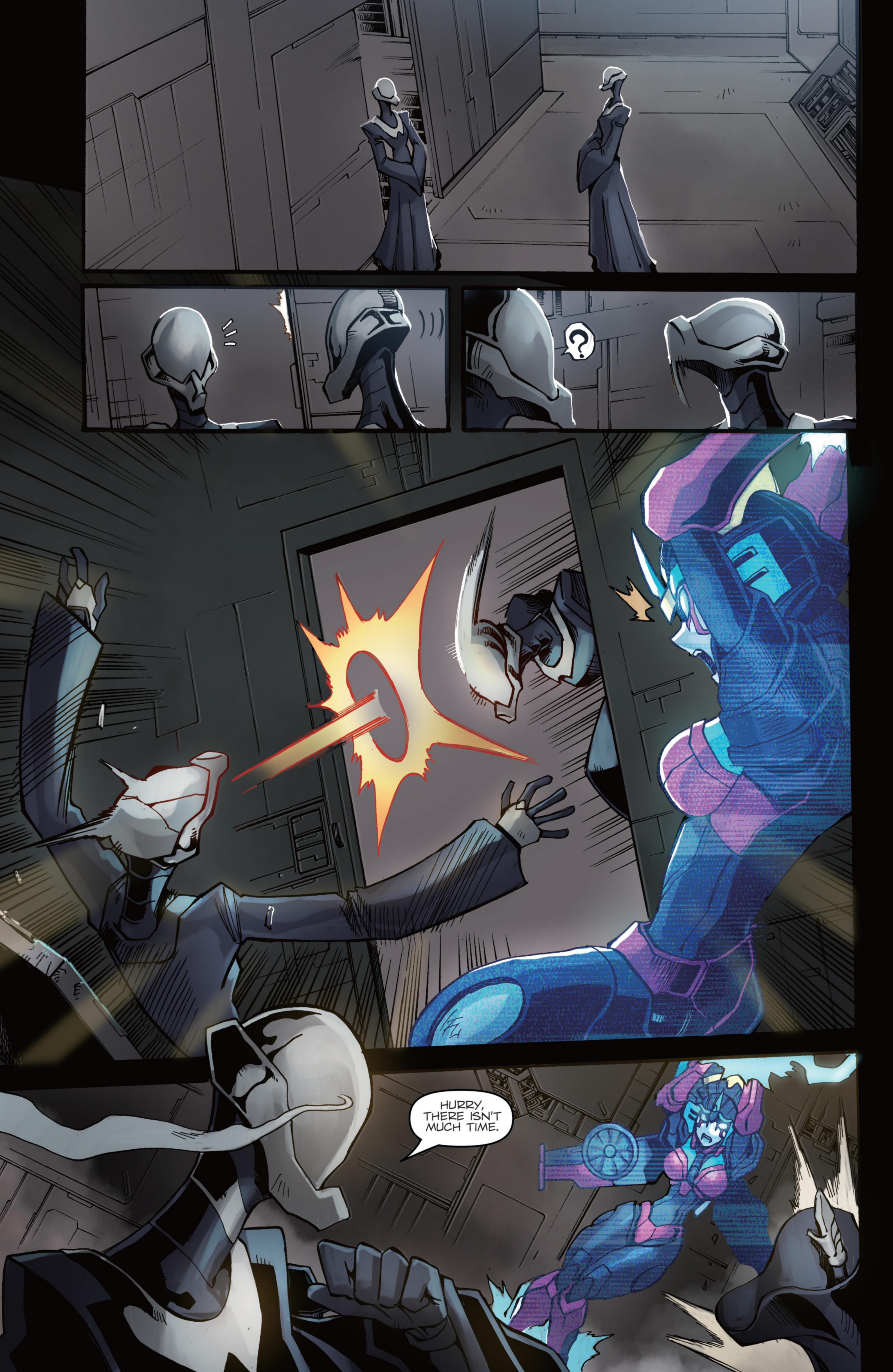

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
...YES.
I'M NOT SURE HOW. BUT, YES.
THEN WELCOME. MY NAME IS LADY SHAZRAELLA, LEADER OF THE MINISTRY OF DEFENSE—INTELLIGENCE DIVISION...
A TITLE DESIGNED TO IMPRESS, INTIMIDATE.
AND WHAT DO I CALL YOU?
WINDBLADE... OF CAMINUS.
CAMINUS. I HAVEN'T HEARD OF IT AND I PRIDE MYSELF ON HEARING OF EVERYWHERE IN MICROSPACE.
I'M NOT FR—I'VE NEVER HEARD OF MICROSPACE. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT'S LIKE HERE?
OF COURSE.
SHAZRAELLA GIVES LITTLE OF CONSEQUENCE. SHE IS USED TO GUARDING HER WORDS.

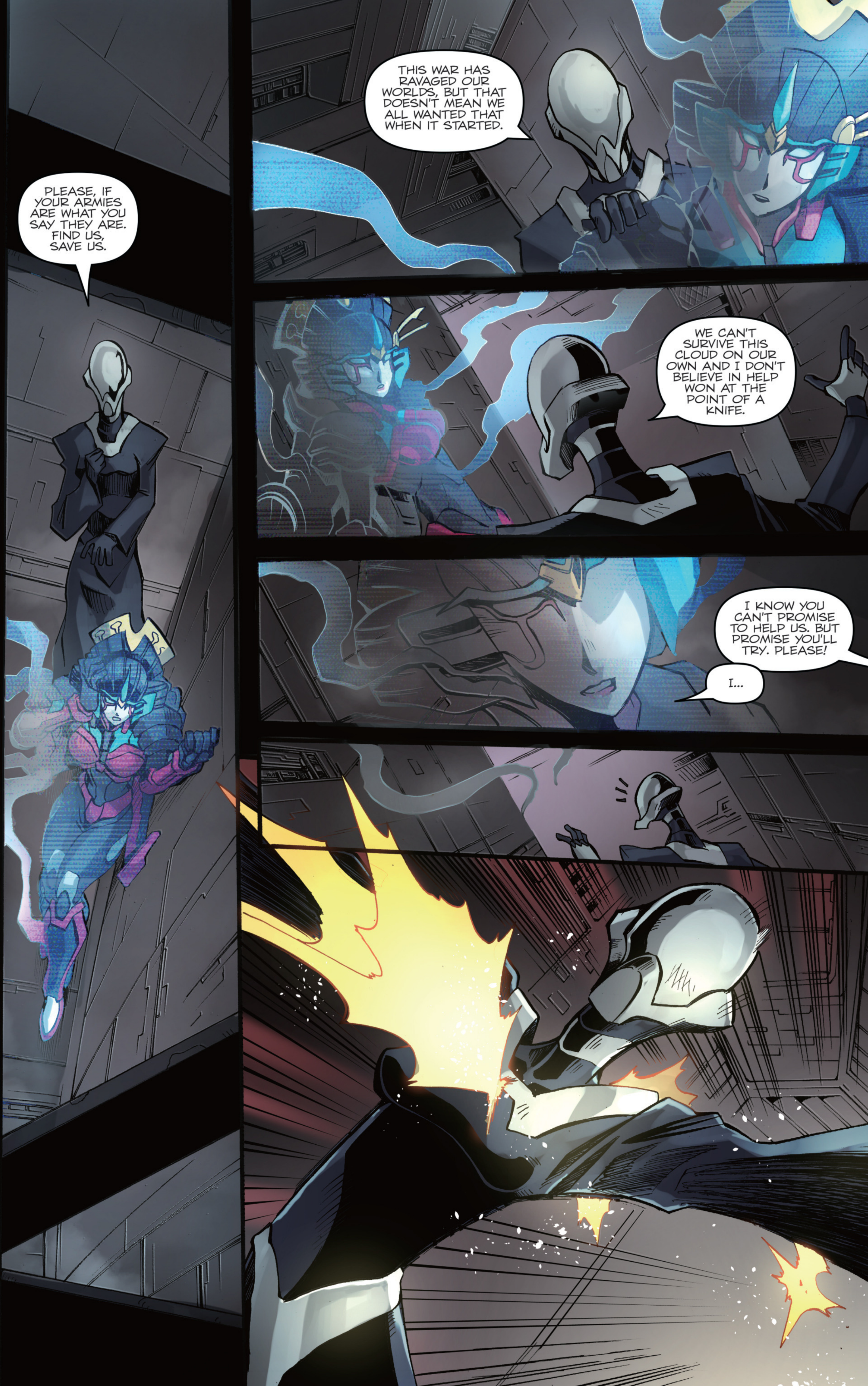

BUT THERE IS, INDEED, A WAR GOING ON AMONG THE ORGANICS OF THIS PLACE, THE SO-CALLED MINISTRY OF DEFENSE AND THE MINISTRY OF SCIENCE.
A WAR THAT HAS DESTROYED WORLDS EVEN AS THIS BEING, THE ENTROPY CLOUD, DESTROYS MORE.
SHAZRAELLA PLAYS HER SIDE AS THE RIGHTEOUS ONE BUT I RECOGNIZE HER SMILE.
I'VE SEEN IT TOO MANY TIMES BEFORE.
IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE SHE EXPECTS THE FAVOR RETURNED.
BUT YOU MUST TELL ME OF YOURSELF, WINDBLADE.

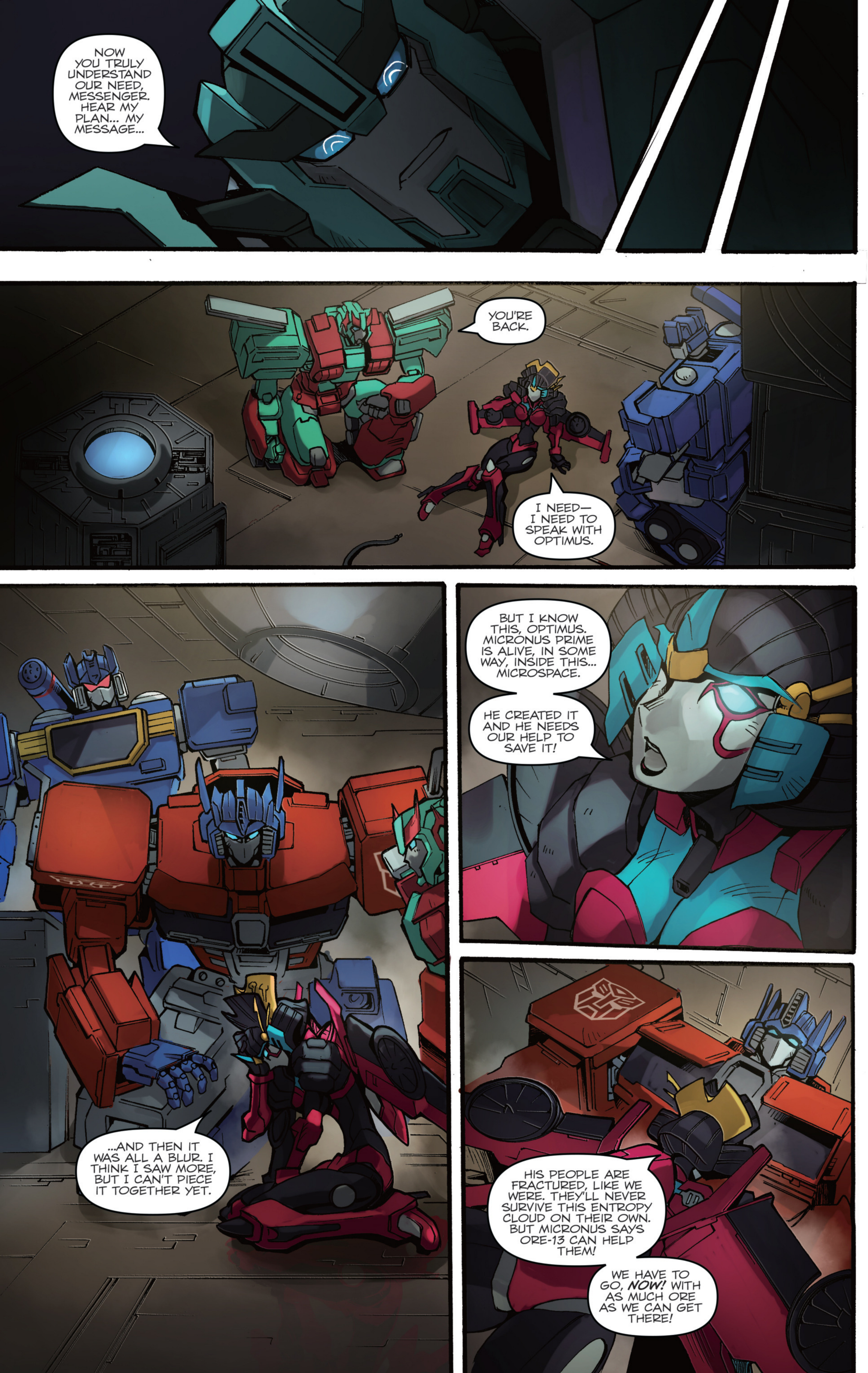

IS YOUR RACE NATIVE TO THE CLOUD? ARE YOU ALL CRAFTED OF THE SAME ENERGY? DO YOU HAVE CONTROL OVER IT?
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR CLOUD. MY RACE IS MECHANICAL IN NATURE.
AND YET, YOUR CURRENT FORM WOULD SUGGEST OTHERWISE.
I—
DID YOU SEND THE CLOUD TO US? IS IT A WEAPON?
NO. I—
ARE YOU ATTEMPTING TO CONQUER US WITH IT OR JUST ELIMINATE US ENTIRELY?
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A CLOUD.
AND I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.
I HAVE NO REASON TO LIE TO YOU, LADY SHAZRAELLA. BUT YOU WILL NOT FRIGHTEN ME INTO ANSWERING ANY MORE OF YOUR QUESTIONS.
I NEVER FRIGHTEN ANYONE, WINDBLADE... WITH ANY THREAT I CAN'T DELIVER.

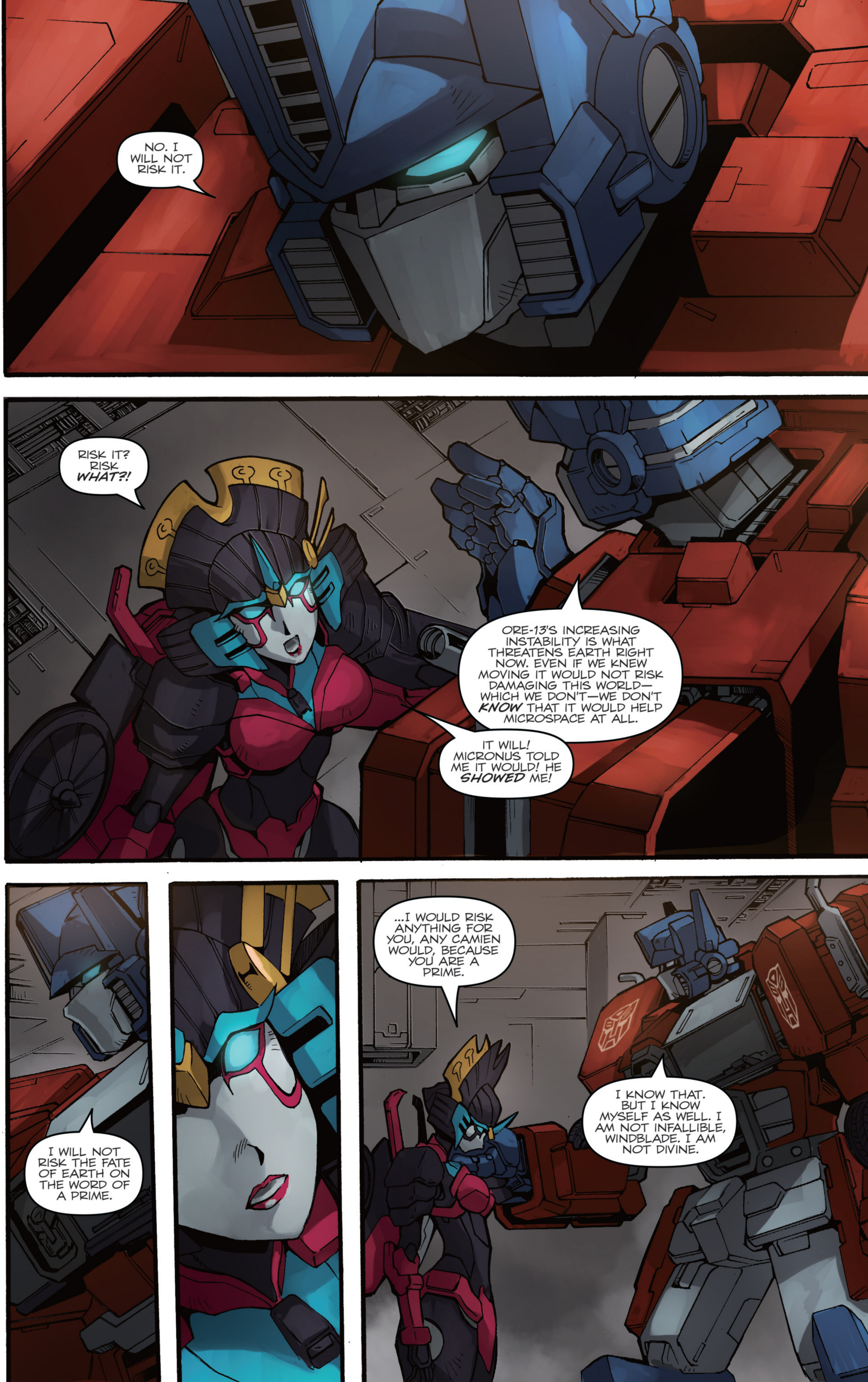

AH!
URRKK—GAH!
WINDBLADE!
WE MUST RELEASE HER. THE CONNECTION IS CAUSING HER PAIN.
NO!
HER MIND IS STILL CONNECTED TO METROTITAN.
IF WE DISCONNECT HER NOW, WE DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH OF WHOSE MIND WE'LL GET BACK.
SHE'S ON HER OWN.

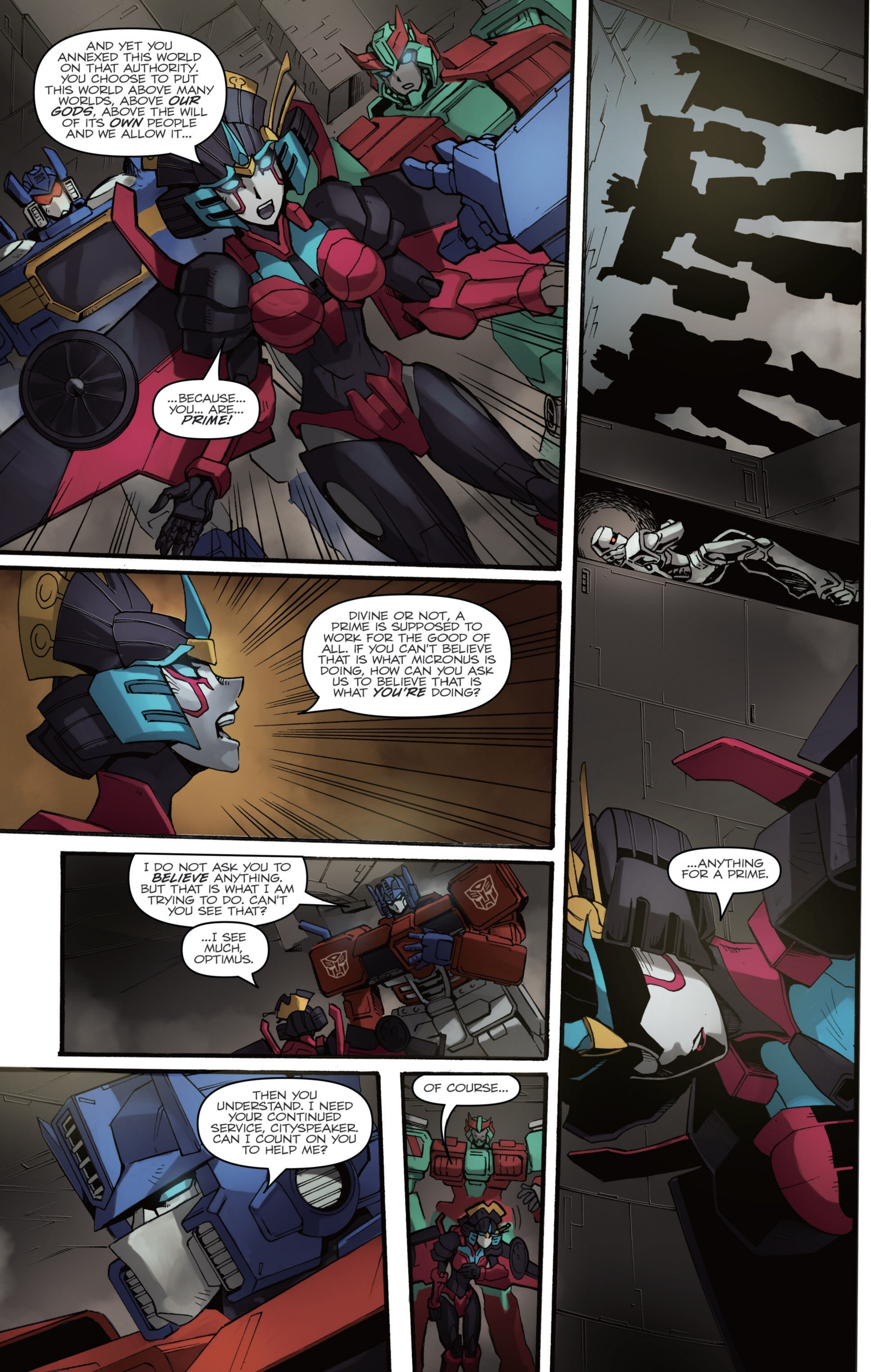

I WISH I COULD SAY THAT I SAID NOTHING. BUT I DID.
I TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT US—THE CONFLICT ON CYBERTRON, HOW MANY WORLDS DIED FOR OUR FUTILE CIVIL WAR.
BARON KARZA! WE'RE GETTING CONFLICTING REPORTS FROM THE FRONT LINES AT—
WHERE IS MY WIFE? INFORMATION IS HER SPECIALTY. HAVE HER SORT OUT THE TRUTH.
SIR, SHE'S... OCCUPIED. HER HANDMAIDENS REFUSE TO DISTURB HER.
BUT I TOLD LIES AS WELL—I HID OUR DIVIDED NATURE AND OUR CONFUSED LEADERSHIP.
THEY WILL DISTURB HER FOR ME. OR THEY WILL BE ***REPLACED***.
IF SHE WANTS TO SEE US AS A THREAT, LET HER SEE THE MOST DANGEROUS ONE I CAN MUSTER.
MY LADY, YOUR HUSBAND REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE. HE IS MOST IMPATIENT.
THEN ESCORT ME TO MY HUSBAND.
AFTER WHICH, FIND THE NEAREST AIRLOCK AND EJECT YOURSELF INTO SPACE.
YES, MY LADY.


?
HURRY, THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME.

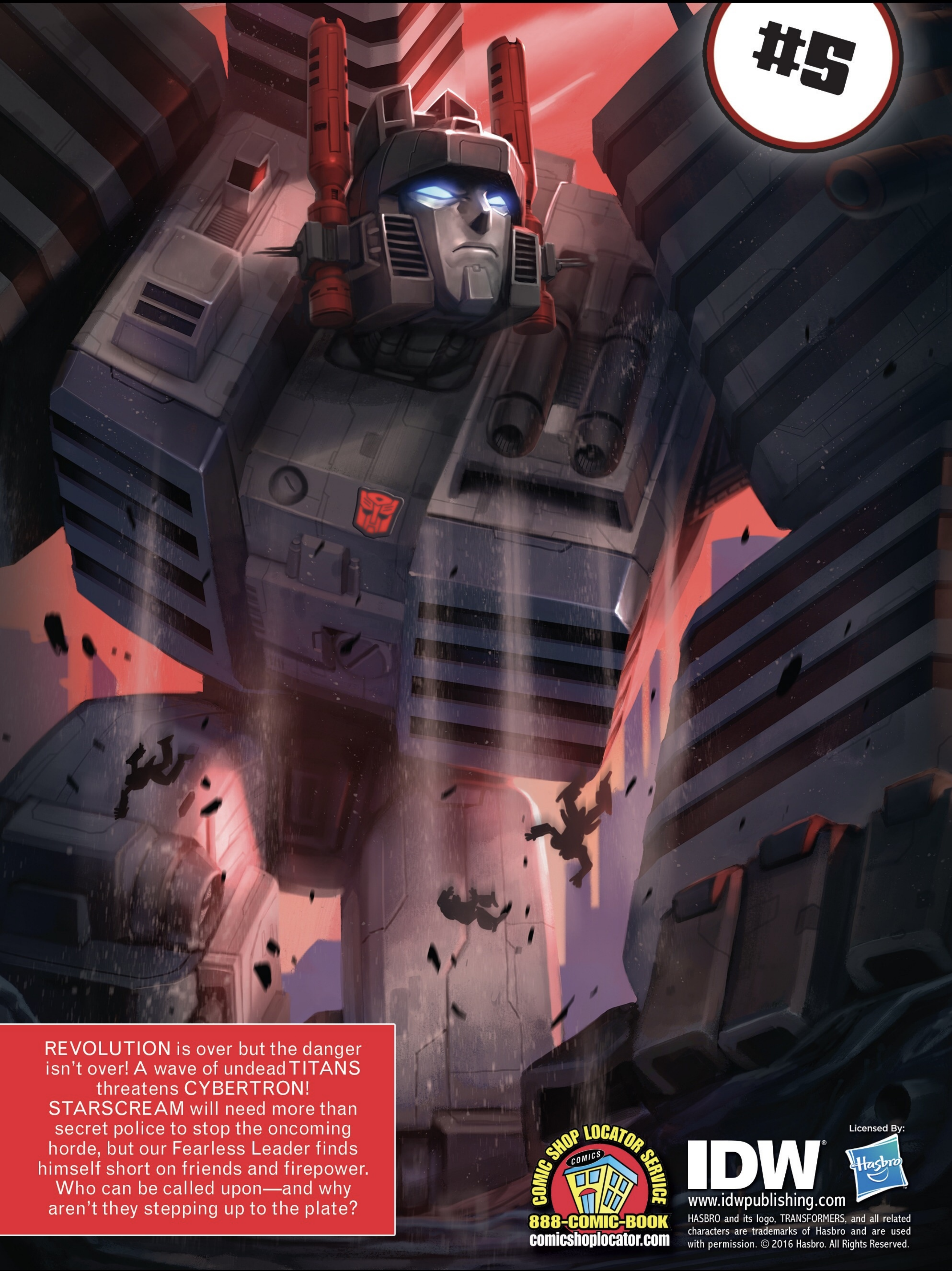

PLEASE, IF YOUR ARMIES ARE WHAT YOU SAY THEY ARE. FIND US, SAVE US.
THIS WAR HAS RAVAGED OUR WORLDS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE ALL WANTED THAT WHEN IT STARTED.
WE CAN'T SURVIVE THIS CLOUD ON OUR OWN AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN HELP WON AT THE POINT OF A KNIFE.
I KNOW YOU CAN'T PROMISE TO HELP US. BUT PROMISE YOU'LL TRY. PLEASE!
I...


NOW YOU TRULY UNDERSTAND OUR NEED, MESSENGER. HEAR MY PLAN... MY MESSAGE...
YOU'RE BACK.
I NEED— I NEED TO SPEAK WITH OPTIMUS.
...AND THEN IT WAS ALL A BLUR. I THINK I SAW MORE, BUT I CAN'T PIECE IT TOGETHER YET.
BUT I KNOW THIS, OPTIMUS. MICRONUS PRIME IS ALIVE, IN SOME WAY, INSIDE THIS... MICROSPACE.
HE CREATED IT AND HE NEEDS OUR HELP TO SAVE IT!
HIS PEOPLE ARE FRACTURED, LIKE WE WERE. THEY'LL NEVER SURVIVE THIS ENTROPY CLOUD ON THEIR OWN. BUT MICRONUS SAYS ORE-13 CAN HELP THEM!
WE HAVE TO GO, NOW! WITH AS MUCH ORE AS WE CAN GET THERE!


NO. I WILL NOT RISK IT.
RISK IT? RISK *WHAT?!*
ORE-13'S INCREASING INSTABILITY IS WHAT THREATENS EARTH RIGHT NOW. EVEN IF WE KNEW MOVING IT WOULD NOT RISK DAMAGING THIS WORLD—WHICH WE DON'T—WE DON'T ***KNOW*** THAT IT WOULD HELP MICROSPACE AT ALL.
IT WILL! MICRONUS TOLD ME IT WOULD! HE ***SHOWED*** ME!
I WILL NOT RISK THE FATE OF EARTH ON THE WORD OF A PRIME.
...I WOULD RISK ANYTHING FOR YOU, ANY CAMIEN WOULD, BECAUSE YOU ARE A PRIME.
I KNOW THAT. BUT I KNOW MYSELF AS WELL. I AM NOT INFALLIBLE, WINDBLADE. I AM NOT DIVINE.


AND YET YOU ANNEXED THIS WORLD ON THAT AUTHORITY. YOU CHOOSE TO PUT THIS WORLD ABOVE MANY WORLDS, ABOVE OUR GODS, ABOVE THE WILL OF ITS OWN PEOPLE AND WE ALLOW IT...
...BECAUSE... YOU... ARE... PRIME!
DIVINE OR NOT, A PRIME IS SUPPOSED TO WORK FOR THE GOOD OF ALL. IF YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IS WHAT MICRONUS IS DOING, HOW CAN YOU ASK US TO BELIEVE THAT IS WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
I DO NOT ASK YOU TO BELIEVE ANYTHING. BUT THAT IS WHAT I AM TRYING TO DO. CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?
...I SEE MUCH, OPTIMUS.
THEN YOU UNDERSTAND. I NEED YOUR CONTINUED SERVICE, CITYSPEAKER. CAN I COUNT ON YOU TO HELP ME?
OF COURSE...
...ANYTHING FOR A PRIME.

# TRANSFORMERS
## TILL ALL ARE ONE



REVOLUTION is over but the danger isn't over! A wave of undead TITANS threatens CYBERTRON! STARSCREAM will need more than secret police to stop the oncoming horde, but our Fearless Leader finds himself short on friends and firepower. Who can be called upon—and why aren't they stepping up to the plate?

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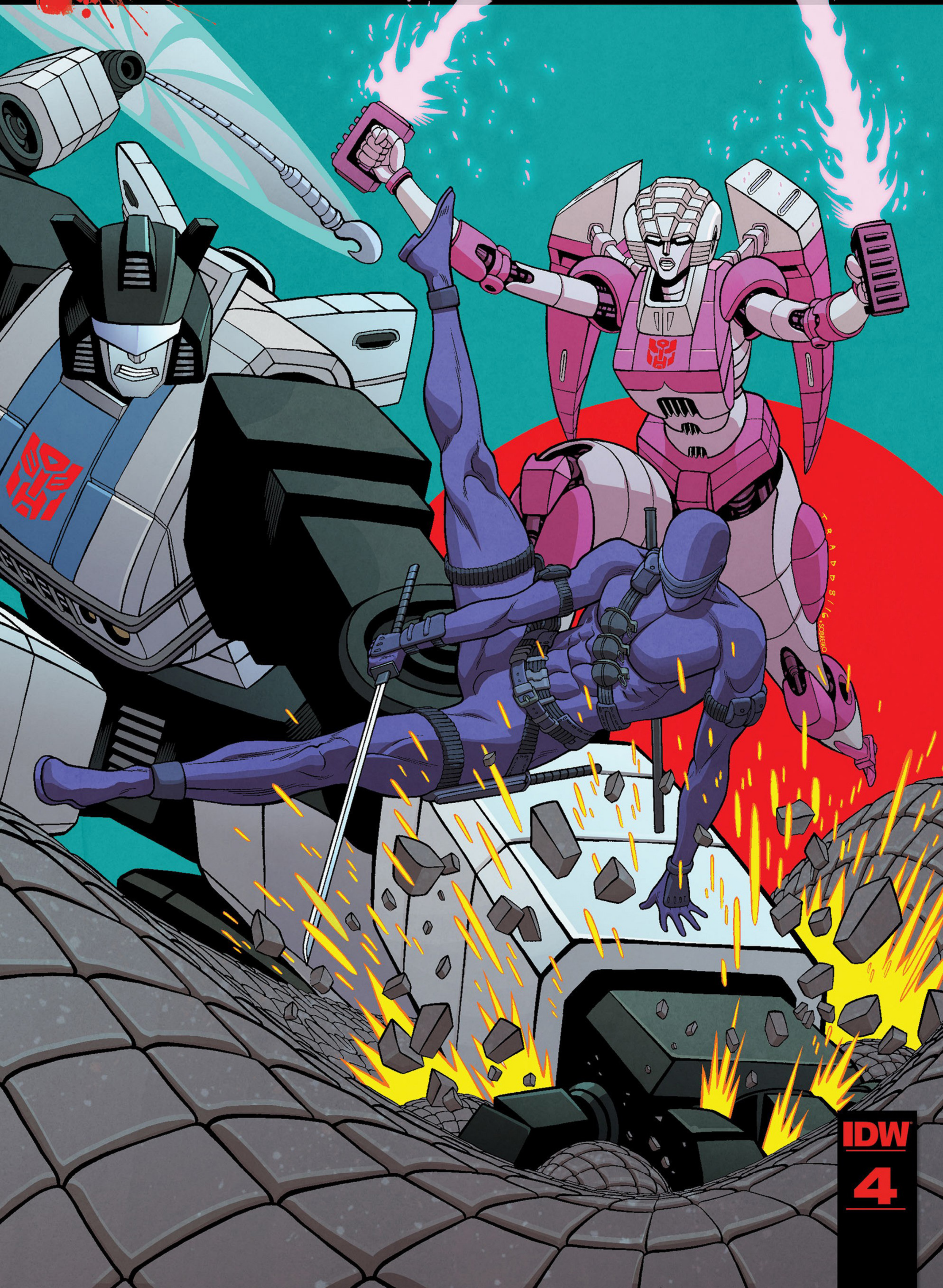
# REVOLUTION



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4

# REVOLUTION

## CHAPTER FOUR: THE NEW COLOSSUS

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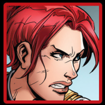
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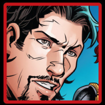
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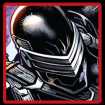
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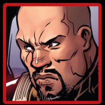
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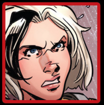
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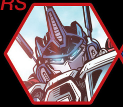
### *TRANSFORMERS*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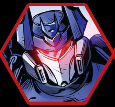
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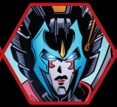
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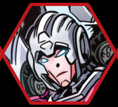
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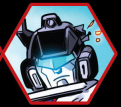
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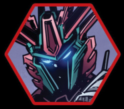
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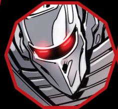
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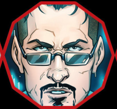
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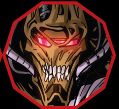
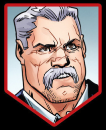

AXIOM

### *M.A.S.K.: MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND*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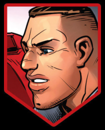
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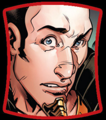
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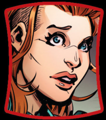
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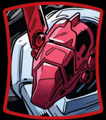
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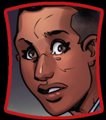
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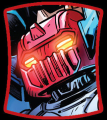
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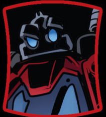
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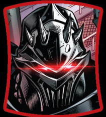
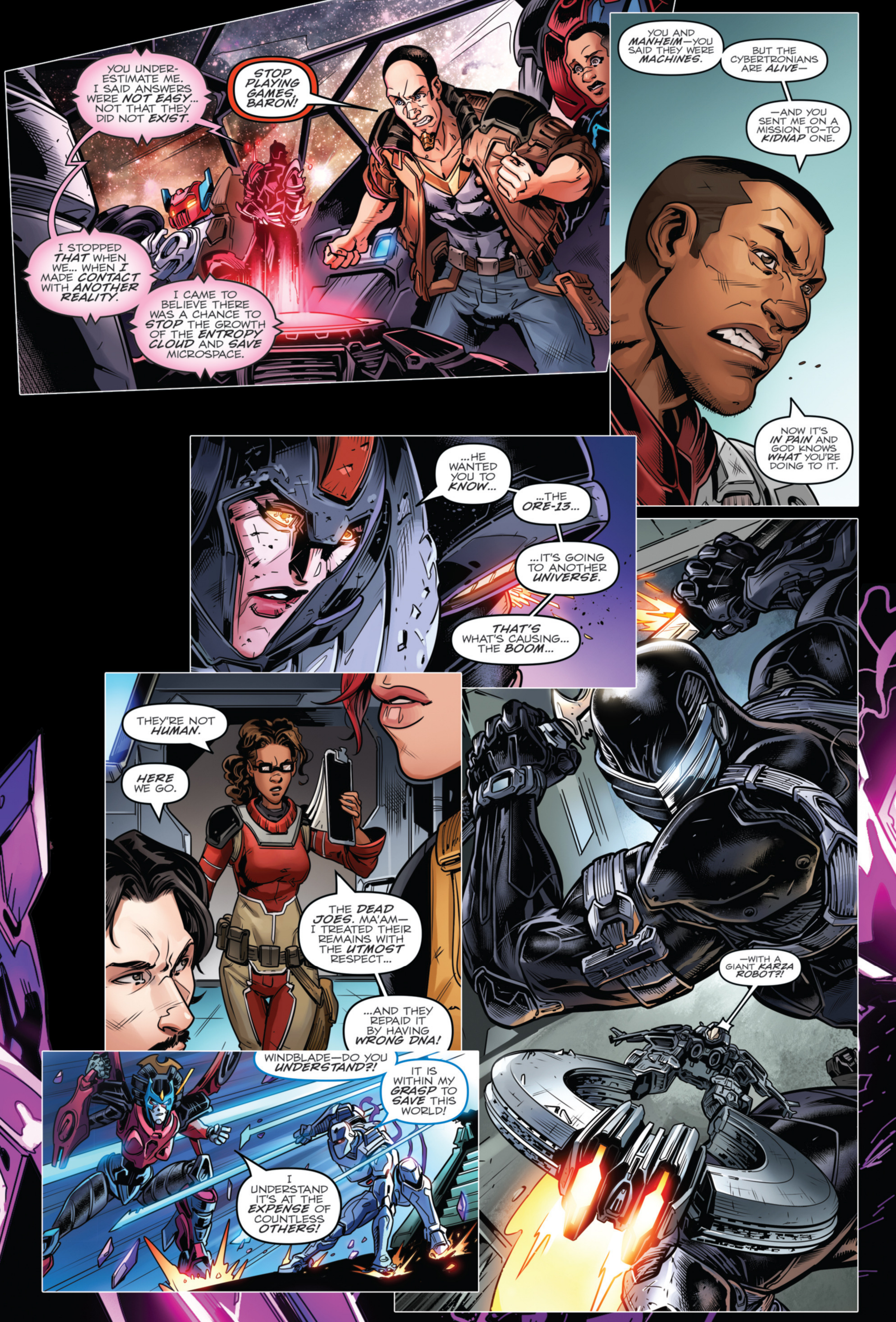
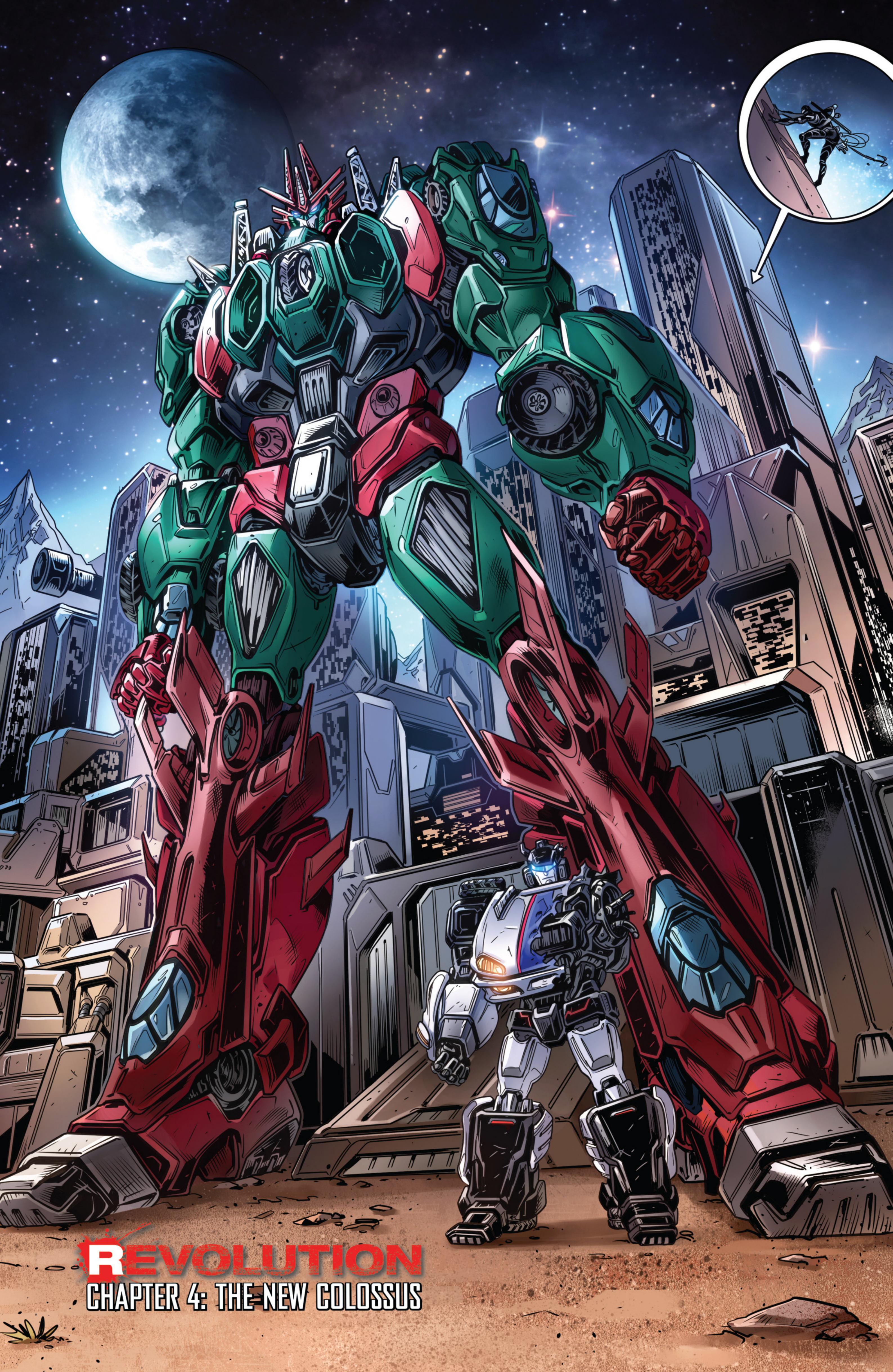
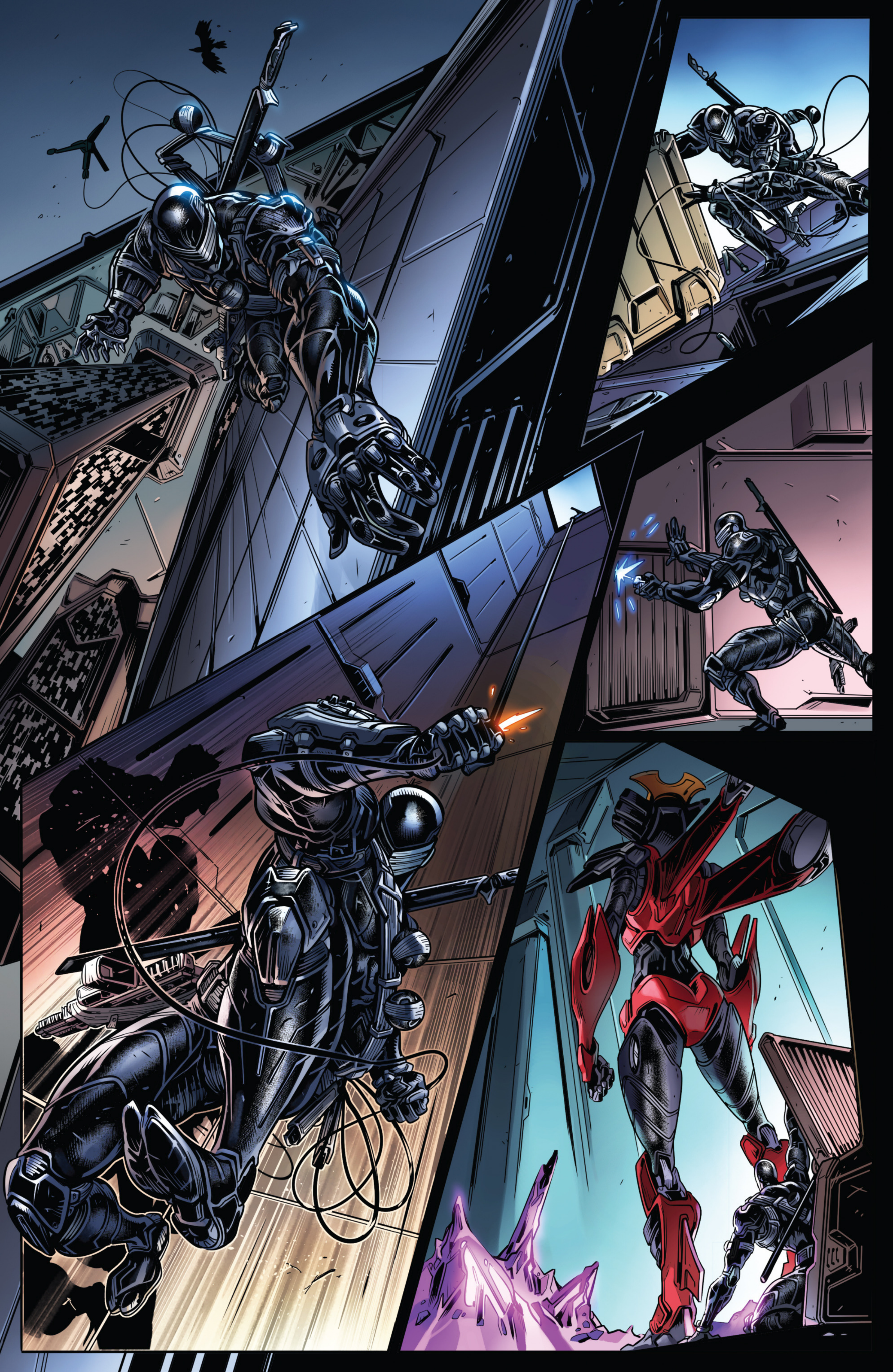
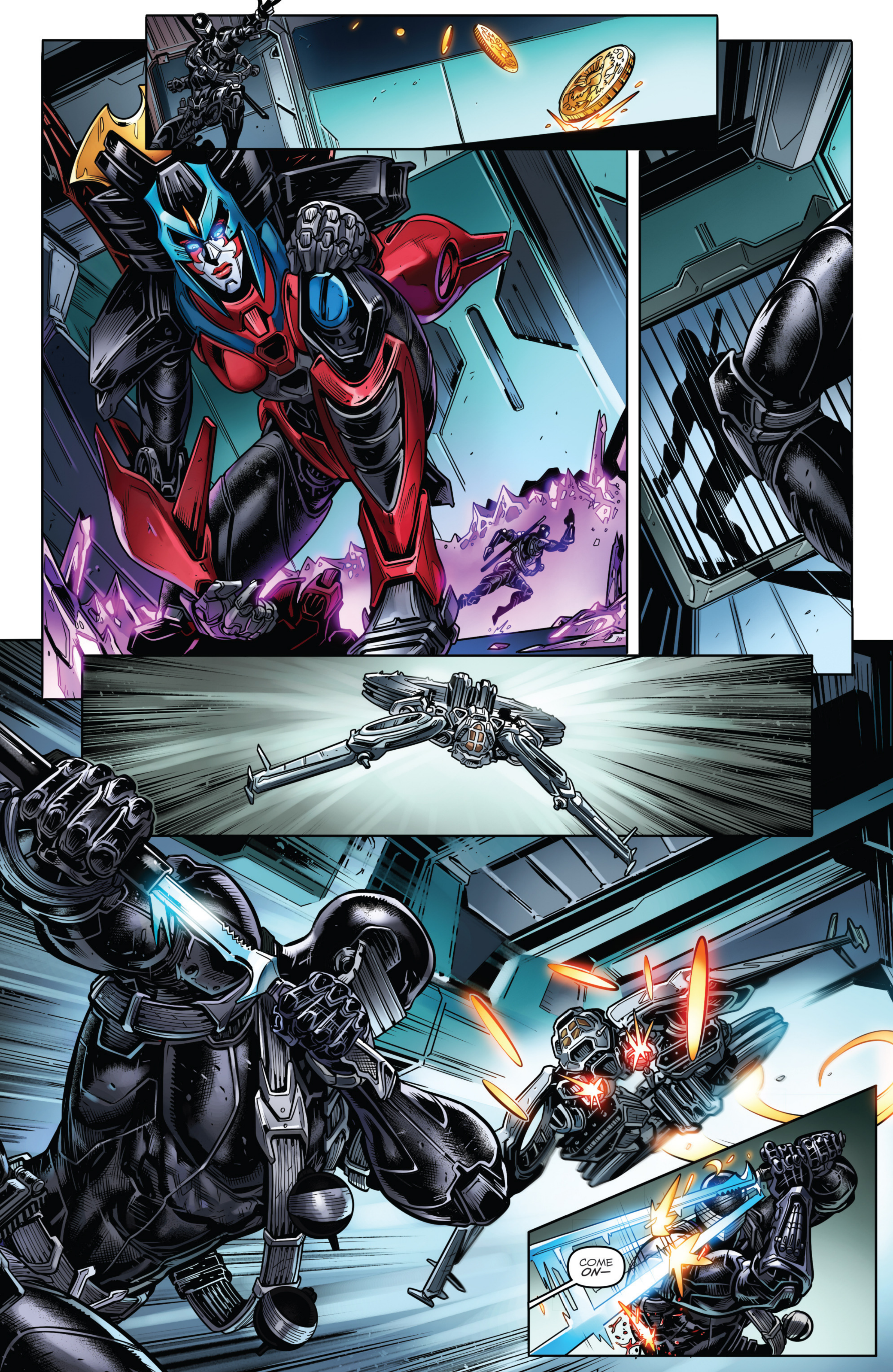

BARON KARZA

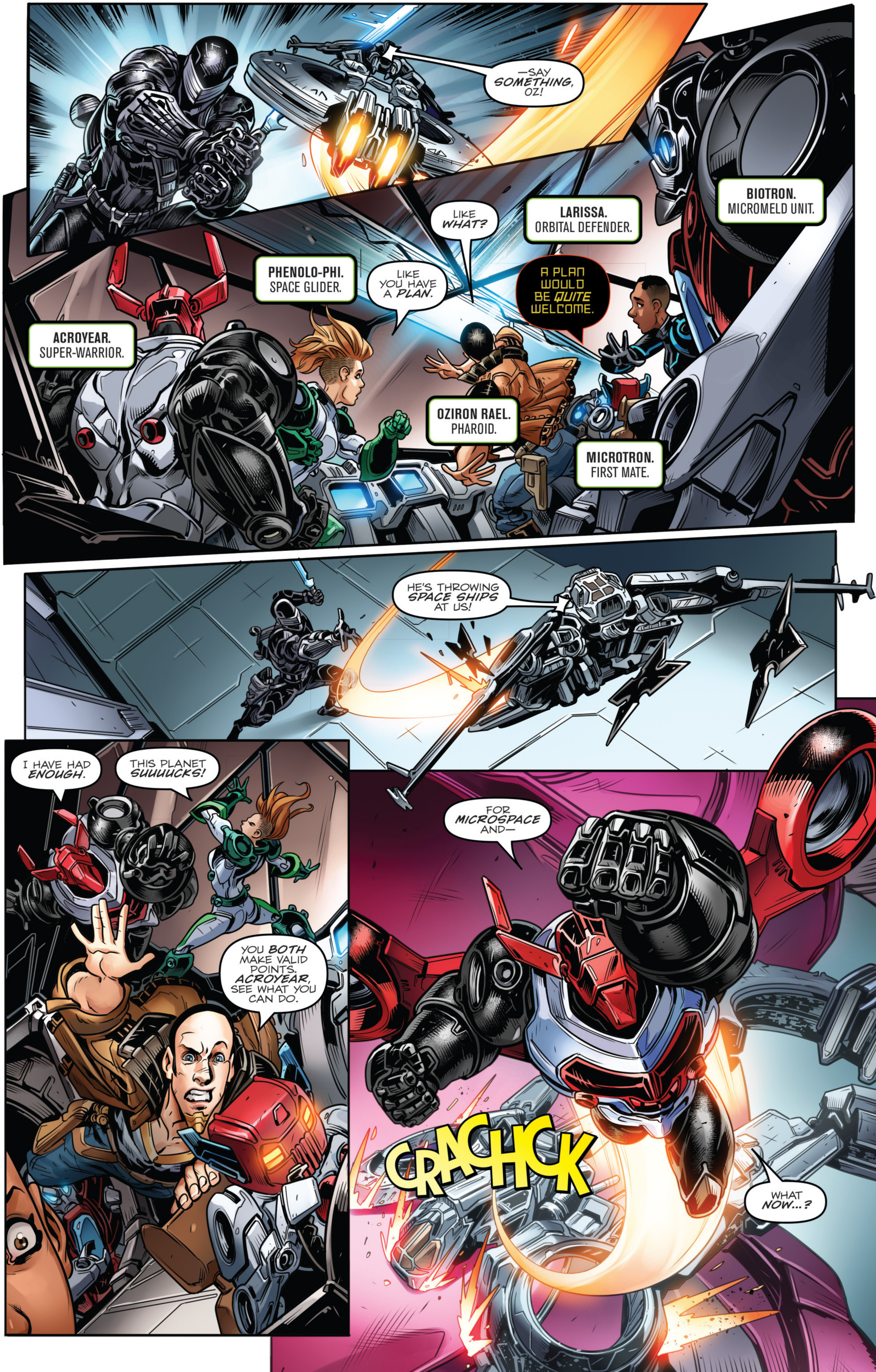
# PREVIOUSLY

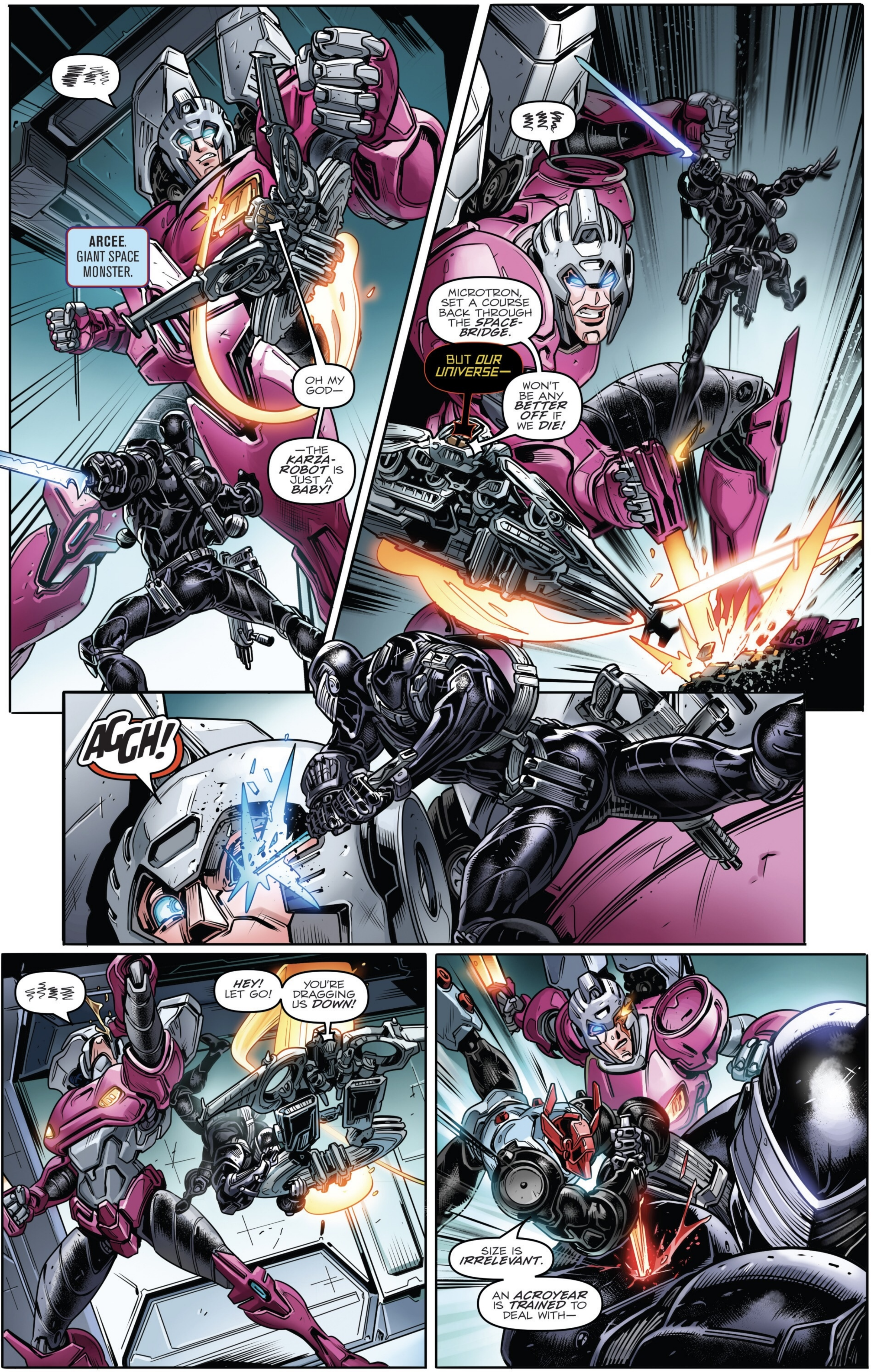

YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE ME. I SAID ANSWERS WERE *NOT EASY*... NOT THAT THEY DID NOT *EXIST*.
*STOP PLAYING GAMES, BARON!*
I STOPPED *THAT* WHEN WE... WHEN *I* MADE *CONTACT* WITH *ANOTHER REALITY*.
I CAME TO BELIEVE THERE WAS A CHANCE TO *STOP* THE GROWTH OF THE *ENTROPY CLOUD* AND *SAVE* MICROSPACE.
YOU AND *MANHEIM*—YOU SAID THEY WERE *MACHINES*.
BUT THE CYBERTRONIANS ARE *ALIVE*—
—AND YOU SENT ME ON A MISSION TO—TO *KIDNAP* ONE.
NOW IT'S *IN PAIN* AND GOD KNOWS *WHAT* YOU'RE DOING TO IT.
...HE WANTED YOU TO *KNOW*...
...THE *ORE-13*...
...IT'S GOING TO ANOTHER *UNIVERSE*.
*THAT'S* WHAT'S CAUSING... THE *BOOM*...
THEY'RE NOT *HUMAN*.
*HERE* WE GO.
THE *DEAD JOES*. MA'AM—I TREATED THEIR REMAINS WITH THE *UTMOST* RESPECT...
...AND THEY REPAID IT BY HAVING *WRONG DNA!*
—WITH A GIANT *KARZA ROBOT?!*
WINDBLADE—DO YOU *UNDERSTAND?!*
IT IS WITHIN MY *GRASP* TO *SAVE* THIS WORLD!
I UNDERSTAND IT'S AT THE *EXPENSE* OF COUNTLESS *OTHERS!*

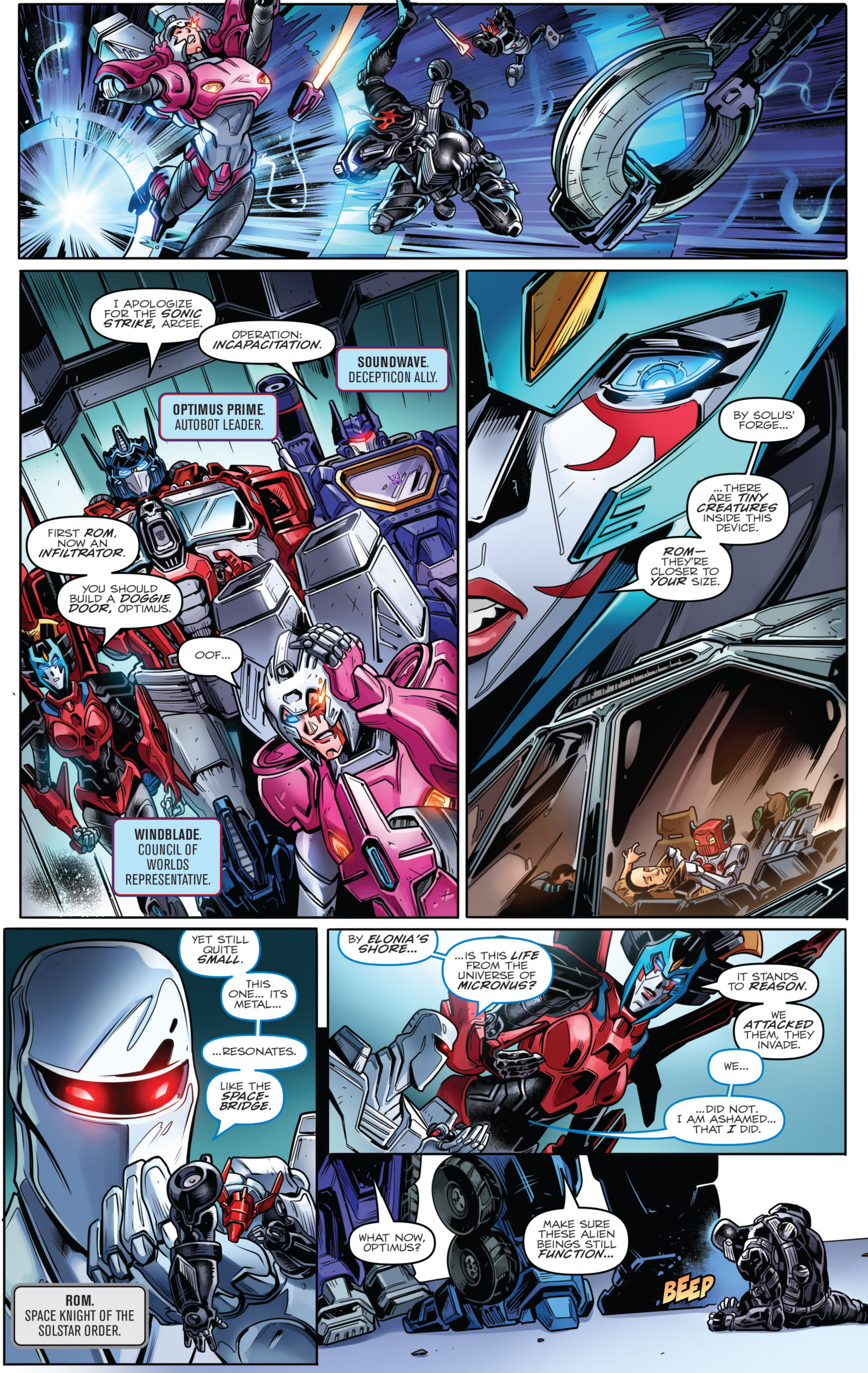

REVOLUTION
CHAPTER 4: THE NEW COLOSSUS

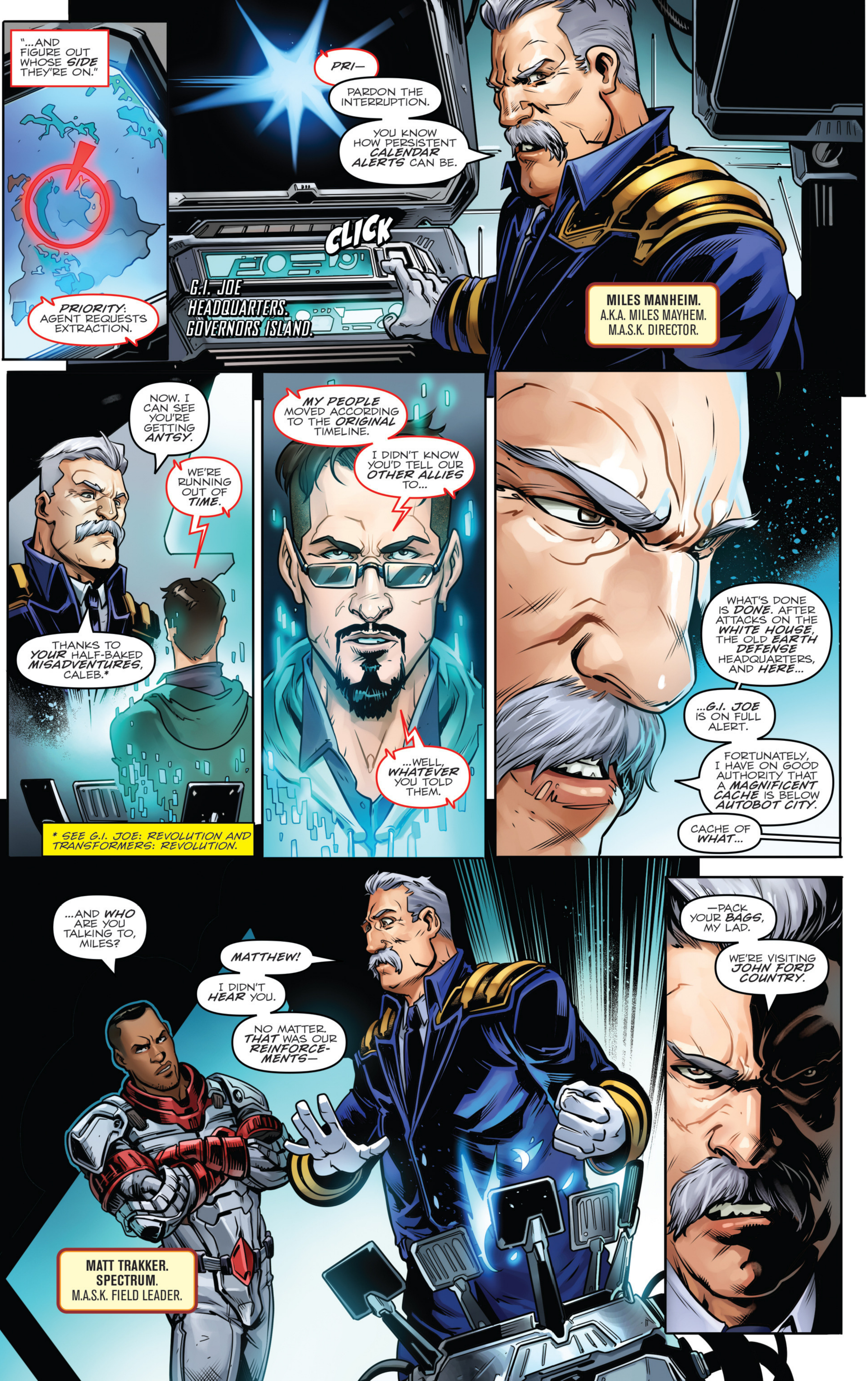


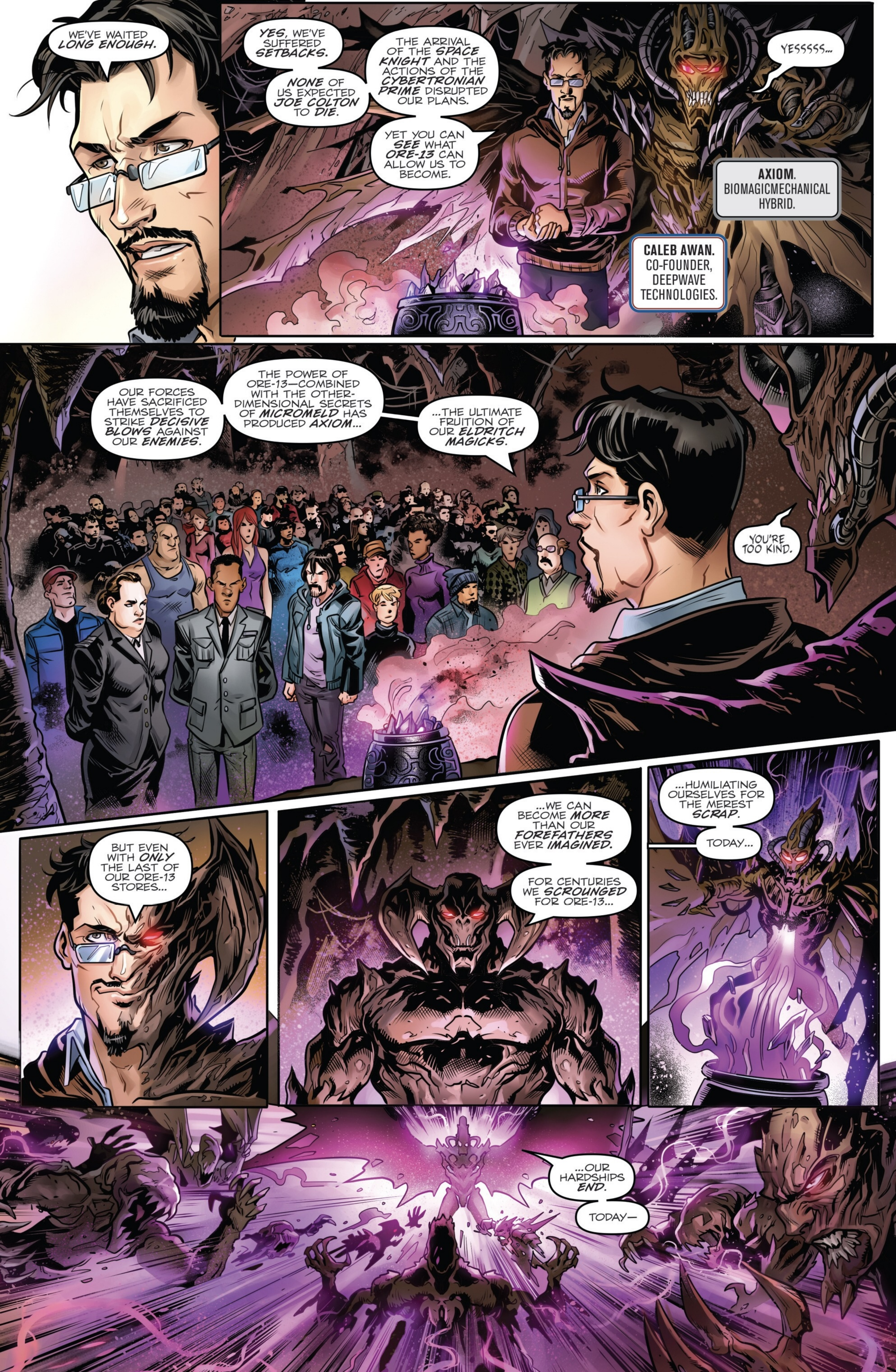

COME ON—

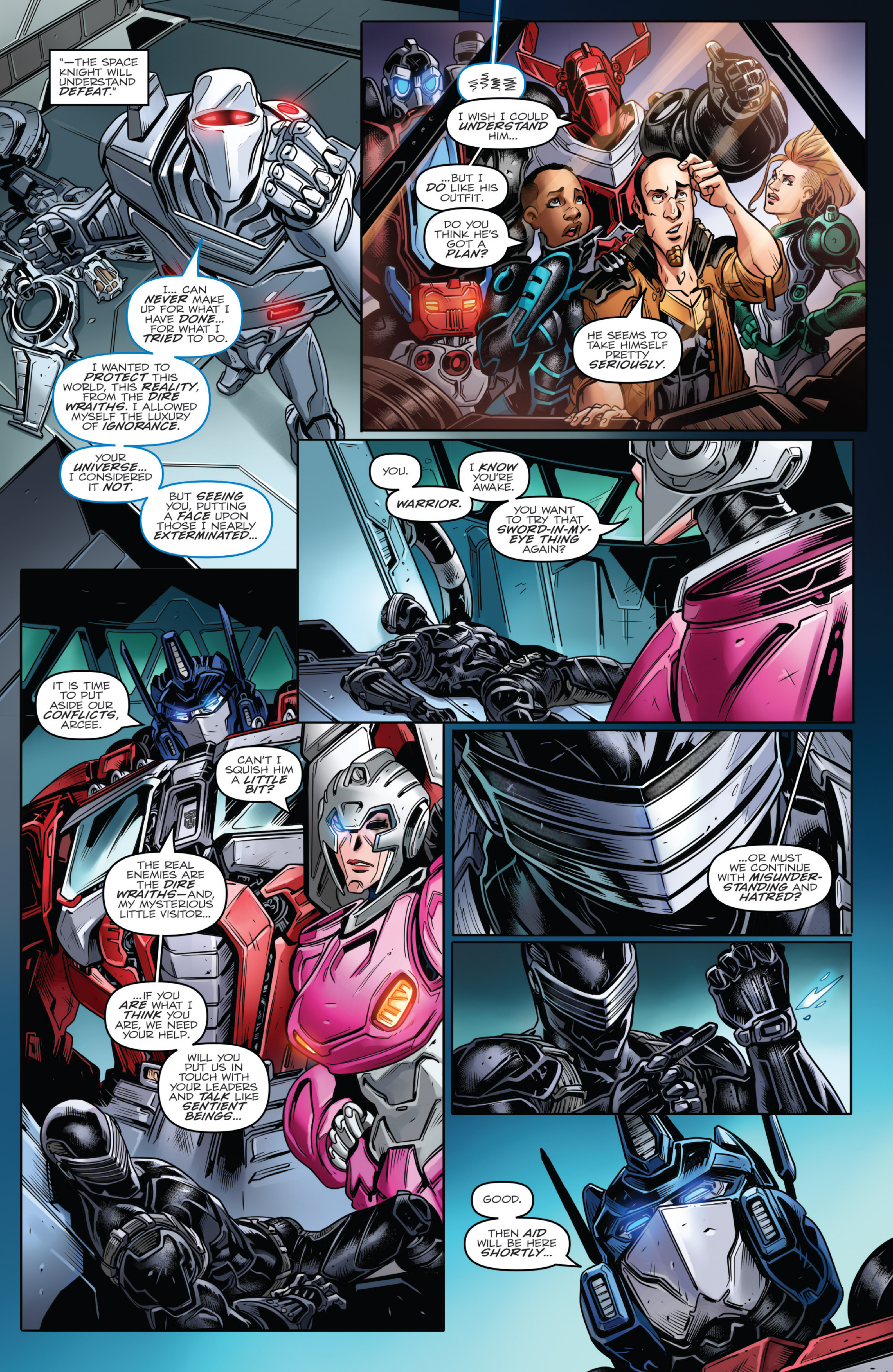

—SAY *SOMETHING*, OZ!
LIKE *WHAT?*
PHENOLO-PHI. SPACE GLIDER.
LIKE YOU HAVE A *PLAN*.
LARISSA. ORBITAL DEFENDER.
BIOTRON. MICROMELD UNIT.
A PLAN WOULD BE *QUITE* WELCOME.
ACROYEAR. SUPER-WARRIOR.
OZIRON RAEL. PHAROID.
MICROTRON. FIRST MATE.
HE'S THROWING *SPACE SHIPS* AT US!
I HAVE HAD *ENOUGH*.
THIS PLANET *SUUUUCKS!*
YOU *BOTH* MAKE VALID POINTS. *ACROYEAR*, SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO.
FOR *MICROSPACE* AND—
CRACHCK
WHAT *NOW...?*

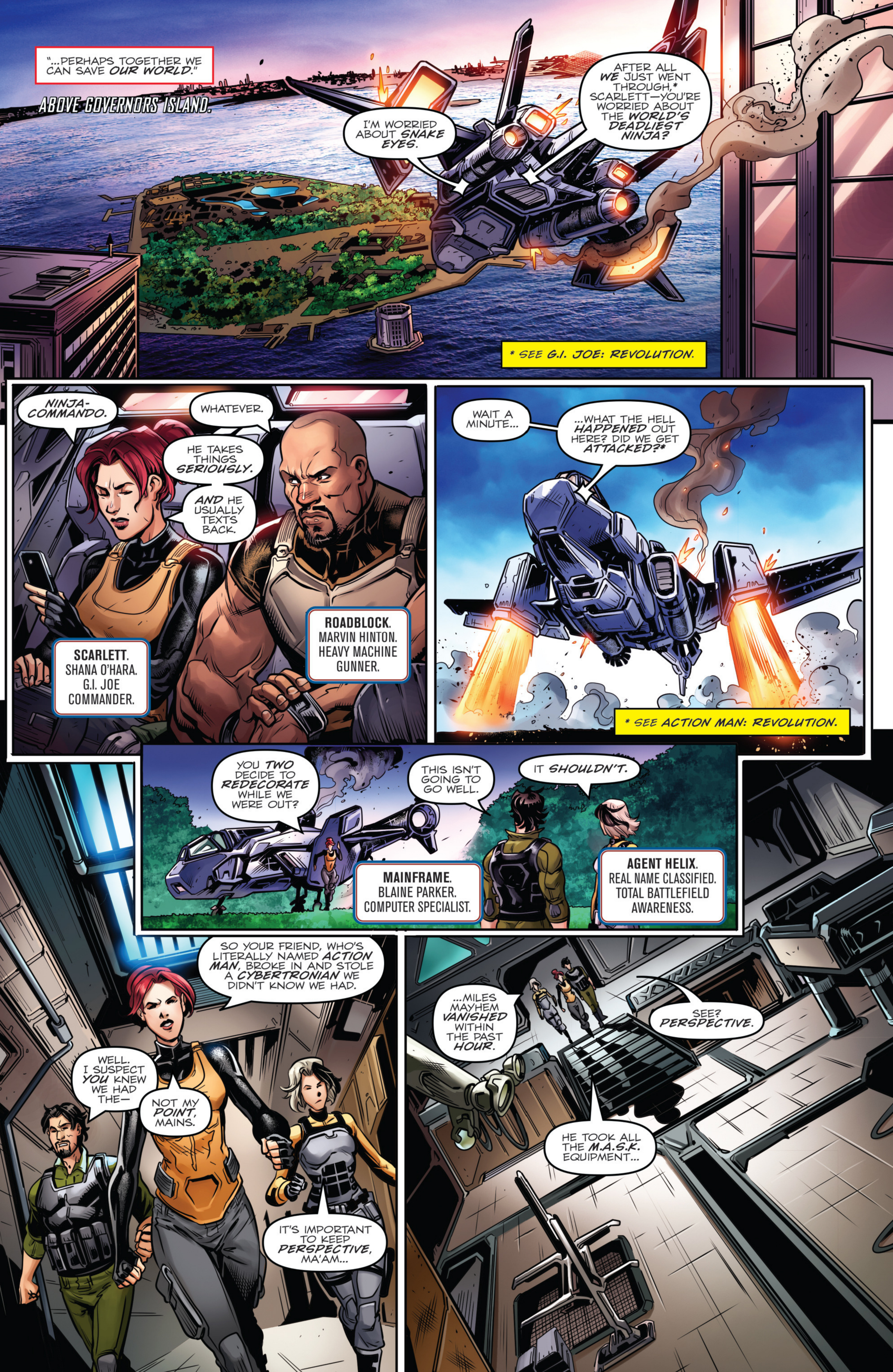

ARCEE. GIANT SPACE MONSTER.
OH MY GOD—
—THE *KARZA-ROBOT* IS JUST A *BABY!*
MICROTRON, SET A COURSE BACK THROUGH THE *SPACE-BRIDGE*.
BUT *OUR UNIVERSE*—
WON'T BE ANY *BETTER OFF* IF WE *DIE!*
AGGH!
*HEY!* LET GO!
YOU'RE DRAGGING US *DOWN!*
SIZE IS *IRRELEVANT*.
AN *ACROYEAR* IS *TRAINED* TO DEAL WITH—

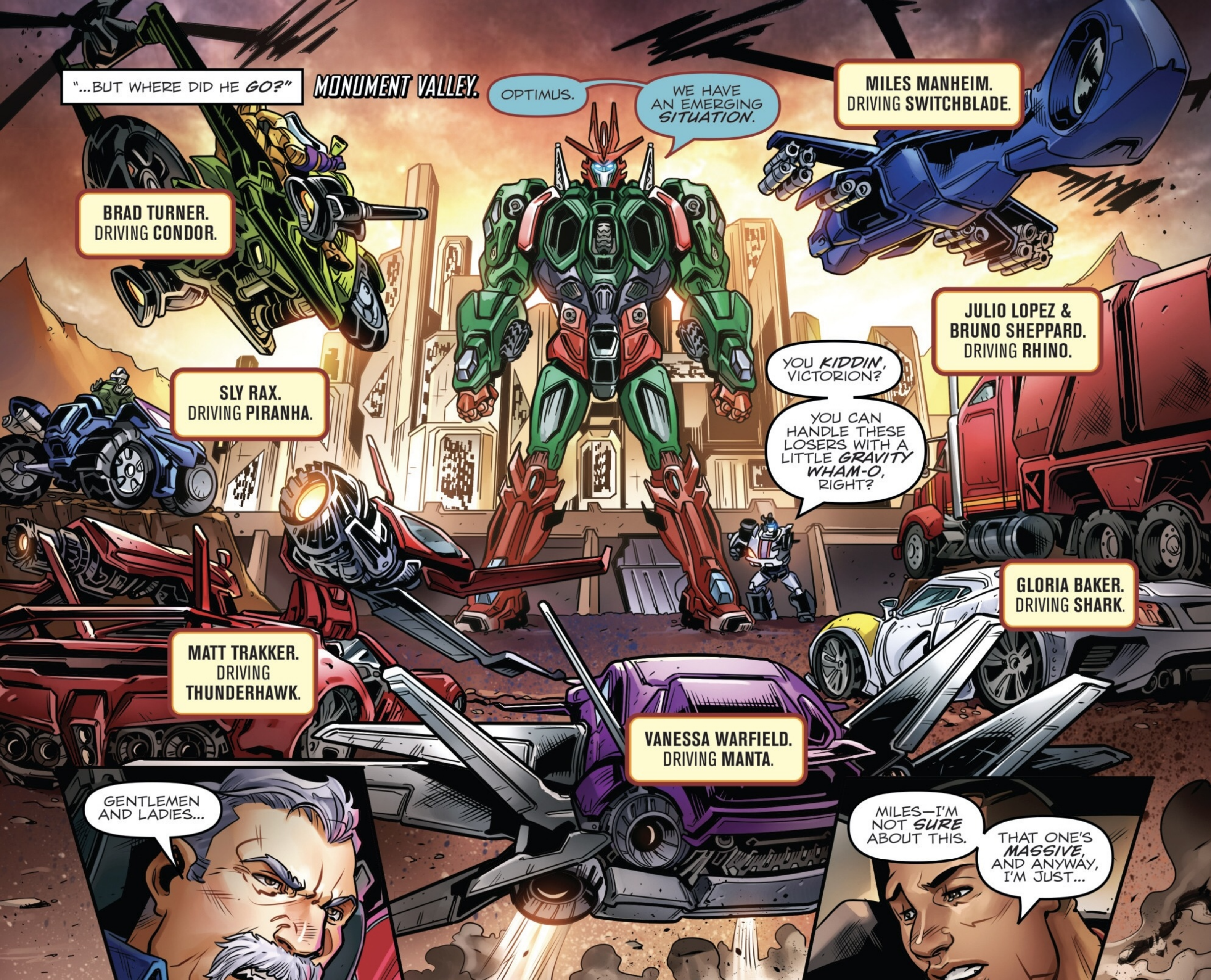

I APOLOGIZE FOR THE *SONIC STRIKE,* ARCEE.
OPERATION: *INCAPACITATION*.
**SOUNDWAVE**. DECEPTICON ALLY.
**OPTIMUS PRIME**. AUTOBOT LEADER.
FIRST *ROM*, NOW AN *INFILTRATOR*.
YOU SHOULD BUILD A *DOGGIE DOOR,* OPTIMUS.
OOF...
**WINDBLADE**. COUNCIL OF WORLDS REPRESENTATIVE.
BY SOLUS' FORGE...
...THERE ARE *TINY CREATURES* INSIDE THIS DEVICE.
*ROM*— THEY'RE CLOSER TO *YOUR* SIZE.
YET STILL QUITE *SMALL*.
THIS ONE... ITS METAL...
...RESONATES.
LIKE THE *SPACE-BRIDGE*.
**ROM.** SPACE KNIGHT OF THE SOLSTAR ORDER.
BY *ELONIA'S SHORE*...
...IS THIS *LIFE* FROM THE UNIVERSE OF *MICRONUS?*
IT STANDS TO *REASON*.
WE *ATTACKED* THEM, THEY INVADE.
WE...
...DID NOT. I AM ASHAMED... THAT *I* DID.
WHAT NOW, OPTIMUS?
MAKE SURE THESE ALIEN BEINGS STILL *FUNCTION*...
BEEP

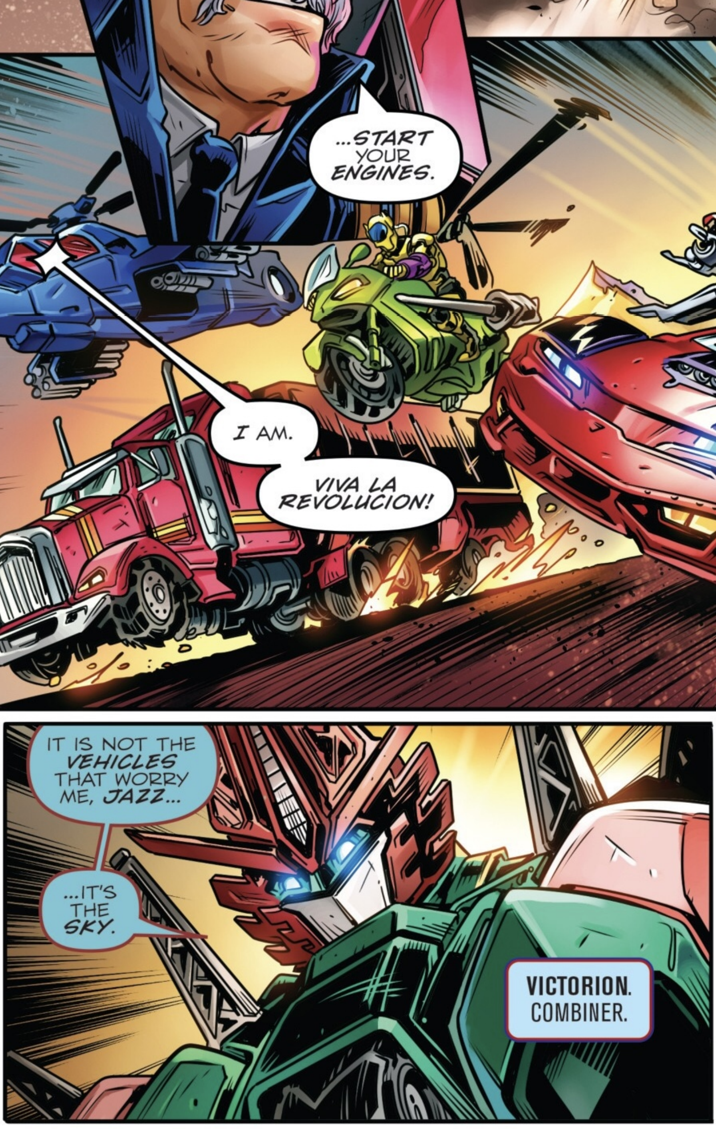

"...AND FIGURE OUT WHOSE *SIDE* THEY'RE ON."
*PRIORITY*: AGENT REQUESTS EXTRACTION.
G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS. GOVERNORS ISLAND.
*PRI—*
PARDON THE INTERRUPTION.
YOU KNOW HOW PERSISTENT *CALENDAR ALERTS* CAN BE.
CLICK
**MILES MANHEIM.** A.K.A. MILES MAYHEM. M.A.S.K. DIRECTOR.
NOW. I CAN SEE YOU'RE GETTING *ANTSY*.
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF *TIME*.
THANKS TO *YOUR* HALF-BAKED *MISADVENTURES*, CALEB.*
* SEE G.I. JOE: REVOLUTION AND TRANSFORMERS: REVOLUTION.
*MY PEOPLE* MOVED ACCORDING TO THE *ORIGINAL* TIMELINE.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D TELL OUR *OTHER ALLIES* TO...
...WELL, *WHATEVER* YOU TOLD THEM.
WHAT'S DONE IS *DONE*. AFTER ATTACKS ON THE *WHITE HOUSE*, THE OLD *EARTH DEFENSE* HEADQUARTERS, AND *HERE*...
...*G.I. JOE* IS ON FULL ALERT.
FORTUNATELY, I HAVE ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT A *MAGNIFICENT CACHE* IS BELOW *AUTOBOT CITY*.
CACHE OF *WHAT*...
...AND *WHO* ARE YOU TALKING TO, MILES?
*MATTHEW!*
I DIDN'T *HEAR* YOU.
NO MATTER. *THAT* WAS OUR *REINFORCEMENTS—*
**MATT TRAKKER. SPECTRUM.** M.A.S.K. FIELD LEADER.
—PACK YOUR *BAGS*, MY LAD.
WE'RE VISITING *JOHN FORD COUNTRY*.

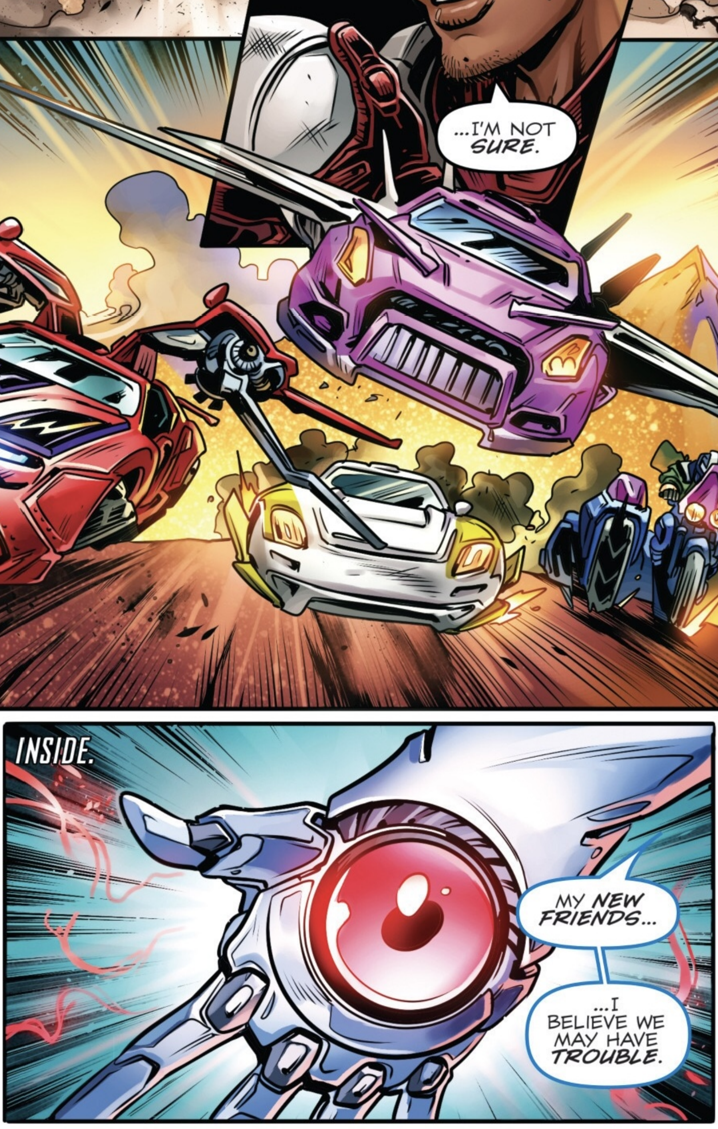

WE'VE WAITED *LONG ENOUGH*.
*YES*, WE'VE SUFFERED *SETBACKS*.
*NONE* OF US EXPECTED *JOE COLTON* TO *DIE*.
THE ARRIVAL OF THE *SPACE KNIGHT* AND THE ACTIONS OF THE *CYBERTRONIAN PRIME* DISRUPTED OUR PLANS.
YET YOU CAN *SEE* WHAT *ORE-13* CAN ALLOW US TO BECOME.
YESSSSS...
**AXIOM.** BIOMAGICMECHANICAL HYBRID.
**CALEB AWAN.** CO-FOUNDER, DEEPWAVE TECHNOLOGIES.
OUR FORCES HAVE SACRIFICED THEMSELVES TO STRIKE *DECISIVE BLOWS* AGAINST OUR *ENEMIES*.
THE POWER OF ORE-13—COMBINED WITH THE OTHER-DIMENSIONAL SECRETS OF *MICROMELD* HAS PRODUCED *AXIOM*...
...THE ULTIMATE FRUITION OF OUR *ELDRITCH MAGICKS*.
YOU'RE TOO KIND.
BUT EVEN WITH *ONLY* THE LAST OF OUR ORE-13 STORES...
...WE CAN BECOME *MORE* THAN OUR *FOREFATHERS* EVER *IMAGINED*.
FOR CENTURIES WE *SCROUNGED* FOR ORE-13...
...HUMILIATING OURSELVES FOR THE MEREST *SCRAP*.
TODAY...
...OUR HARDSHIPS *END*.
TODAY—

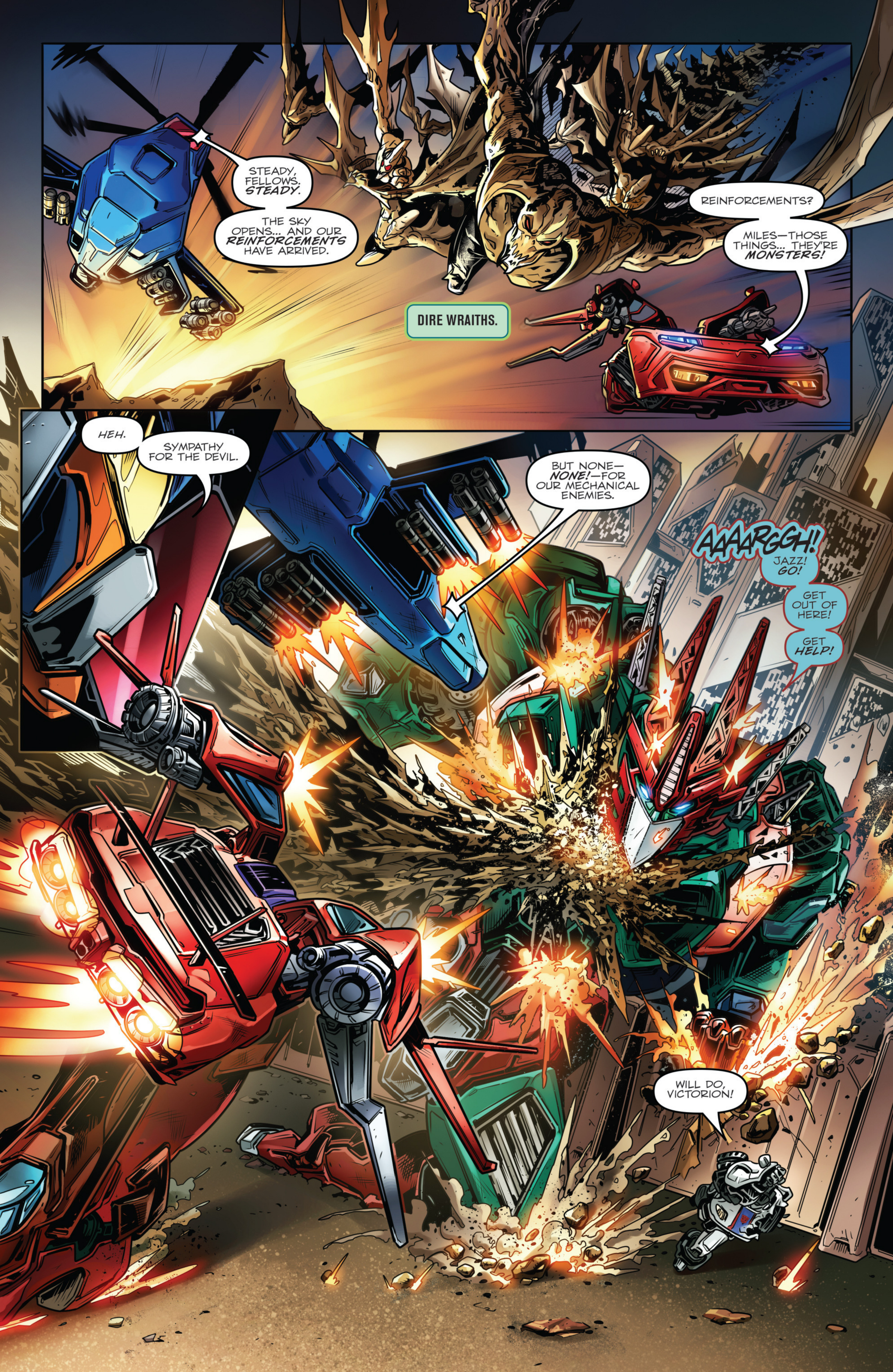

"—THE SPACE KNIGHT WILL UNDERSTAND DEFEAT."
I... CAN NEVER MAKE UP FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE... FOR WHAT I TRIED TO DO.
I WANTED TO PROTECT THIS WORLD, THIS REALITY, FROM THE DIRE WRAITHS. I ALLOWED MYSELF THE LUXURY OF IGNORANCE.
YOUR UNIVERSE... I CONSIDERED IT NOT.
BUT SEEING YOU, PUTTING A FACE UPON THOSE I NEARLY EXTERMINATED...
I WISH I COULD UNDERSTAND HIM...
...BUT I DO LIKE HIS OUTFIT.
DO YOU THINK HE'S GOT A PLAN?
HE SEEMS TO TAKE HIMSELF PRETTY SERIOUSLY.
YOU.
WARRIOR.
I KNOW YOU'RE AWAKE.
YOU WANT TO TRY THAT SWORD-IN-MY-EYE THING AGAIN?
IT IS TIME TO PUT ASIDE OUR CONFLICTS, ARCEE.
CAN'T I SQUISH HIM A LITTLE BIT?
THE REAL ENEMIES ARE THE DIRE WRAITHS—AND, MY MYSTERIOUS LITTLE VISITOR...
...IF YOU ARE WHAT I THINK YOU ARE, WE NEED YOUR HELP.
WILL YOU PUT US IN TOUCH WITH YOUR LEADERS AND TALK LIKE SENTIENT BEINGS...
...OR MUST WE CONTINUE WITH MISUNDERSTANDING AND HATRED?
GOOD.
THEN AID WILL BE HERE SHORTLY...

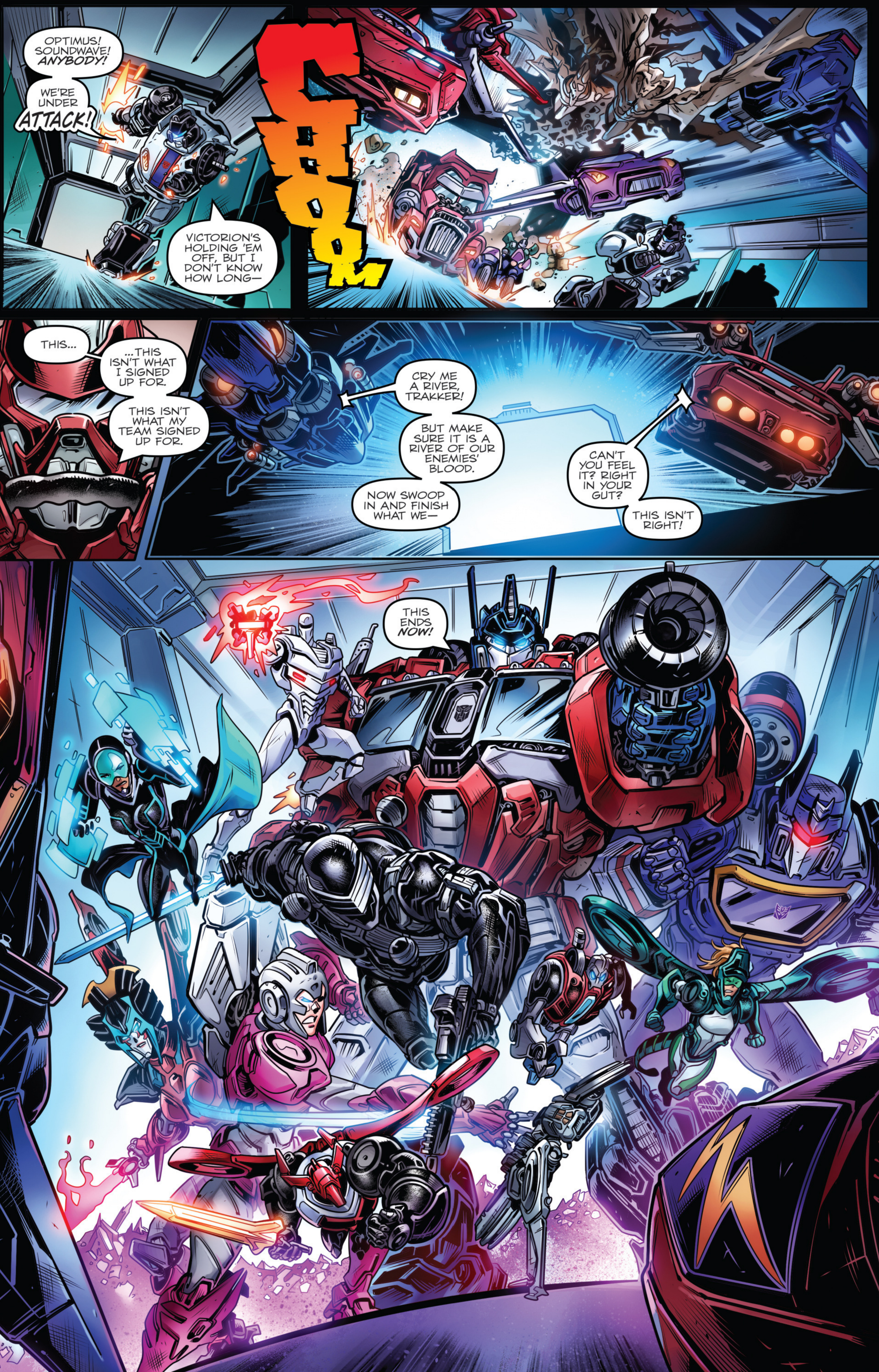

"...PERHAPS TOGETHER WE CAN SAVE *OUR WORLD*."
ABOVE GOVERNORS ISLAND.
I'M WORRIED ABOUT *SNAKE EYES*.
AFTER ALL *WE* JUST WENT THROUGH,* SCARLETT—YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE *WORLD'S DEADLIEST NINJA?*
* SEE *G.I. JOE: REVOLUTION*.
*NINJA-COMMANDO*.
WHATEVER.
HE TAKES THINGS *SERIOUSLY*.
*AND* HE USUALLY TEXTS BACK.
**SCARLETT**. SHANA O'HARA. G.I. JOE COMMANDER.
**ROADBLOCK**. MARVIN HINTON. HEAVY MACHINE GUNNER.
WAIT A MINUTE...
...WHAT THE HELL *HAPPENED* OUT HERE? DID WE GET *ATTACKED?**
* SEE *ACTION MAN: REVOLUTION*.
YOU *TWO* DECIDE TO *REDECORATE* WHILE WE WERE OUT?
THIS ISN'T GOING TO GO WELL.
IT *SHOULDN'T*.
**MAINFRAME**. BLAINE PARKER. COMPUTER SPECIALIST.
**AGENT HELIX**. REAL NAME CLASSIFIED. TOTAL BATTLEFIELD AWARENESS.
SO YOUR FRIEND, WHO'S LITERALLY NAMED *ACTION MAN*, BROKE IN AND STOLE A *CYBERTRONIAN* WE DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD.
WELL. I SUSPECT *YOU* KNEW WE HAD THE—
NOT MY *POINT*, MAINS.
IT'S IMPORTANT TO KEEP *PERSPECTIVE*, MA'AM...
...MILES MAYHEM *VANISHED* WITHIN THE PAST *HOUR*.
SEE? *PERSPECTIVE*.
HE TOOK ALL THE *M.A.S.K.* EQUIPMENT...

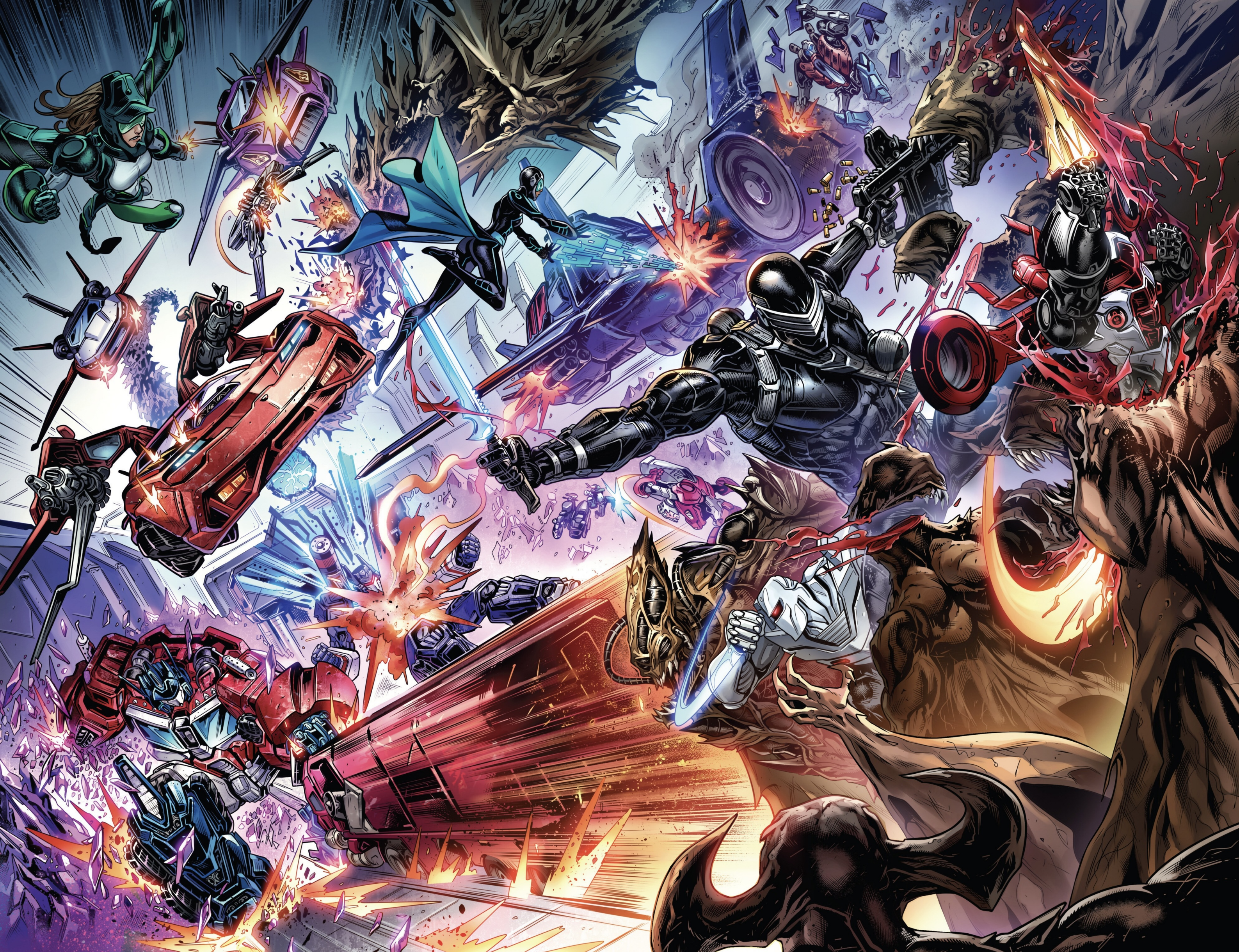

"...BUT WHERE DID HE GO?"
MONUMENT VALLEY.
OPTIMUS.
WE HAVE AN EMERGING SITUATION.
MILES MANHEIM. DRIVING SWITCHBLADE.
BRAD TURNER. DRIVING CONDOR.
JULIO LOPEZ & BRUNO SHEPPARD. DRIVING RHINO.
SLY RAX. DRIVING PIRANHA.
YOU KIDDIN, VICTORION?
YOU CAN HANDLE THESE LOSERS WITH A LITTLE GRAVITY WHAM-O, RIGHT?
GLORIA BAKER. DRIVING SHARK.
MATT TRAKKER. DRIVING THUNDERHAWK.
VANESSA WARFIELD. DRIVING MANTA.
GENTLEMEN AND LADIES...
...START YOUR ENGINES.
MILES—I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THIS.
THAT ONE'S MASSIVE, AND ANYWAY, I'M JUST...
...I'M NOT SURE.
I AM.
VIVA LA REVOLUCION!

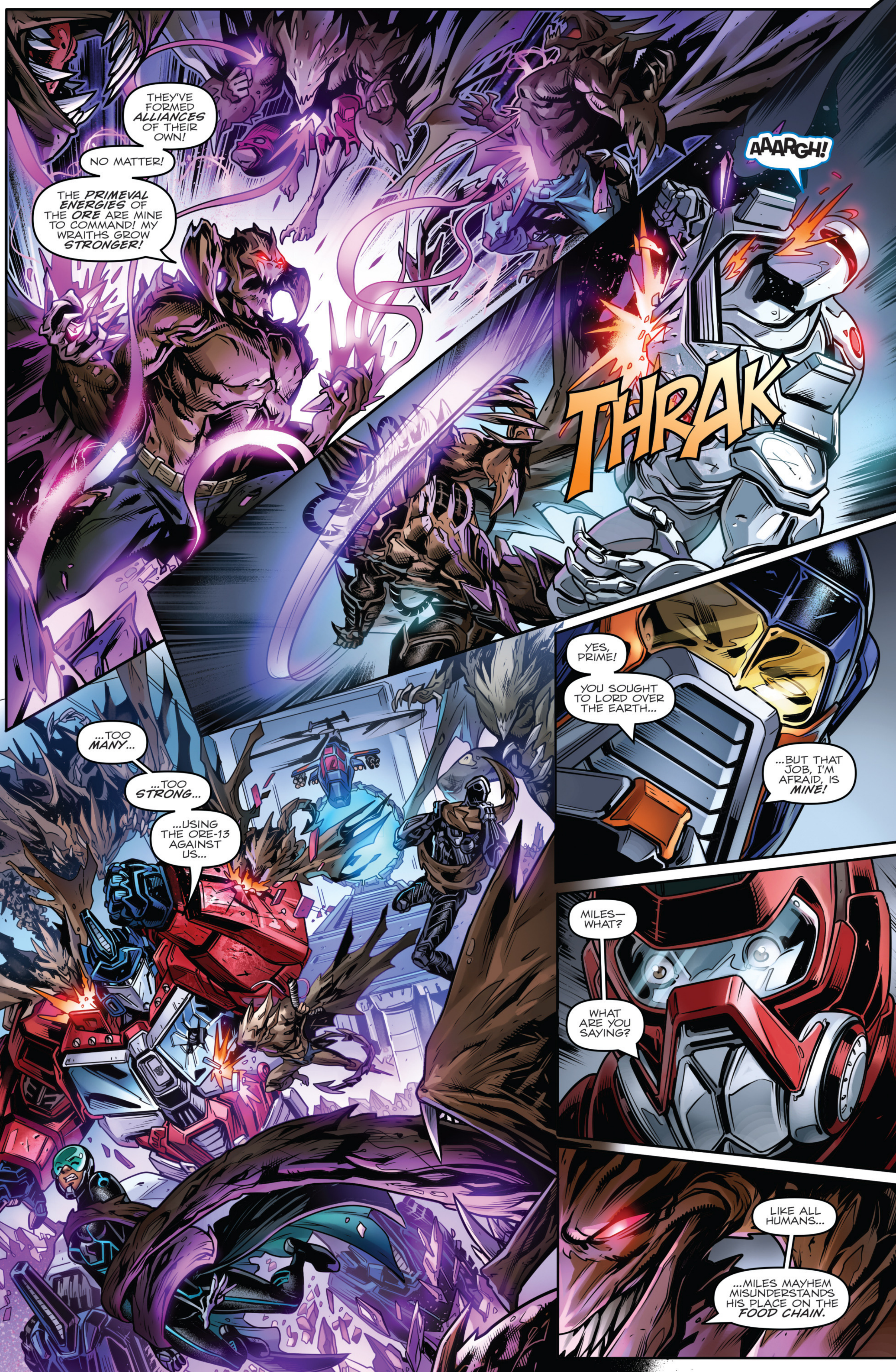

IT IS NOT THE VEHICLES THAT WORRY ME, JAZZ...
...IT'S THE SKY.
VICTORION. COMBINER.

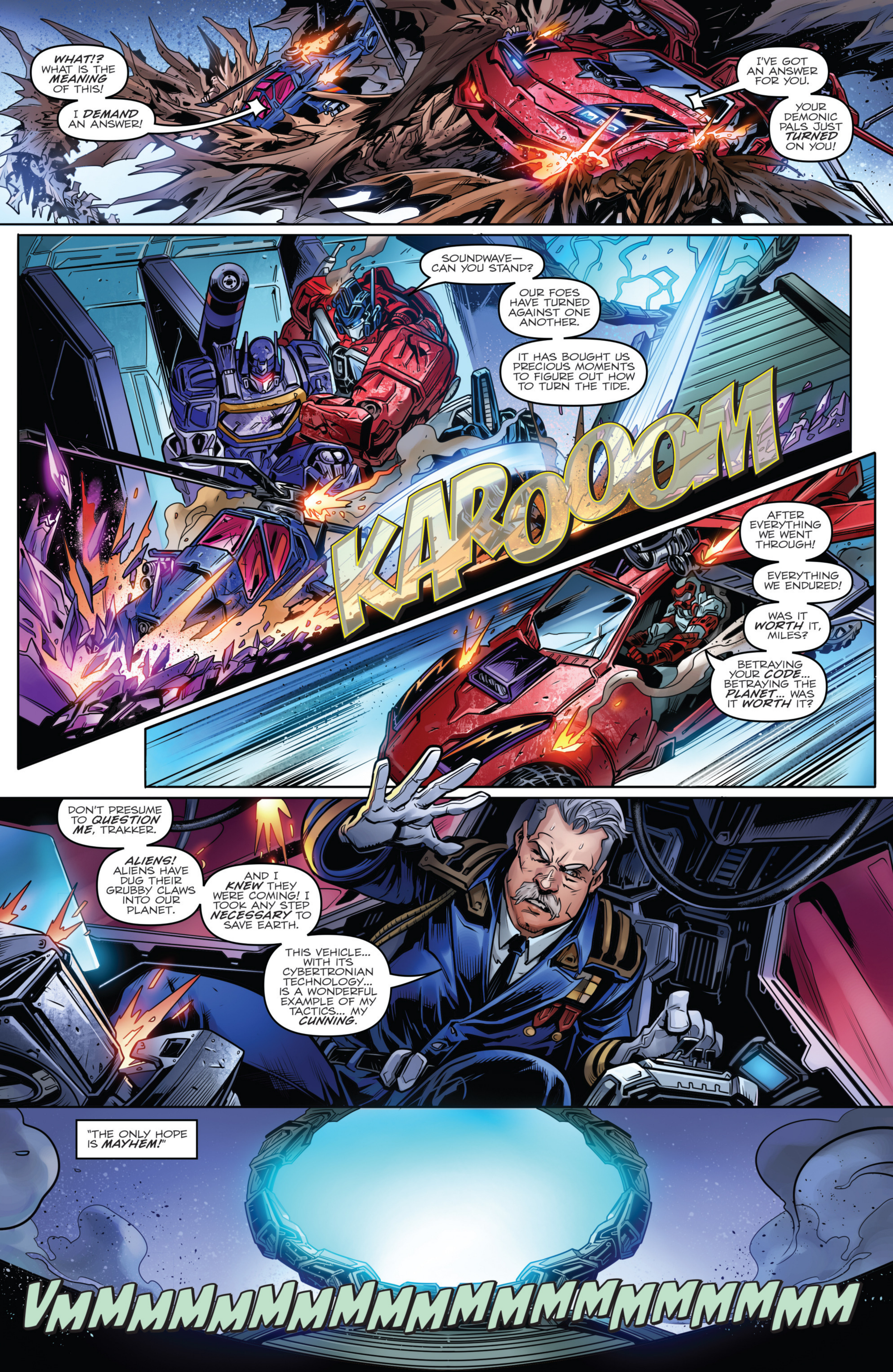

INSIDE.
MY NEW FRIENDS...
...I BELIEVE WE MAY HAVE TROUBLE.

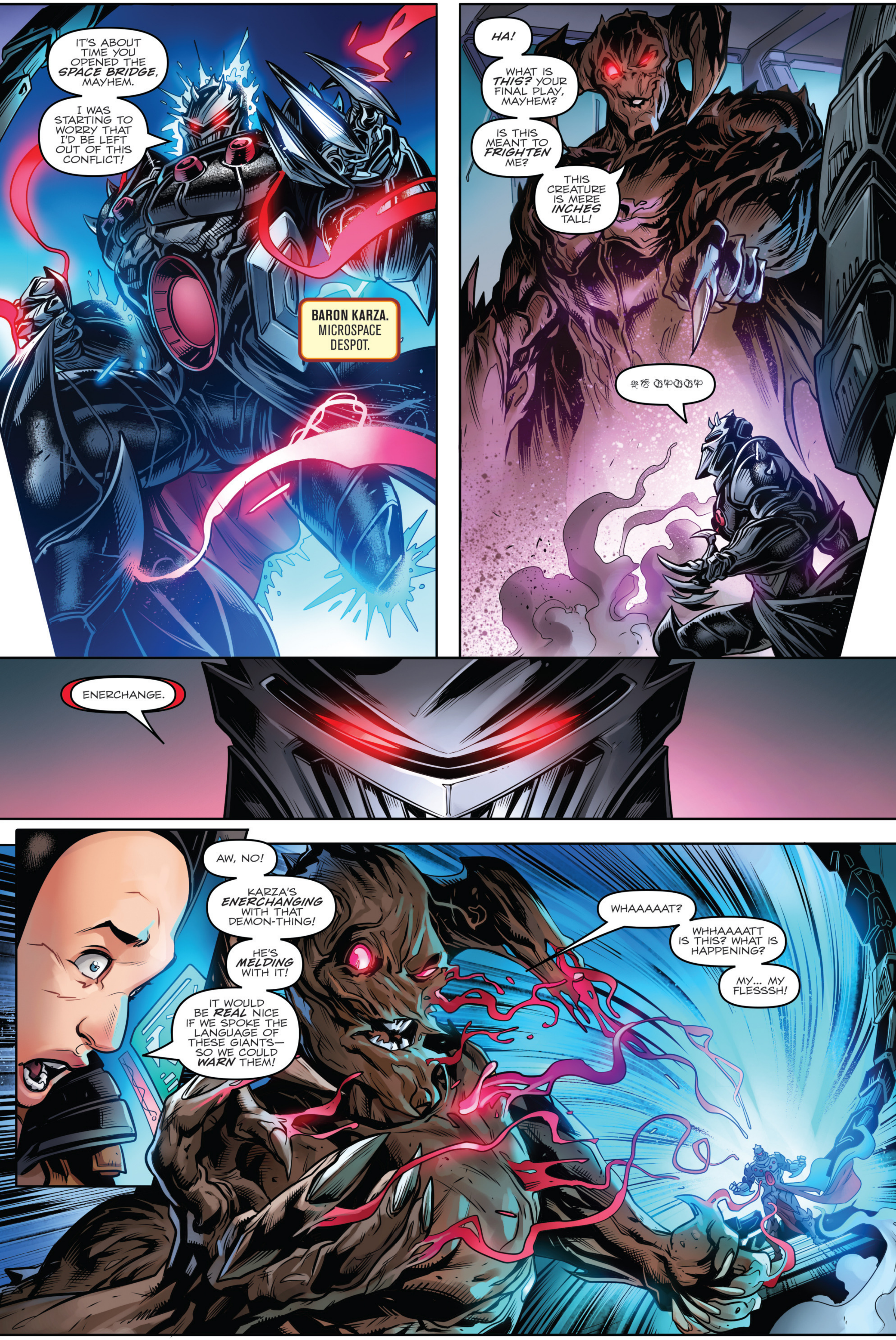

STEADY, FELLOWS. ***STEADY.***
THE SKY OPENS... AND OUR ***REINFORCEMENTS*** HAVE ARRIVED.
REINFORCEMENTS?
MILES—THOSE THINGS... THEY'RE ***MONSTERS!***
DIRE WRAITHS.
*HEH.*
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL.
BUT NONE— ***NONE!***—FOR OUR MECHANICAL ENEMIES.
AAAARGGH!
JAZZ! *GO!*
GET OUT OF HERE!
GET ***HELP!***
WILL DO, VICTORION!

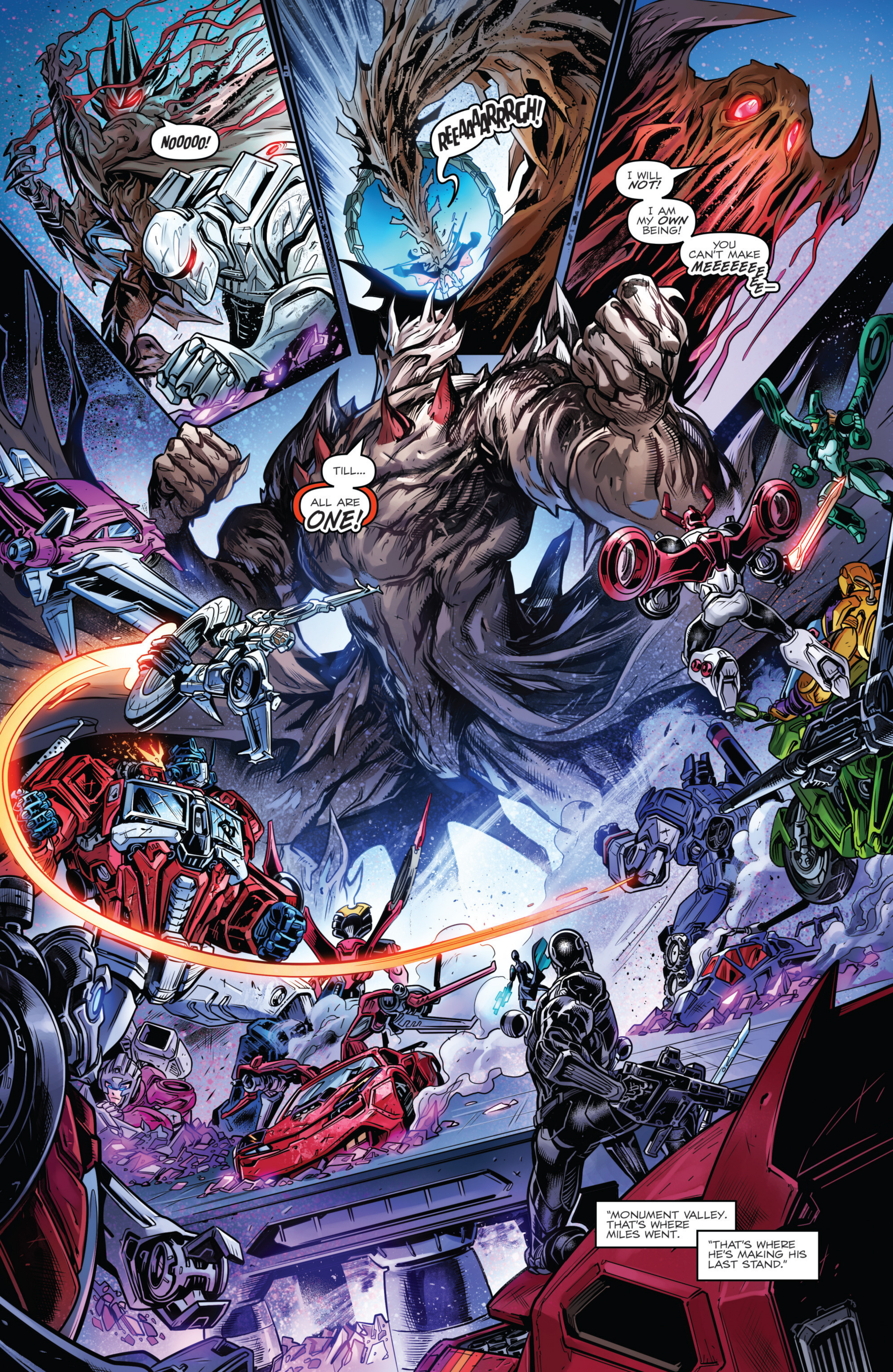

OPTIMUS! SOUNDWAVE! *ANYBODY!*
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
VICTORION'S HOLDING 'EM OFF, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG—
CBOOM
THIS...
...THIS ISN'T WHAT I SIGNED UP FOR.
THIS ISN'T WHAT MY TEAM SIGNED UP FOR.
CRY ME A RIVER, TRAKKER!
BUT MAKE SURE IT IS A RIVER OF OUR ENEMIES' BLOOD.
NOW SWOOP IN AND FINISH WHAT WE—
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? RIGHT IN YOUR GUT?
THIS ISN'T RIGHT!
THIS ENDS *NOW!*

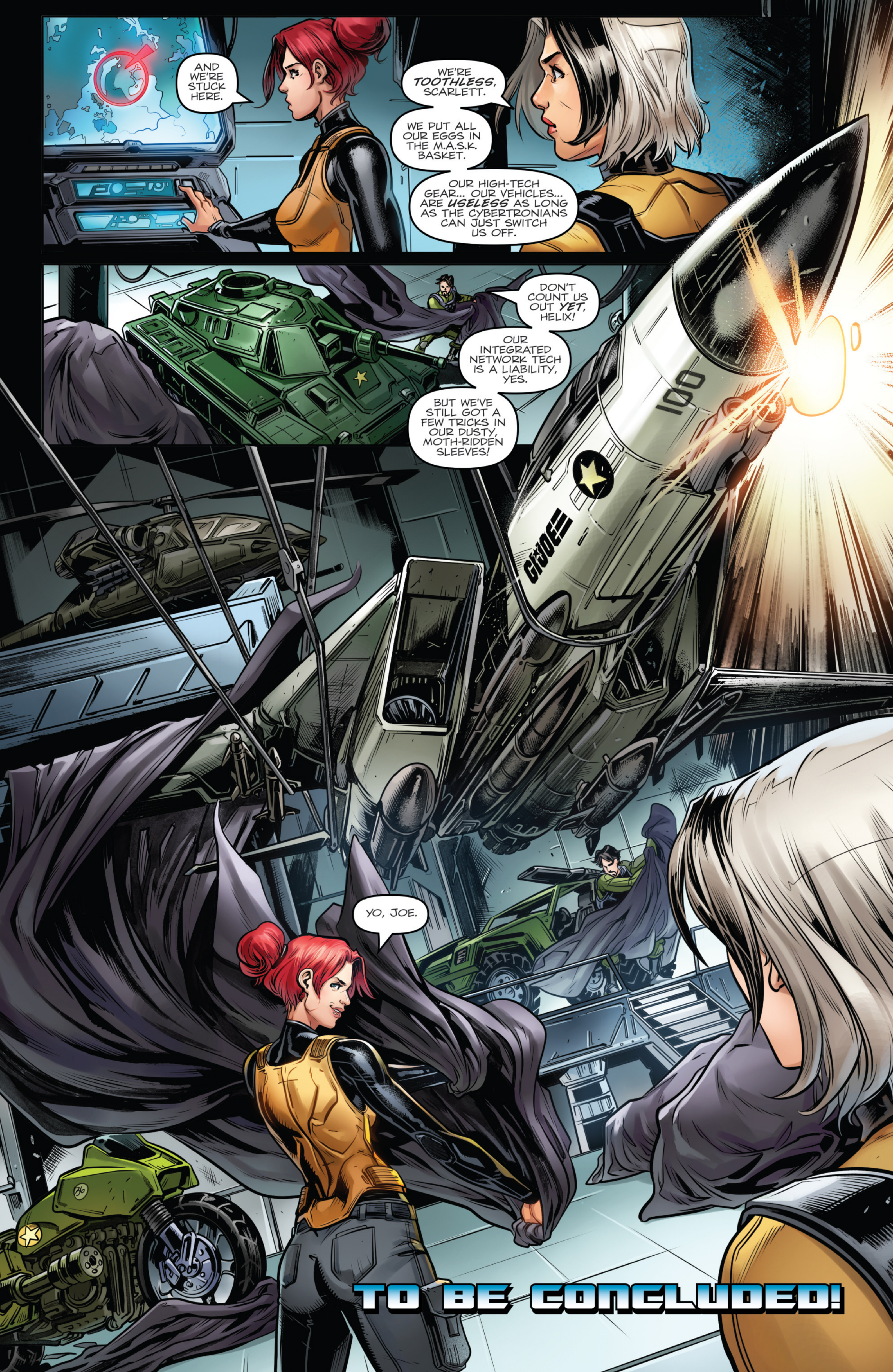



THEY'VE FORMED *ALLIANCES* OF THEIR OWN!
NO MATTER!
THE *PRIMEVAL ENERGIES* OF THE *ORE* ARE MINE TO COMMAND! MY WRAITHS GROW *STRONGER!*
AAARGH!
THRAK
...TOO *MANY*...
...TOO *STRONG*...
...USING THE ORE-13 AGAINST US...
YES, PRIME!
YOU SOUGHT TO LORD OVER THE EARTH...
...BUT THAT JOB, I'M AFRAID, IS *MINE!*
MILES— WHAT?
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
LIKE ALL HUMANS...
...MILES MAYHEM MISUNDERSTANDS HIS PLACE ON THE *FOOD CHAIN.*


WHAT!? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!
I DEMAND AN ANSWER!
I'VE GOT AN ANSWER FOR YOU.
YOUR DEMONIC PALS JUST TURNED ON YOU!
SOUNDWAVE— CAN YOU STAND?
OUR FOES HAVE TURNED AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.
IT HAS BOUGHT US PRECIOUS MOMENTS TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO TURN THE TIDE.
KAROOOOM
AFTER EVERYTHING WE WENT THROUGH!
EVERYTHING WE ENDURED!
WAS IT WORTH IT, MILES?
BETRAYING YOUR CODE... BETRAYING THE PLANET... WAS IT WORTH IT?
DON'T PRESUME TO QUESTION ME, TRAKKER.
ALIENS! ALIENS HAVE DUG THEIR GRUBBY CLAWS INTO OUR PLANET.
AND I KNEW THEY WERE COMING! I TOOK ANY STEP NECESSARY TO SAVE EARTH.
THIS VEHICLE... WITH ITS CYBERTRONIAN TECHNOLOGY... IS A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF MY TACTICS... MY CUNNING.
"THE ONLY HOPE IS MAYHEM!"
VMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

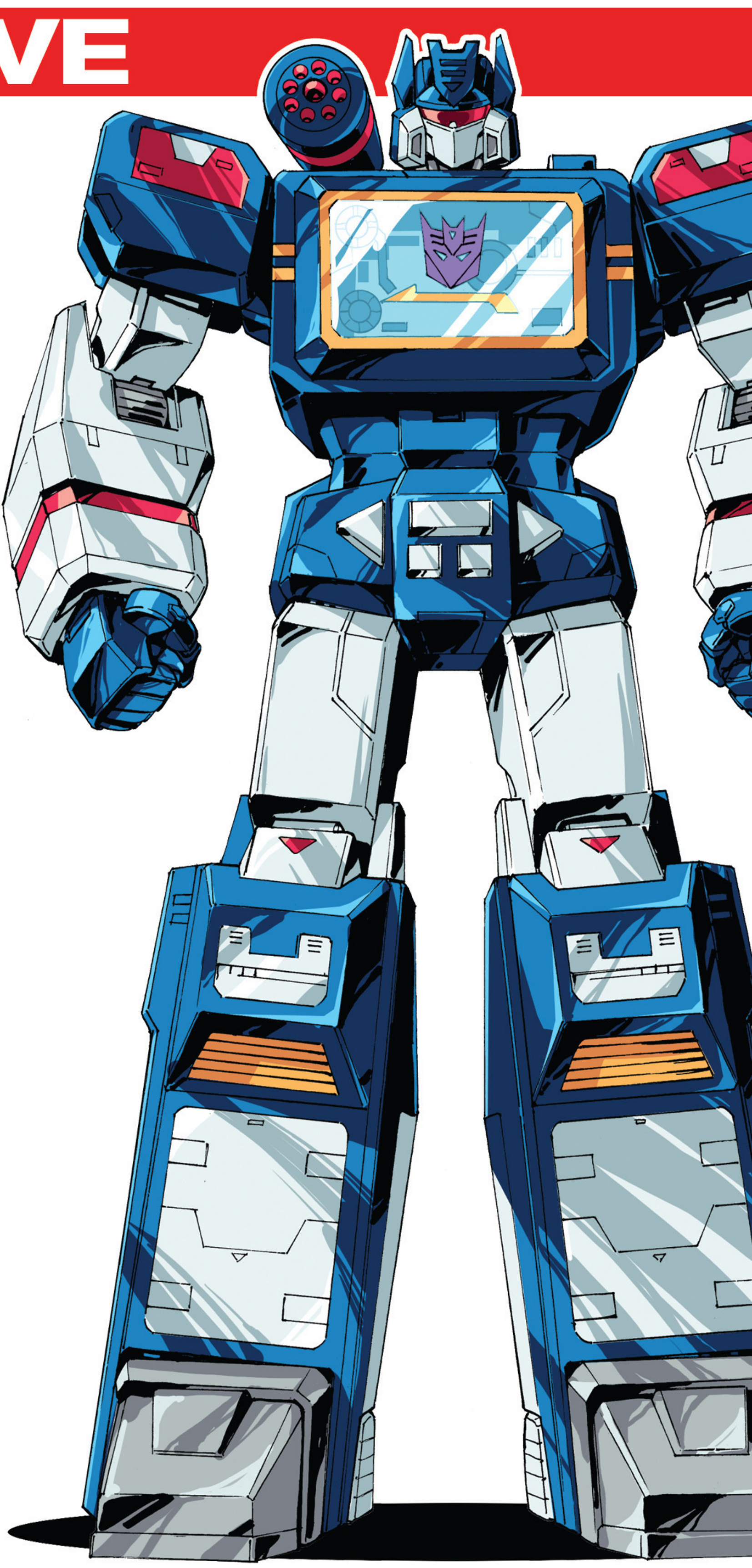

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU OPENED THE ***SPACE BRIDGE***, MAYHEM.
I WAS STARTING TO WORRY THAT I'D BE LEFT OUT OF THIS CONFLICT!
**BARON KARZA.** MICROSPACE DESPOT.
***HA!***
WHAT IS ***THIS?*** YOUR FINAL PLAY, MAYHEM?
IS THIS MEANT TO ***FRIGHTEN*** ME?
THIS CREATURE IS MERE ***INCHES*** TALL!
ENERCHANGE.
AW, NO!
KARZA'S ***ENERCHANGING*** WITH THAT DEMON-THING!
HE'S ***MELDING*** WITH IT!
IT WOULD BE ***REAL*** NICE IF WE SPOKE THE LANGUAGE OF THESE GIANTS—SO WE COULD ***WARN*** THEM!
WHAAAAAT?
WHHAAAATT IS THIS? WHAT IS HAPPENING?
MY... MY FLESSSH!


NOOOOO!
REEAAARRRGH!
I WILL *NOT!*
I AM MY *OWN* BEING!
YOU CAN'T MAKE *MEEEEEEEEEE—*
TILL...
ALL ARE *ONE!*
"MONUMENT VALLEY. THAT'S WHERE MILES WENT.
"THAT'S WHERE HE'S MAKING HIS LAST STAND."


AND WE'RE STUCK HERE.
WE'RE *TOOTHLESS*, SCARLETT.
WE PUT ALL OUR EGGS IN THE M.A.S.K. BASKET.
OUR HIGH-TECH GEAR... OUR VEHICLES... ARE *USELESS* AS LONG AS THE CYBERTRONIANS CAN JUST SWITCH US OFF.
DON'T COUNT US OUT *YET*, HELIX!
OUR INTEGRATED NETWORK TECH IS A LIABILITY, YES.
BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A FEW TRICKS IN OUR DUSTY, MOTH-RIDDEN SLEEVES!
100
G.I. JOE
YO, JOE.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

# SOUNDWAVE

**Real name:** Soundwave
**Occupation:** Missionary
**Legal status:** Citizen of Cybertron
**Place of birth:** Unknown region of Cybertron
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None
**Group affiliation:** Decepticon; ally of Optimus Prime's Autobots; leader of his "cassettes"
**Current base of operations:** *Sanctuary Station,* near Jupiter
**First appearance (historical):** *Transformers* (1984) #1
**First appearance (this continuity):** *Transformers: Stormbringer* #1



**History:** Soundwave was discovered, disorientated by his enhanced senses, in the slums of the Dead End by the animalistic Cybertronians Ravage, Buzzsaw, and Laserbeak. Ravage helped Soundwave come to grips with these abilities, which attracted the attention of Senator Ratbat.

The senator's Functionist policies, which discriminated against Cybertronians based on their forms, repulsed Soundwave—but through the senator, he met a kindred spirit seeking equality: Megatron, leader of the Decepticons.

With Soundwave at his side, Megatron overthrew the corrupt Cybertronian government—then turned to conquer the planet himself. While Soundwave would agree that many of Megatron's violent policies—including the invasion of Earth, which led to the deaths of nearly a billion people—were overzealous, he believed organic life was inherently inferior and their deaths were necessary compromises in pursuit of the goal of Cybertronian equality.

After Megatron's defeat against Optimus Prime's Autobots, Soundwave was disgusted by his mentor's ultimate decision to join the Autobots. Soundwave teamed with a charismatic despot called Galvatron to form a new Decepticon group and build Sanctuary Station near Jupiter, working with the governments of Earth. Unfortunately, Galvatron only wanted to conquer the planet, and the whole endeavor quickly fell apart, leaving Optimus Prime to pick up the pieces and annex the Earth into Cybertron's Council of Worlds.

Optimus Prime blackmailed Soundwave into joining his cause, using information that Soundwave had recently killed a Decepticon to keep a secret conspiracy secret—an event unknown to most Decepticons. But while defeating Galvatron, Soundwave realized organic life was not that dissimilar from mechanical—and has turned over a new leaf, willingly working with Optimus to make reparations for past actions.

**Height:** 32'
**Weight:** 14 tons
**Eyes:** Red
**Hair:** None

**Strength level:** Soundwave possesses above-average strength and endurance compared to other Cybertronians of his stature.

**Unusual powers:** Soundwave possesses the normal Cybertronian ability to change forms between "robot" and "alt-mode." His current alt-mode is that of a Cybertronian tank, though previous ones have demonstrated an ability to mass-shift and dramatically reduce his size and weight.

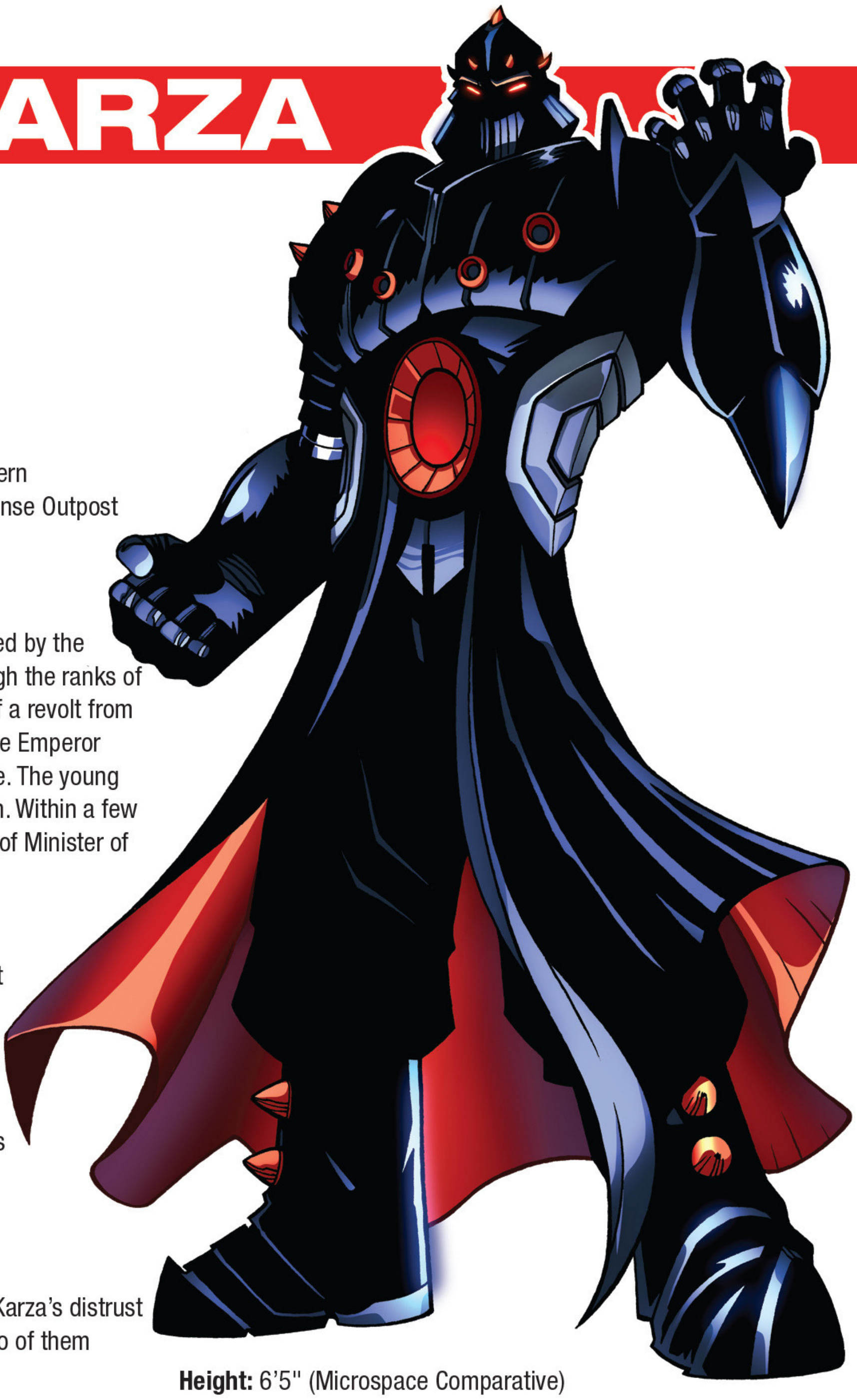
Additionally, Soundwave has the "outlier" (i.e., atypical) ability of enhanced sensory perception. He is able to detect sounds, sights, smells, and transmissions far beyond that of "normal" Cybertronians. This often is experienced as a form of synesthesia. He is able to manipulate transmissions within the audio and electromagnetic spectra. At his ability's limits, Soundwave is able to detect electrical impulses within Cybertronian and human brains, resulting in limited telepathy—though it has not been shown that he can affect others' thoughts in this manner.

Further, Soundwave has the somewhat unusual ability to store multiple smaller Cybertronians in his chest as "cassettes," as well as the ability to fly.

**Weapons:** Soundwave is well-versed in Cybertronian small arms, and often makes use of an over-the-shoulder missile launcher.

Text: **John Barber** • Art: **Guido Guidi**

# BARON KARZA



**Real name:** Hraal Karza
**Occupation:** Baron/Minister of Defense, Would-be Emperor
**Legal status:** Citizen of Microspace, Ruling Class
**Place of birth:** Aegis-6, Aegis Cluster
**Marital status:** Married to Shazraella Karza
**Known relatives:** None known
**Group affiliation:** Ministry of Defense, Council of Worlds
**Current base of operations:** Vaeris, Imperial Hiveworld, Wyvern Cluster; Mobile Ministry of Defense Outpost
**First appearance (historical):** 1976 Toy Line
**First appearance (this continuity):** *Micronauts* (2016) #1

**History:** Born on the desert world of Aegis-6, Karza was trained by the militaristic Sandmen from an early age. He quickly rose through the ranks of this mercenary caste. When the empire found itself staving off a revolt from the Kronos colony, the Sandmen were contracted to defend the Emperor himself. During this operation, Karza caught the Emperor's eye. The young warrior was taken on as one of the Emperor's elite guardsmen. Within a few years' time, Karza had risen through the ranks to the position of Minister of Defense.

Karza was a ruthless tactician and leader, going so far as to conscript his former allies the Sandmen to undergo significant genetic and behavioral modification, creating the first of the Acroyear warriors.

It was also during this time that Karza first met the woman who would be his wife. Shazraella was the Emperor's Mistress of Spies. At the time, she was betrothed to the Emperor's son, Red Falcon. Karza and Shazraella became secret lovers. This fueled a bitter rivalry between Karza and Red Falcon.

When Red Falcon became obsessed with the Time Travelers, Karza's distrust of the Emperor's son only grew. With Shazraella's help, the two of them assassinated Red Falcon.

Red Falcon's death crushed the Emperor's spirit. He slowly drifted into madness, a state that only worsened when the Entropy Storm first erupted. This storm, seemingly destroying everything it touched, began expanding from the heart of Microspace. Realizing that the Emperor could not maintain order during such a time of chaos, Karza (along with Daegon and Shazraella) placed the Emperor in a state of suspended animation so that he could heal.

In the Emperor's absence, Karza and Daegon ruled the Council of Worlds. But a disagreement over the Entropy Cloud ignited distrust between the two and soon turned into a devastating civil war between the two factions.

Upon discovery of a weathered version of his helmet, Karza began to suspect that the Entropy Storm was a growing rift in time rather than a force of destruction. When he entered the cloud, he was proven correct. Unfortunately, the knowledge came at a price as he found himself lost for years in the strange tempest of time.

During his time in the cloud, he discovered the "sleeping" form of Micronus-Prime, a gargantuan cybernetic entity who he learned was the ancient progenitor of Microspace itself.

Spending years wandering around inside the body of the sleeping titan, Karza used Micronus-Prime's technology to open lines of communication with other realities. Somewhere out there, he knew, was the means of not only stopping the Storm… but controlling it as a weapon, using chaos to instill order.

**Height:** 6'5" (Microspace Comparative)
**Weight:** 275 pounds (Microspace Comparative)
**Eyes:** Red
**Hair:** None

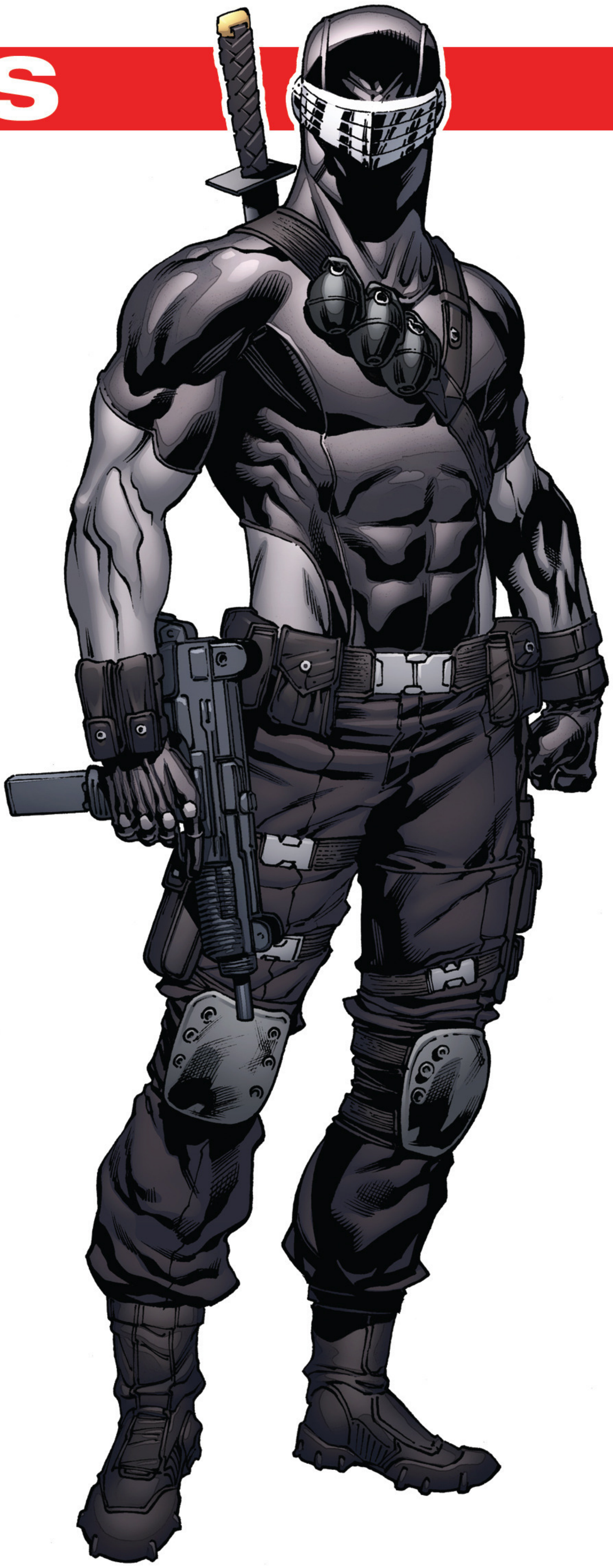
**Strength level:** Karza possesses superhuman strength, enabling him to lift/press upwards of 1 ton (Microspace Comparative). His strength is derived from genetic manipulation. Through the power of Enerchange, it is possible that he can further enhance his physical strength.

**Unusual powers:** Karza has mastered the power of Enerchange, enabling him to alter his physical form in significant ways. He has demonstrated the ability to detach body parts (going so far as to propel his hands/fists with rocket-like force). He maintains control of these detached body parts. He has transformed his body into a war-form centaur aspect, transforming his lower body into the body of a warhorse. He can harness internal energies to manifest blasts of intense energy. These laser-like blasts are most often generated from his eyes.

**Weapons:** Karza wears a suit of powered armor with tremendous defensive and offensive capabilities. The armor can withstand extreme force, pressure, and temperature variations. Through advanced life-support, the armor allows Karza to survive in the vacuum of space. The armor is outfitted with laser arrays and rocket launchers. As it is derived from Microspace technology, the armor interfaces with Karza's biology, and it will transform with Karza during Enerchange activation.

Text: **Cullen Bunn** • Art: **Jack Lawrence** & **Ander Zarate**

# SNAKE EYES



**Real name:** Classified
**Occupation:** Classified
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United States of America
**Place of birth:** Classified
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** Classified
**Group affiliation:** G.I. Joe
**Current base of operations:** Unknown
**First appearance (historical):** *G.I. Joe* (1982) #1
**First appearance (this continuity):** *G.I. Joe* (2009) #1

**History:** Very little is known about the man called Snake Eyes, except for the fact that he is extremely dangerous, perhaps the most formidable individual combatant on the G.I. Joe team.

Snake Eyes' past is shrouded in mystery, with what little we know about him coming to light after he was welcomed into the G.I. Joe team. The sole survivor of an explosion at a plastic surgery clinic, Snake Eyes was rescued from a North Las Vegas hospital by Scarlett and Duke. After the explosion, Snake Eyes' considerable abilities were intact, but his face and hands were severely damaged and he was left completely mute.

Following his rescue by G.I. Joe, Snake Eyes became an indispensable member of the team, however, not one without his peccadillos. He exhibited a tendency to go AWOL, both in pursuit of G.I. Joe targets, such as Cobra, as well as more personal missions relating to his mysterious background.

The specifics of that background, while still largely unknown, appear to be tied up with the infamous Arashikage ninja clan, with whom Snake Eyes has seemingly trained. Though it remains unclear the exact nature of his relationship with the Arashikage, Snake Eyes has exhibited a strong bond and a shared history with the Cobra operative known as Storm Shadow.

**Height:** 6'0"
**Weight:** 218 lbs
**Eyes:** Blue
**Hair:** Blonde

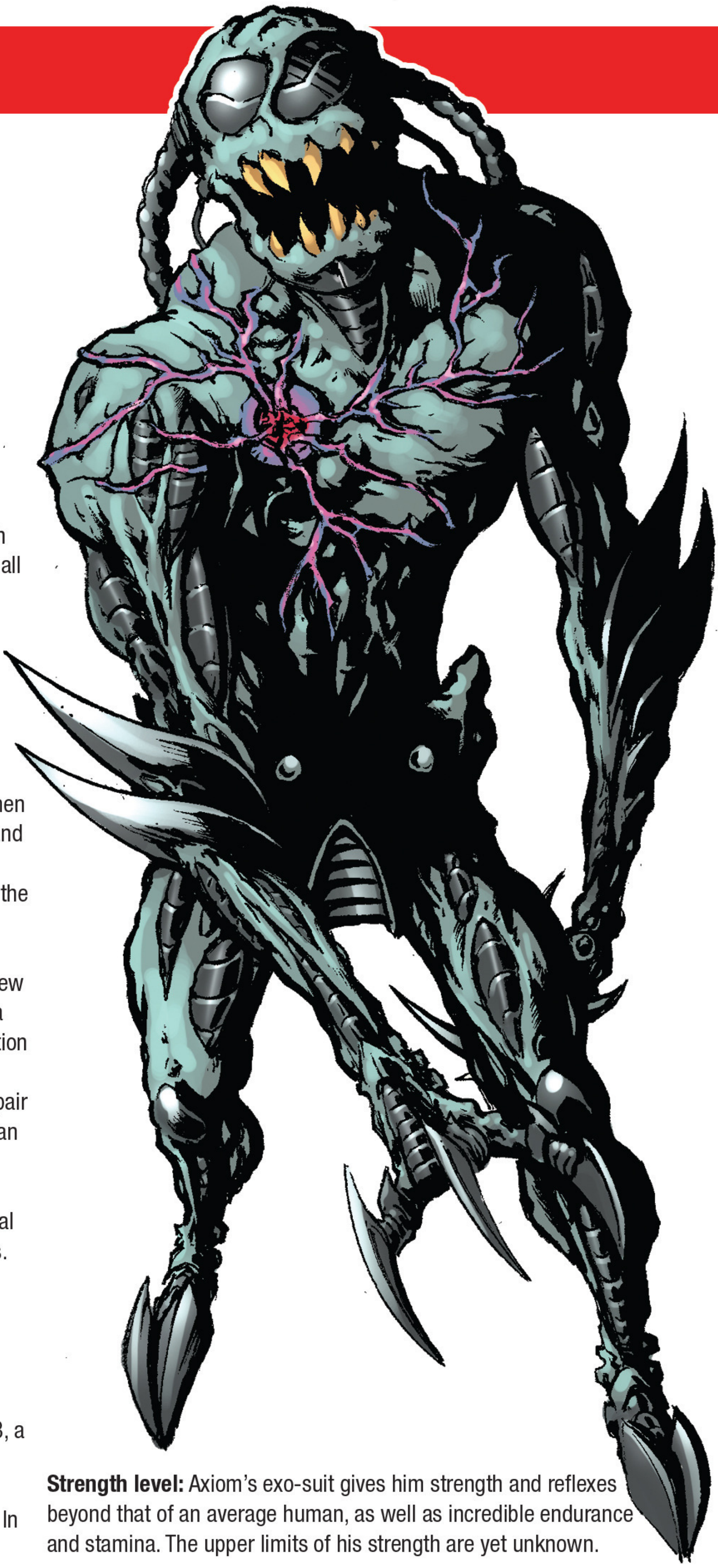
**Strength level:** Snake Eyes possesses a level of strength and endurance that is commensurate with a highly trained individual that partakes in regular, extreme exercise and physical training.

**Unusual powers:** In addition to the extensive military field training that all G.I. Joe commandos have received, Snake Eyes is also a highly trained martial artist, exhibiting mastery in an unknown number of styles and fighting systems, as well as the stealth typically associated with practitioners of ninjutsu.

**Weapons:** While he possesses considerable abilities in hand-to-hand combat, Snake Eyes is equally adept with weapons, including all NATO and Warsaw Pact small arms, explosives, and most notably, his katana and spike-knuckled trench knives.

Text: **Aubrey Sitterson** • Art: **Robert Atkins** & **Simon Gough**

# AXIOM



**Real name:** Aaron Grundy
**Occupation:** Co-founder of DeepWave Technologies, an artificial intelligence company. Pawn of the Dire Wraiths
**Legal status:** Citizen of Australia
**Place of birth:** Adelaide, Australia
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None
**Group affiliation:** DeepWave, Dire Wraiths
**Current base of operations:** Seattle, Washington
**First appearance (historical):** *Rom: Revolution* one-shot

**History:** Growing up, Aaron Grundy had a fairly typical upbringing. Being young during the first Internet boom, Grundy was fascinated with computers and technology of all sorts. His interest lead him to reading all he could on programming and technical design, all the way to science fiction, where he was captivated with the idea of artificial intelligence. A few years and a lot of study later, he began working as a programmer at Raymond-Lull, a defense contractor.

Raymond-Lull moved Grundy to Seattle to work at their U.S. branch. Shortly after his arrival, he met Caleb Awan at a technical summit on artificial intelligence in the post-Cybertronian era. That weekend, the men bonded and created the initial sketches of a suit for law enforcement and exploratory use—the Axiom suit. The goal was to produce a suit with artificial emotional-intelligence functionality, allowing for bonding with the wearer and an increased sense of self-preservation.

After months of dead-ends, Grundy finally had a breakthrough. In his new model, he based the theoretical operating system on the principles of a driver-less car, guiding the wearer to intuitively move in the right direction to avoid danger. Awan modeled the program with success. With this amount of success, the passion project became their main focus. The pair left their jobs and began seeking funding for DeepWave Technologies, an artificial intelligence start-up.

The initial build of Axiom progressed smoothly. Unfortunately, the mental interface bonding the A.I. with a human host never seemed to progress. Before long, faced with either losing the company and the project or selling DeepWave to a military think tank, Grundy and Awan buckled.

Once the deal went through, the new owner of DeepWave arrived to inspect Axiom—one General Joe Colton, founder of G.I. Joe and Dire Wraith spy. He brought with him two soldiers and a briefcase of Ore-13, a rare ore highly coveted for the ways it reacts with technology.

With the help of Colton's Ore-13, the Axiom suit finally started to work. In a live "test" Colton's team fired upon Grundy, who deftly avoided their bullets and disarmed them. Despite the amazing abilities of the suit, Grundy was knocked out by an energy blast from Colton. He awoke hours later, suspended in a bio-web of a Dire Wraith lair. Though the suit itself worked, Colton believed that Grundy's emotions would be detrimental to the suit acting at full capacity and ordered his men to solve the problem.

A hybrid of human, Dire Wraith, and technology, Grundy forsakes his human name, instead renaming himself after his suit—Axiom. He waits for orders from Colton and the Dire Wraiths, hoping to show his power and kill Rom, the Solstar Space Knight.

**Height (human):** 5'11" **Height (Axiom):** 6'10"
**Weight (human):** 218 lbs **Weight (Axiom):** Unknown
**Eyes:** Green
**Hair (human):** Brown **Hair (Axiom):** None

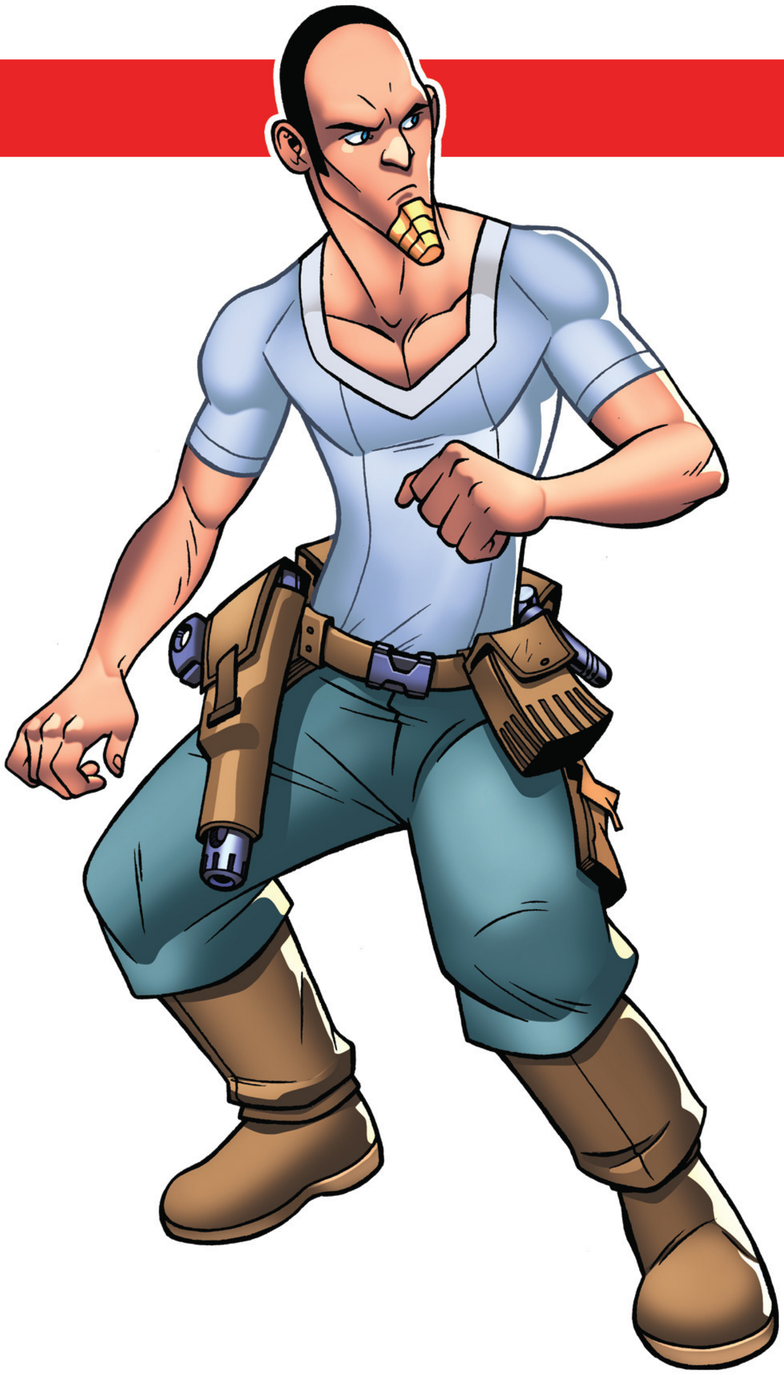
**Strength level:** Axiom's exo-suit gives him strength and reflexes beyond that of an average human, as well as incredible endurance and stamina. The upper limits of his strength are yet unknown.

**Unusual powers:** Augmented by his Axiom suit and powered by both Ore-13 and Dire Wraith magicks, Axiom is capable of incredible adaptive responsiveness. While the suit increases his human reflexes and speed, his Wraith half gives him the powers of the Dire Wraiths, including the ability to wield their eldritch magicks in powerful blasts, shape-shift, and use Wraith palm spikes. Additionally, the unique composition of his suit and body allows his touch to burn even through the armor of a Solstar Knight.

**Weapons:** The Axiom suit was designed as an early-warning system, allowing the wearer to react intuitively, even without the user being aware of danger. The suit increases reaction time to allow the body to move beyond normal human limits, granting great speed. How the suit has been altered or what additional weapons Axiom may come to possess remains thus-far unknown.

Text: **Chris Ryall** • Art: **Ron Joseph** & **Jay Fotos**

# PHAROID



**Real name:** Oziron Rael
**Occupation:** Mercenary, smuggler
**Legal status:** Citizen of Microspace
**Place of birth:** Luxoris, Pharoid Cluster
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None known
**Group affiliation:** Pharoids
**Current base of operations:** The Heliopolis, warpcore starship
**First appearance:** *Micronauts* #1

**History:** Oziron Rael ("Oz" to his friends) tends to keep his past a secret. It is known that before he pursued life as a mercenary and smuggler, he was one of the handful of "sensitives" who could communicate with the ancestors of the Pharoids—the Time Travelers.

Undergoing intense mental conditioning, Oziron and a group of Pharoids attempted to communicate with the Time Travelers on behalf of the Ministry of Science. The Time Travelers vanished coinciding with the formation of the Entropy Cloud (the growing force of destruction at the heart of Microspace). The Ministry of Science believed that the missing Time Travelers might hold the key to solving the Entropy crisis. While attempting this psychic communication, however, all of the sensitives except Oz died, having suffered massive cerebral damage. Oz staggered away, unsure what had happened, remembering nothing.

Fleeing the scene, Oz went into hiding. He took odd jobs here and there throughout Microspace. This eventually lead him to a life as a mercenary and smuggler, primarily in the employ of Hezlee Ferro, a merchant and criminal on Micropolis-12. After a few years working for Ferro, Oz had saved up enough credits to buy his own ship—the Heliopolis. He gathered a crew and struck out to make his own fortune. The Heliopolis is one of the last of the warpcore ships, able to fold space and travel faster than nearly any other vessel in space. Warpcore travel is very dangerous, though, leading in a break with reality for some of those who use it. Oz's willingness to take the risk means his services are in high demand by Ferro and other employers.

Like all Pharoids, Oz is a pacifist, and he will avoid combat when he can. That said, he has surrounded himself with those who are unafraid to enter battle. Oz has no problem with his allies fighting the fights he will not. At times, Oz has been forced to enter a fight himself, and he has proven to be an adequate combatant.

**Height:** 5'11" (Microspace Comparative)
**Weight:** 185 pounds (Microspace Comparative)
**Eyes:** Brown
**Hair:** Black

**Strength level:** Oziron possesses the average strength of a humanoid who engages in a moderate amount of physical exercise.

**Unusual powers:** Oziron possesses an unknown amount of psychic potential. In the past, he was able to send his consciousness through astral space to communicate with the missing Time Travelers. In recent years, he has abandoned the pursuit of his own psychic abilities. He has, however, been seen to involuntarily psychically heal himself from fatal wounds. It is unknown if he possesses any other telepathic abilities.

Like many residents of Microspace, Oz can "Enerchange" with other Microspace technology and lifeforms, merging with them in miraculous ways. He has done this only rarely, because overusing the "micromeld" ability has potentially harmful side effects.

**Weapons:** Oziron can often be found with a blaster at his hip. Though it doesn't see much use, the common energy gun can come in handy in a pinch—helping drive back foes or intimidate before the shooting starts.

That said, when Oz does get into a fight, he can often be found piloting Biotron, a technorganic exosuit who's living interface has bonded to Oz. Biotron units are incredibly strong and durable and come equipped with lasers and other offensive capabilities.

Text: **Cullen Bunn** • Art: **Jack Lawrence** & **Ander Zarate**

# SILENT INTERLUDE!

One human has the skill to break into AUTOBOT CITY—but what is SNAKE EYES going to do when he finds himself face-to-knee with OPTIMUS PRIME? And outside, MILES MAYHEM and the M.A.S.K.: MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND team wait to see who walks out alive…

*New York Times* best-selling writers Cullen Bunn and John Barber—and extraordinary artist Fico Ossio—storm the fortress… as the crossover event of the year reaches a fever pitch!

The
REVOLUTION
is here—
take a stand!

Barber | Griffith | Deer

# REVOLUTION

## TRANSFORMERS

IDW
ONE-SHOT

# REVOLUTION TRANSFORMERS

Written by: **JOHN BARBER**
Art by: **ANDREW GRIFFITH**
Colors by: **THOMAS DEER**

Letters by: **GILBERTO LAZCANO**
Editor: **CARLOS GUZMAN**
Publisher: **TED ADAMS**

Special thanks to Hasbro's Ben Montano, David Erwin, Josh Feldman, Ed Lane, Beth Artale, Mark Weber, and Michael Kelly

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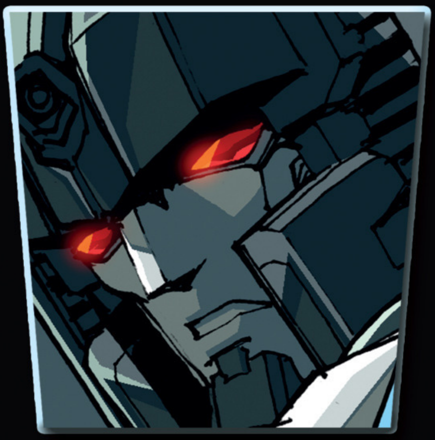
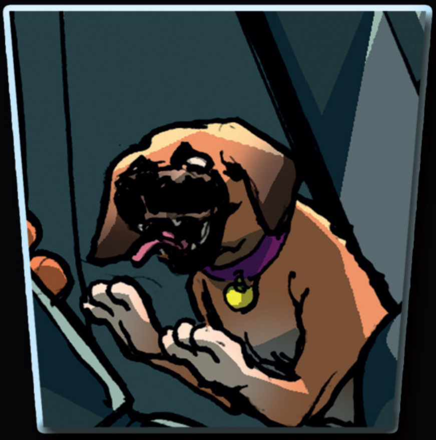
## THE STORY SO FAR:

Across the planet, deposits of Ore-13 explode. All eyes point toward Optimus Prime and his Autobots, and Marissa Faireborn is removed as head of the Earth Defense Command. She's replaced by Joe Colton and his G.I. Joe team—but Colton is killed, revealing his forces have been infiltrated by shape-changing Dire Wraiths.

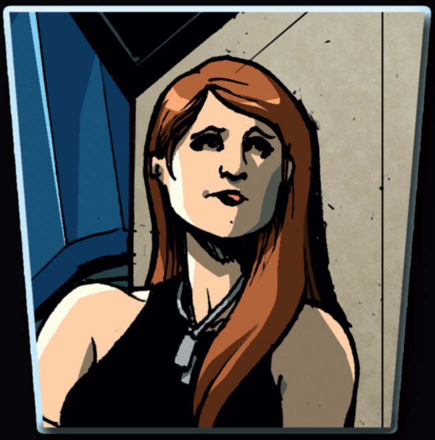
# ROLL CALL



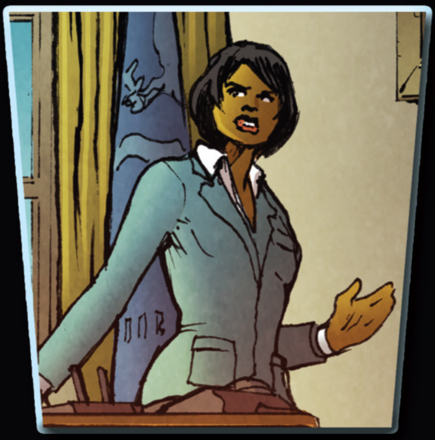
**THUNDERCRACKER**
Ex-Decepticon



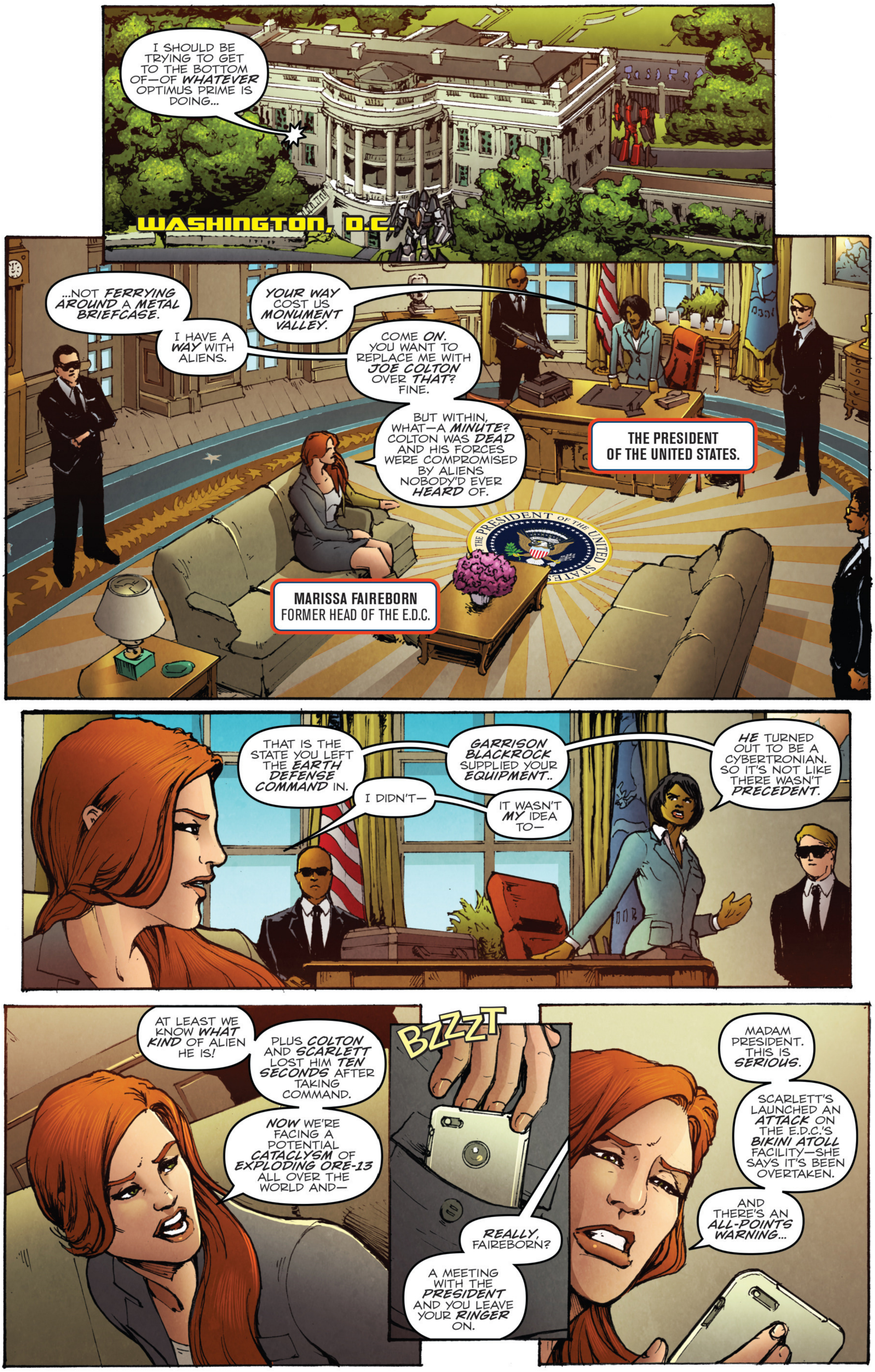
**BUSTER**
Dog

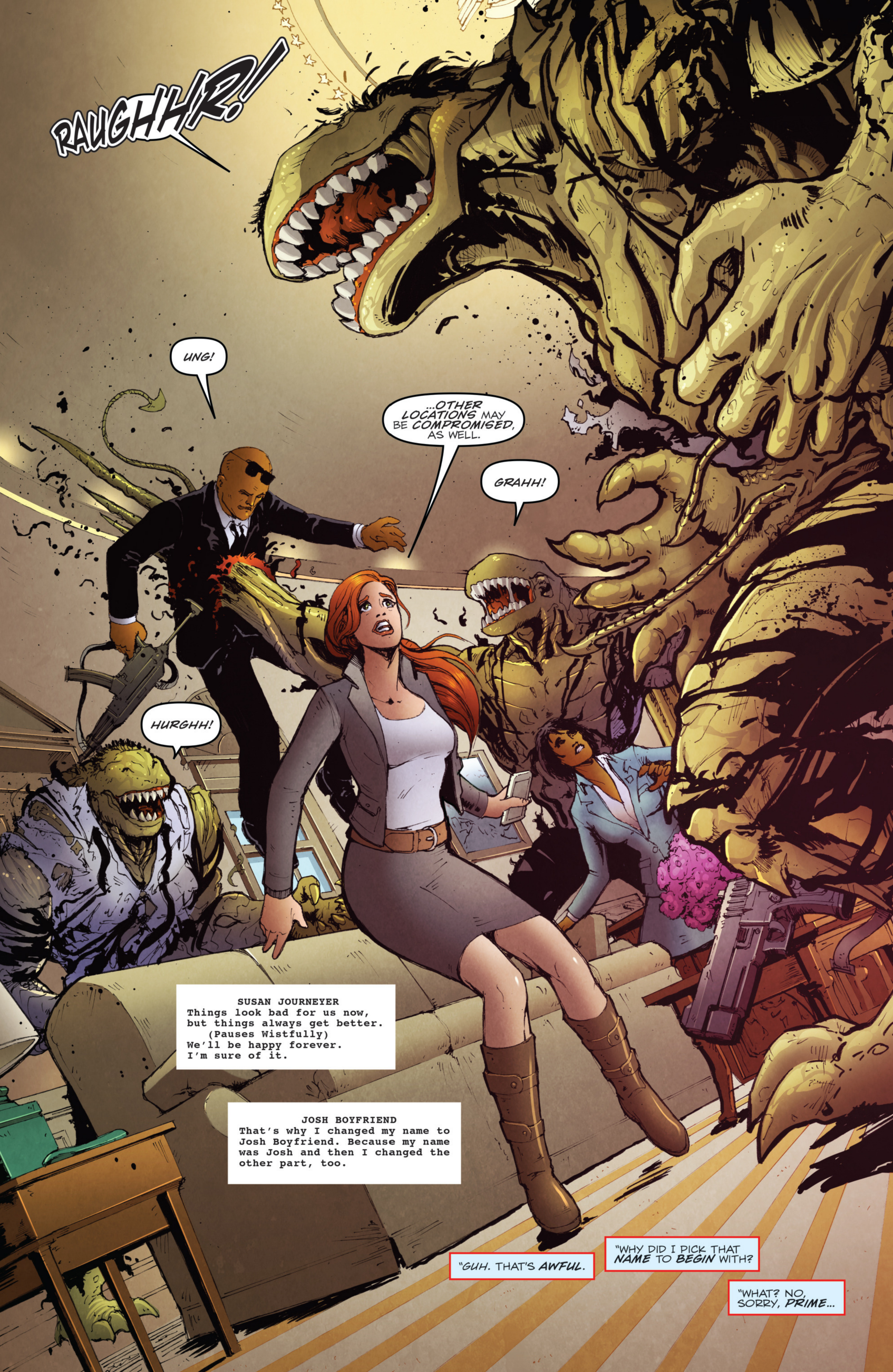


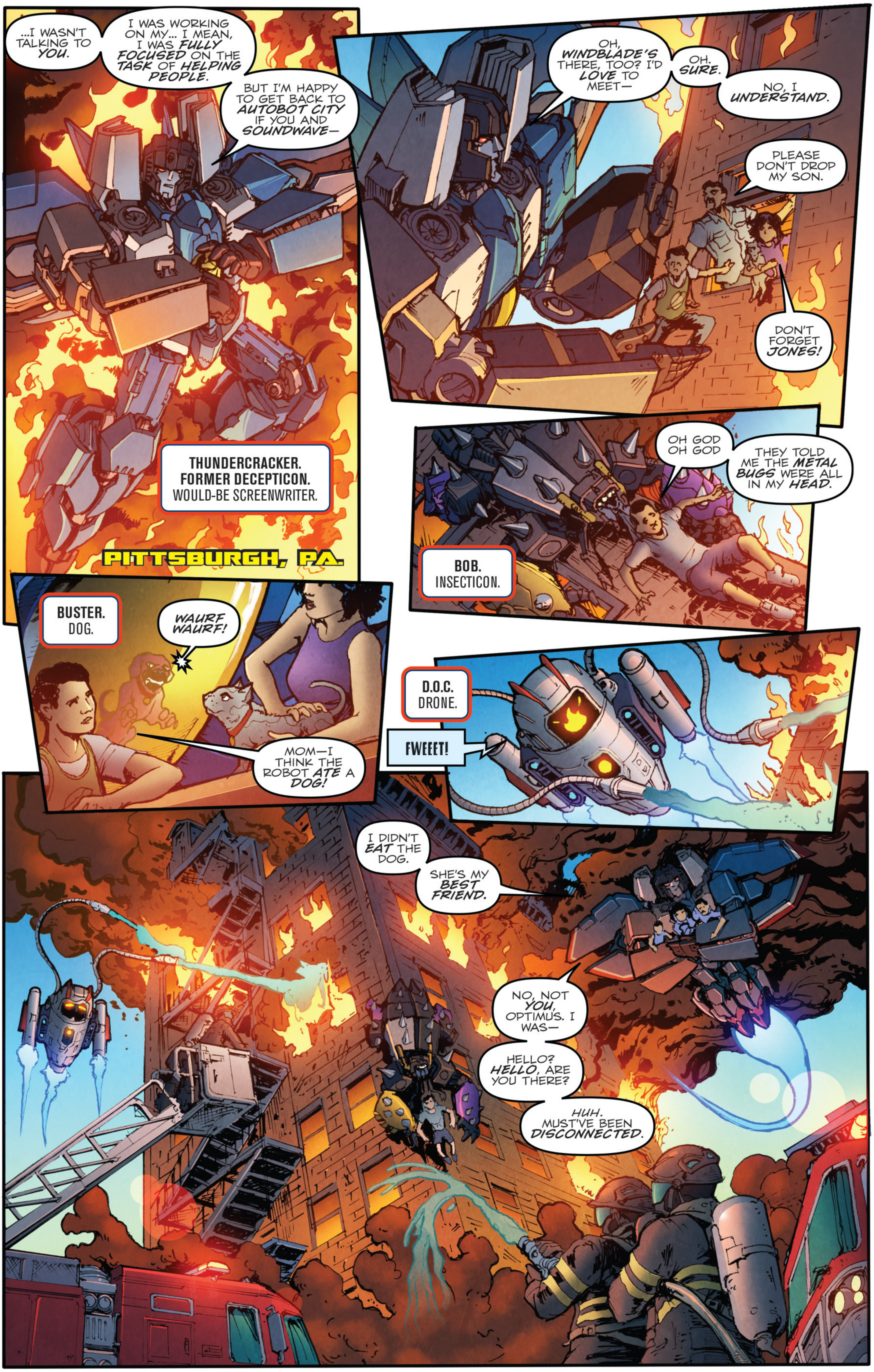
**MARISSA FAIREBORN**
Ex-Director, Earth Defense Command

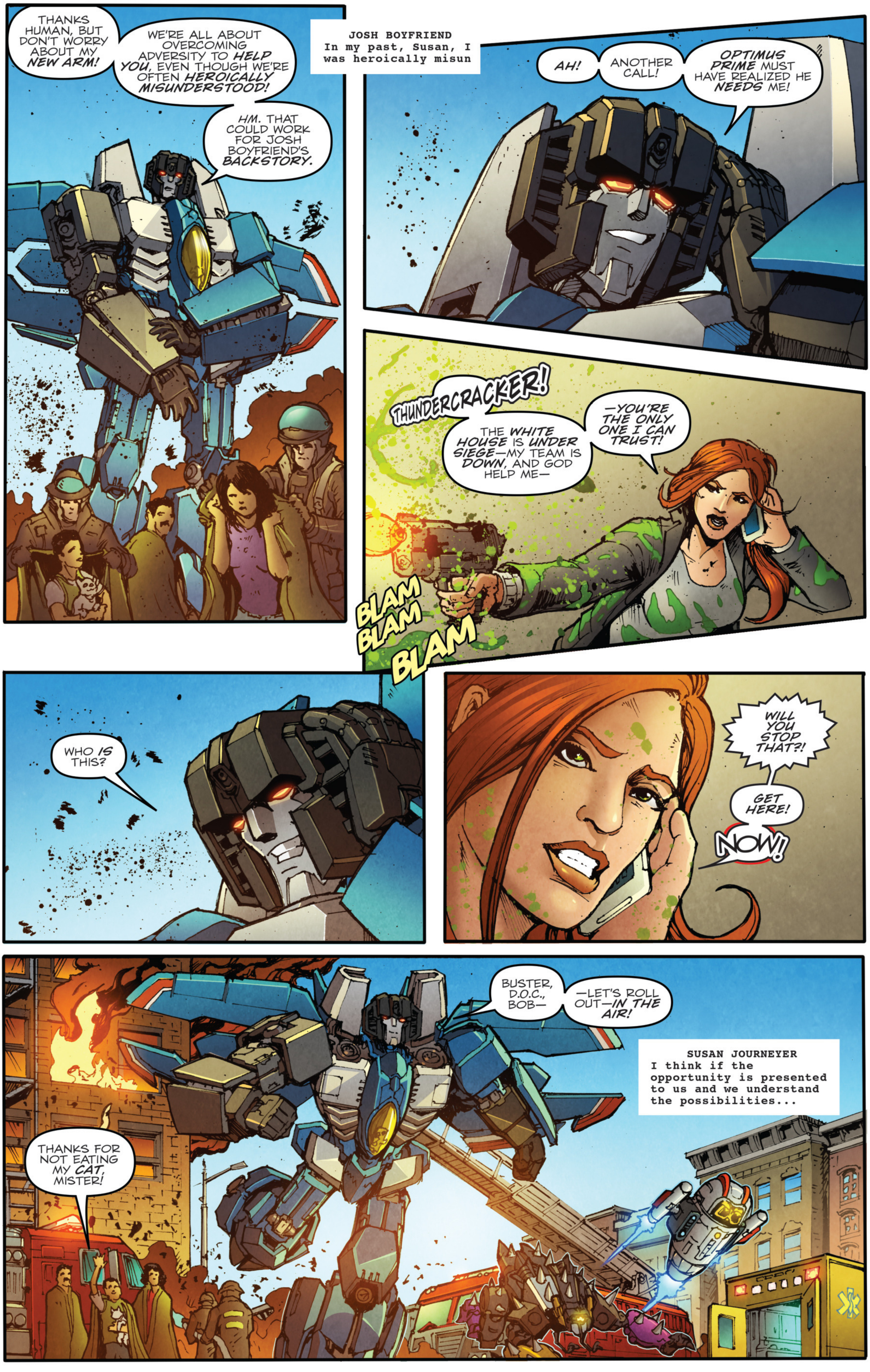


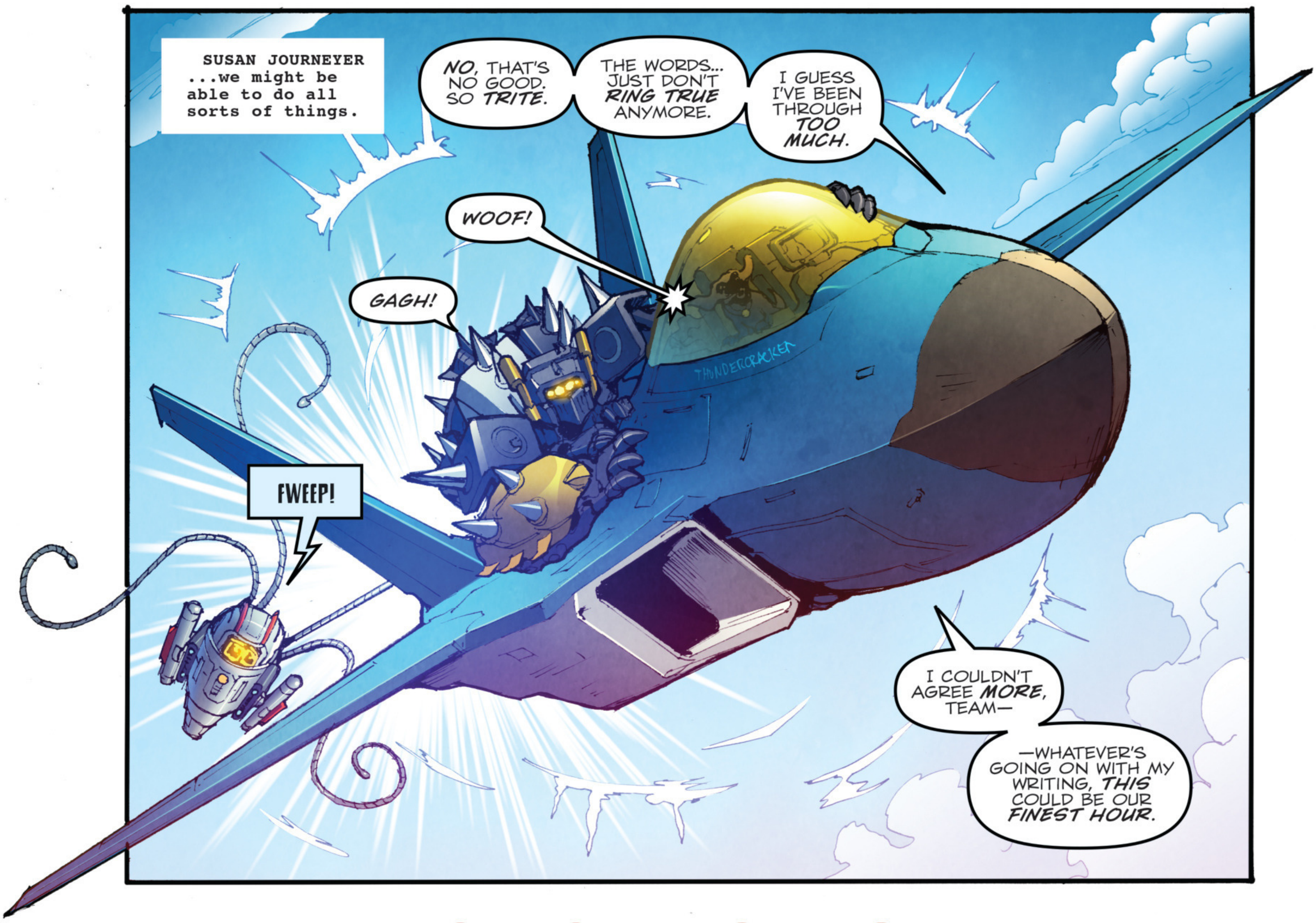
**THE PRESIDENT**
Of the United States


I SHOULD BE TRYING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF—OF *WHATEVER* OPTIMUS PRIME IS DOING...
WASHINGTON, D.C.
...NOT *FERRYING AROUND* A *METAL BRIEFCASE*.
I HAVE A *WAY* WITH ALIENS.
*YOUR WAY* COST US *MONUMENT VALLEY*.
COME *ON*. YOU WANT TO REPLACE ME WITH *JOE COLTON* OVER *THAT*? FINE.
BUT WITHIN, WHAT—A *MINUTE*? COLTON WAS *DEAD* AND HIS FORCES WERE COMPROMISED BY ALIENS NOBODY'D EVER *HEARD* OF.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
MARISSA FAIREBORN FORMER HEAD OF THE E.D.C.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
THAT IS THE STATE YOU LEFT THE *EARTH DEFENSE COMMAND* IN.
I DIDN'T—
*GARRISON BLACKROCK* SUPPLIED YOUR *EQUIPMENT*..
IT WASN'T *MY* IDEA TO—
*HE* TURNED OUT TO BE A CYBERTRONIAN. SO IT'S NOT LIKE THERE WASN'T *PRECEDENT*.
AT LEAST WE KNOW *WHAT KIND* OF ALIEN HE IS!
PLUS *COLTON* AND *SCARLETT* LOST HIM *TEN SECONDS* AFTER TAKING COMMAND.
*NOW* WE'RE FACING A POTENTIAL *CATACLYSM* OF *EXPLODING ORE-13* ALL OVER THE WORLD AND—
BZZZT
*REALLY*, FAIREBORN?
A MEETING WITH THE *PRESIDENT* AND YOU LEAVE YOUR *RINGER* ON.
MADAM PRESIDENT. THIS IS *SERIOUS*.
SCARLETT'S LAUNCHED AN *ATTACK* ON THE E.D.C.'S *BIKINI ATOLL* FACILITY—SHE SAYS IT'S BEEN OVERTAKEN.
AND THERE'S AN *ALL-POINTS WARNING*...


RAUGHHR!
UNG!
...OTHER LOCATIONS MAY BE COMPROMISED, AS WELL.
GRAHH!
HURGHH!
SUSAN JOURNEYER
Things look bad for us now, but things always get better.
(Pauses Wistfully)
We'll be happy forever. I'm sure of it.
JOSH BOYFRIEND
That's why I changed my name to Josh Boyfriend. Because my name was Josh and then I changed the other part, too.
"GUH. THAT'S AWFUL.
"WHY DID I PICK THAT NAME TO BEGIN WITH?
"WHAT? NO, SORRY, PRIME...

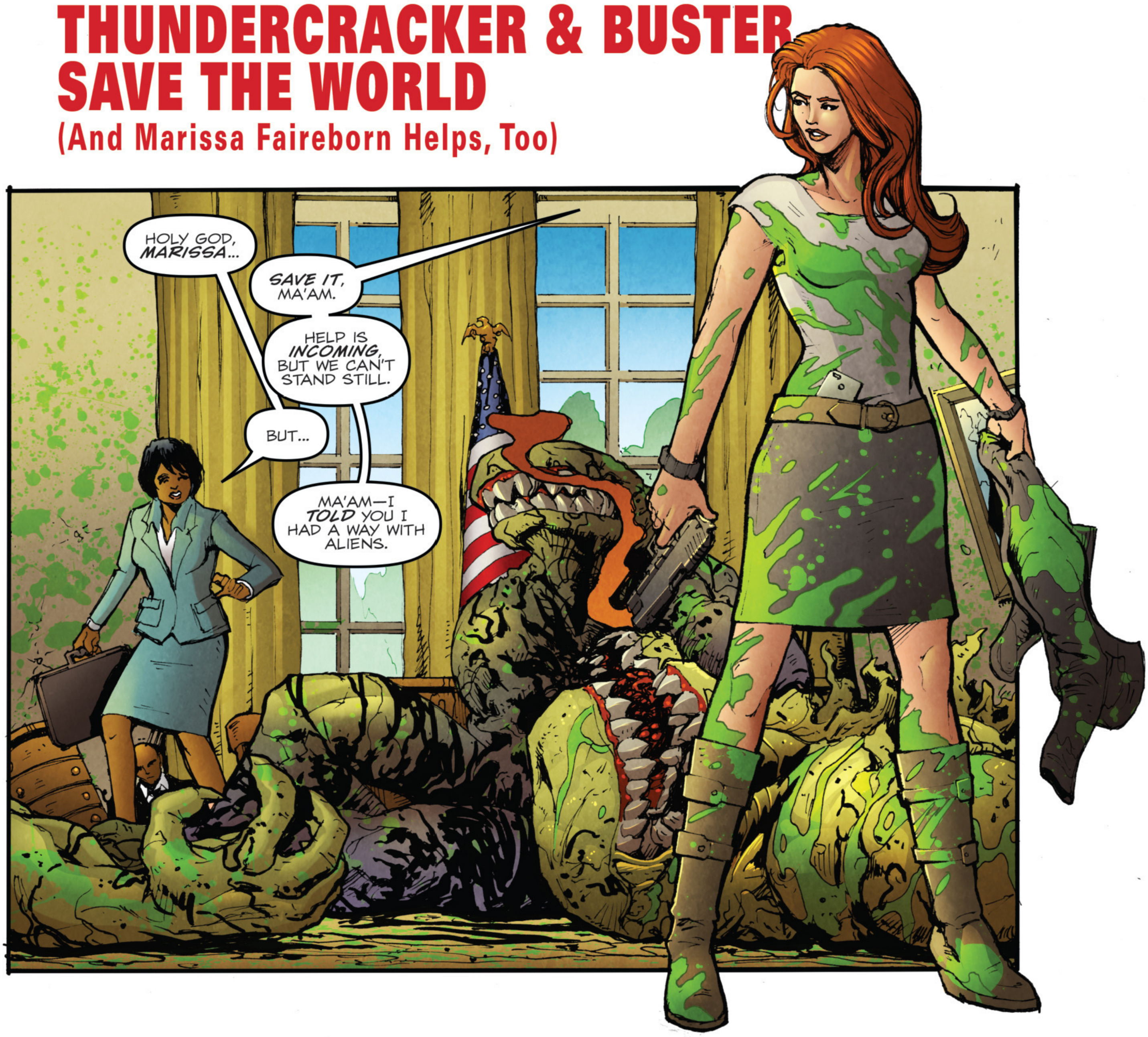

...I WASN'T TALKING TO *YOU.*
I WAS WORKING ON MY... I MEAN, I WAS *FULLY FOCUSED* ON THE *TASK* OF *HELPING PEOPLE.*
BUT I'M HAPPY TO GET BACK TO *AUTOBOT CITY* IF YOU AND *SOUNDWAVE*—
THUNDERCRACKER. FORMER DECEPTICON. WOULD-BE SCREENWRITER.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
OH, *WINDBLADE'S* THERE, TOO? I'D *LOVE* TO MEET—
OH. *SURE.*
NO, I *UNDERSTAND.*
PLEASE DON'T DROP MY SON.
DON'T FORGET *JONES!*
OH GOD OH GOD
THEY TOLD ME THE *METAL BUGS* WERE ALL IN MY *HEAD.*
BOB. INSECTICON.
BUSTER. DOG.
*WAURF WAURF!*
MOM—I THINK THE ROBOT *ATE* A *DOG!*
D.O.C. DRONE.
FWEEET!
I DIDN'T *EAT* THE DOG.
SHE'S MY *BEST FRIEND.*
NO, NOT *YOU,* OPTIMUS. I WAS—
HELLO? *HELLO,* ARE YOU THERE?
*HUH.* MUST'VE BEEN *DISCONNECTED.*

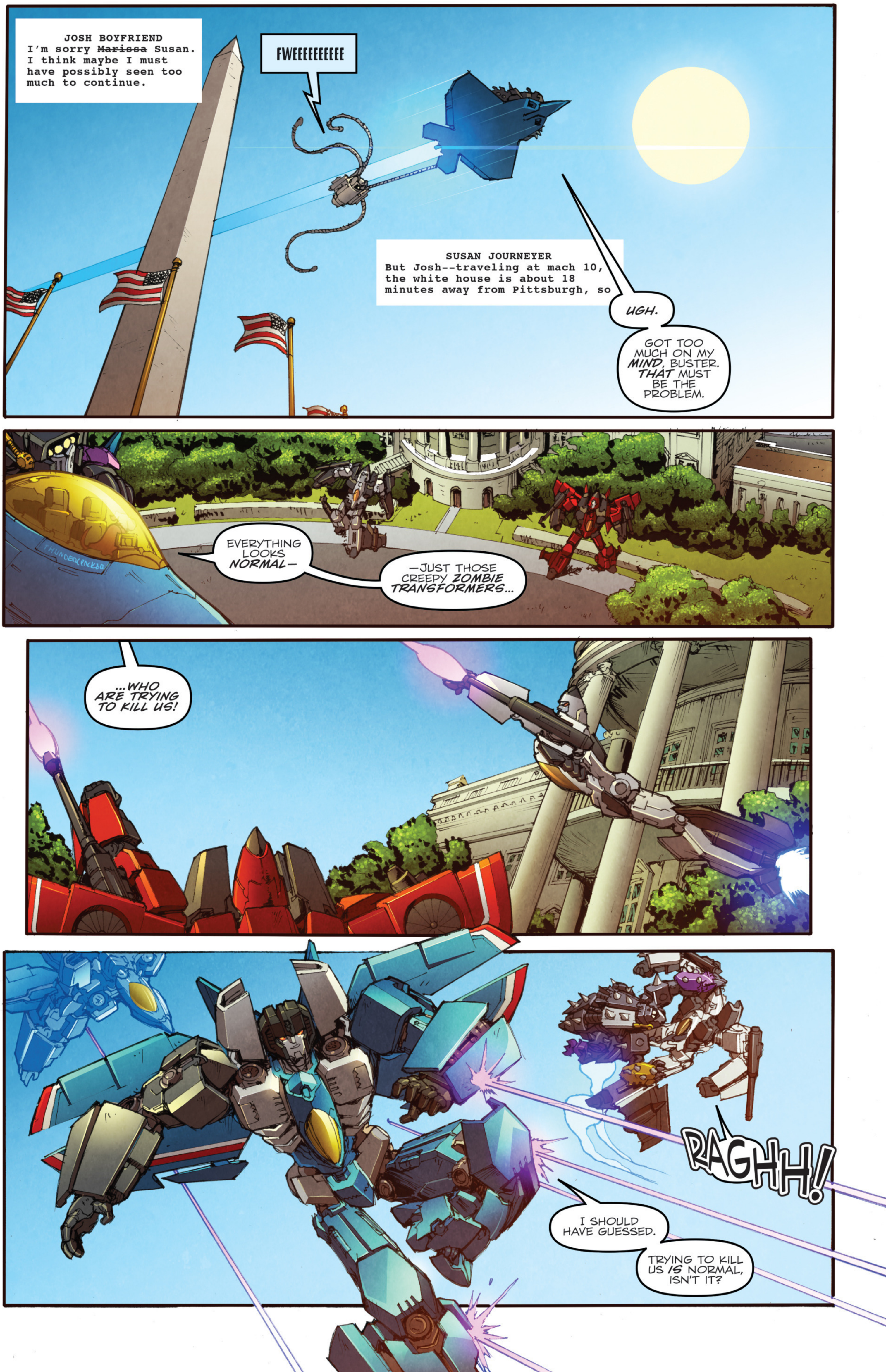

THANKS HUMAN, BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY *NEW ARM!*
WE'RE ALL ABOUT OVERCOMING ADVERSITY TO *HELP YOU*, EVEN THOUGH WE'RE OFTEN *HEROICALLY MISUNDERSTOOD!*
*HM.* THAT COULD WORK FOR JOSH BOYFRIEND'S *BACKSTORY.*
JOSH BOYFRIEND
In my past, Susan, I was heroically misun
*AH!*
ANOTHER CALL!
*OPTIMUS PRIME* MUST HAVE REALIZED HE *NEEDS* ME!
THUNDERCRACKER!
THE *WHITE HOUSE* IS *UNDER SIEGE*—MY TEAM IS *DOWN*, AND GOD HELP ME—
—*YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST!*
BLAM BLAM BLAM
WHO *IS* THIS?
*WILL YOU STOP THAT?!*
*GET HERE!*
NOW!
BUSTER, D.O.C., BOB—
—LET'S ROLL OUT—*IN THE AIR!*
SUSAN JOURNEYER
I think if the opportunity is presented to us and we understand the possibilities...
THANKS FOR NOT EATING MY *CAT*, MISTER!

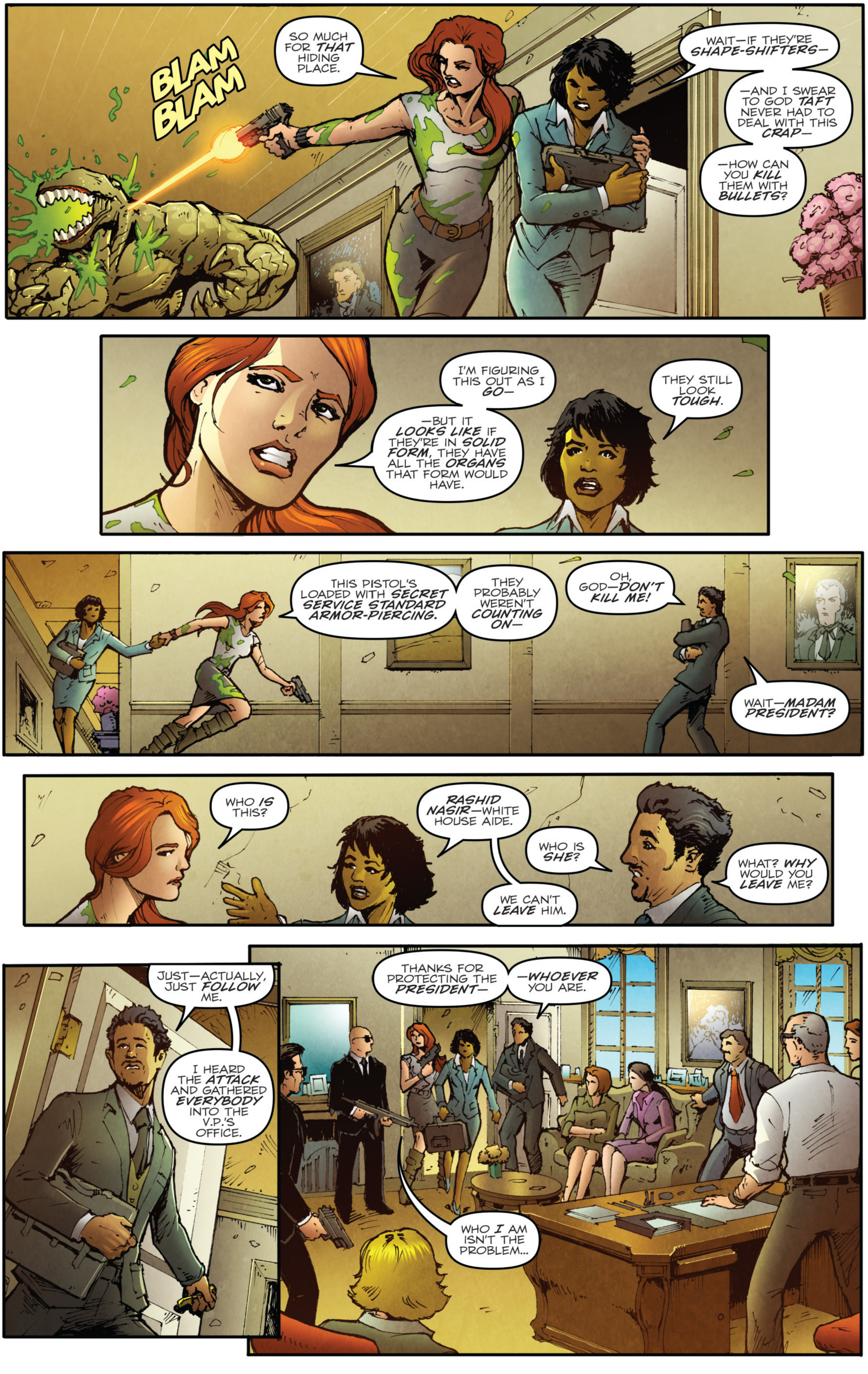

SUSAN JOURNEYER
...we might be able to do all sorts of things.
NO, THAT'S NO GOOD. SO TRITE.
THE WORDS... JUST DON'T RING TRUE ANYMORE.
I GUESS I'VE BEEN THROUGH TOO MUCH.
WOOF!
GAGH!
FWEEP!
THUNDERCRACKER
I COULDN'T AGREE MORE, TEAM—
—WHATEVER'S GOING ON WITH MY WRITING, THIS COULD BE OUR FINEST HOUR.

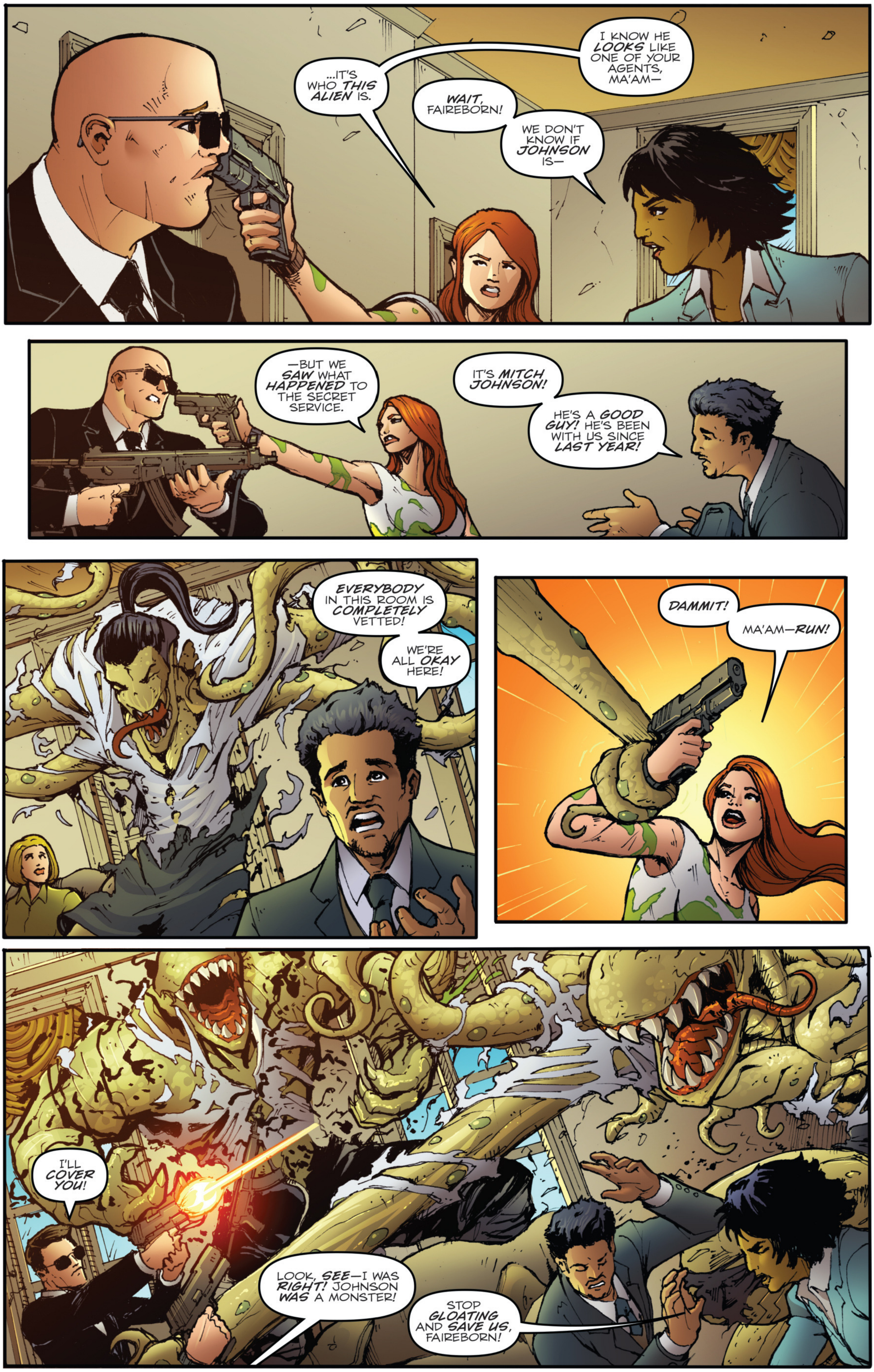
# THUNDERCRACKER & BUSTER SAVE THE WORLD

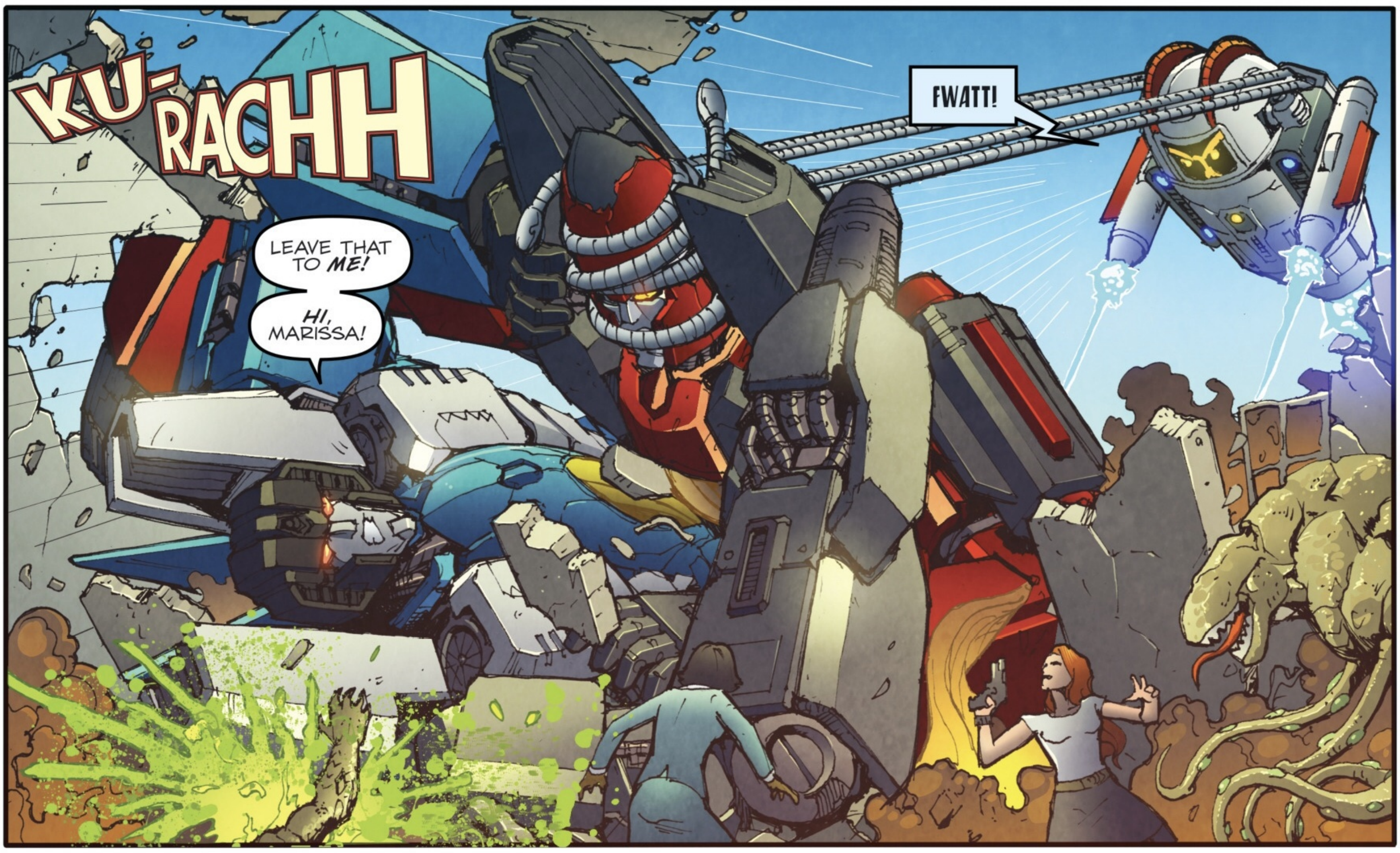
## (And Marissa Faireborn Helps, Too)

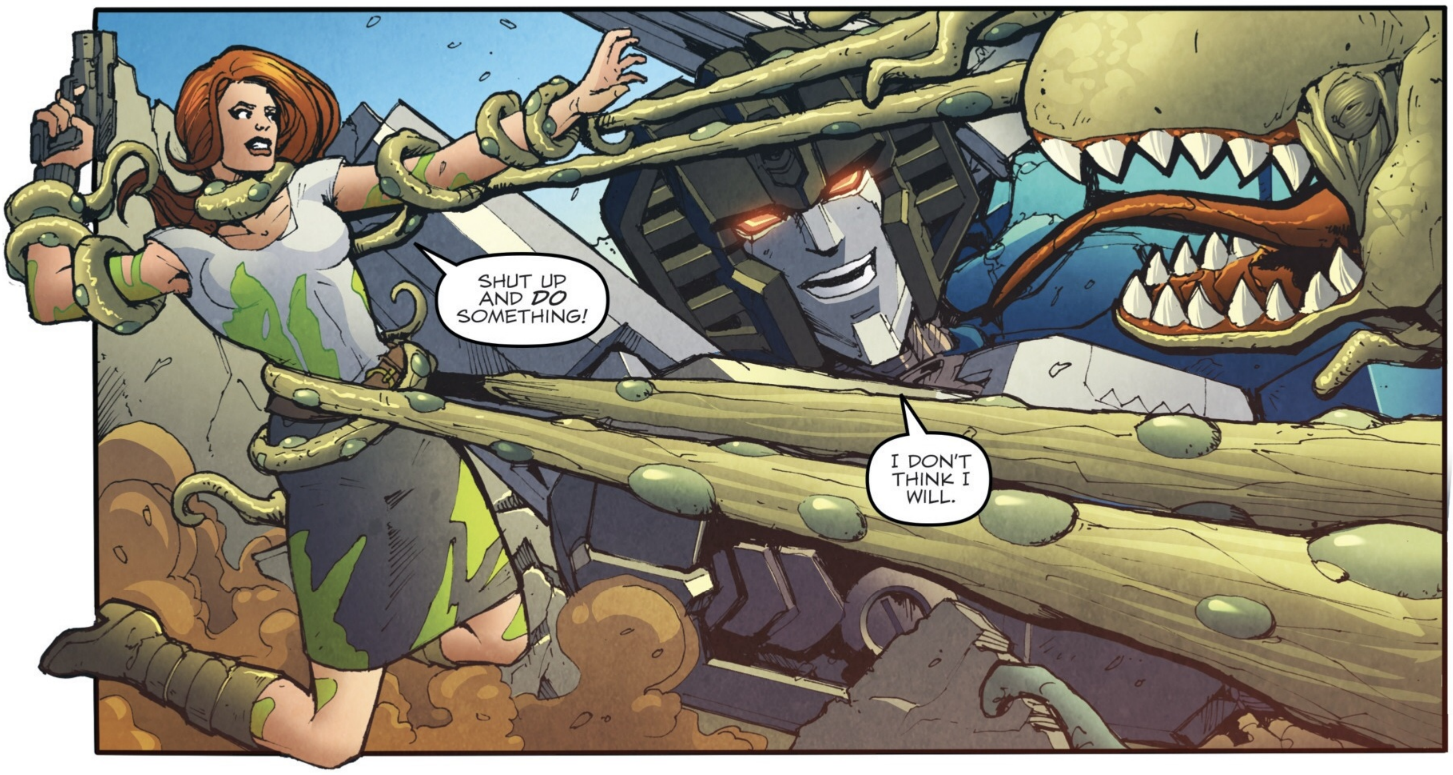

HOLY GOD, MARISSA...
SAVE IT, MA'AM.
HELP IS INCOMING, BUT WE CAN'T STAND STILL.
BUT...
MA'AM—I TOLD YOU I HAD A WAY WITH ALIENS.

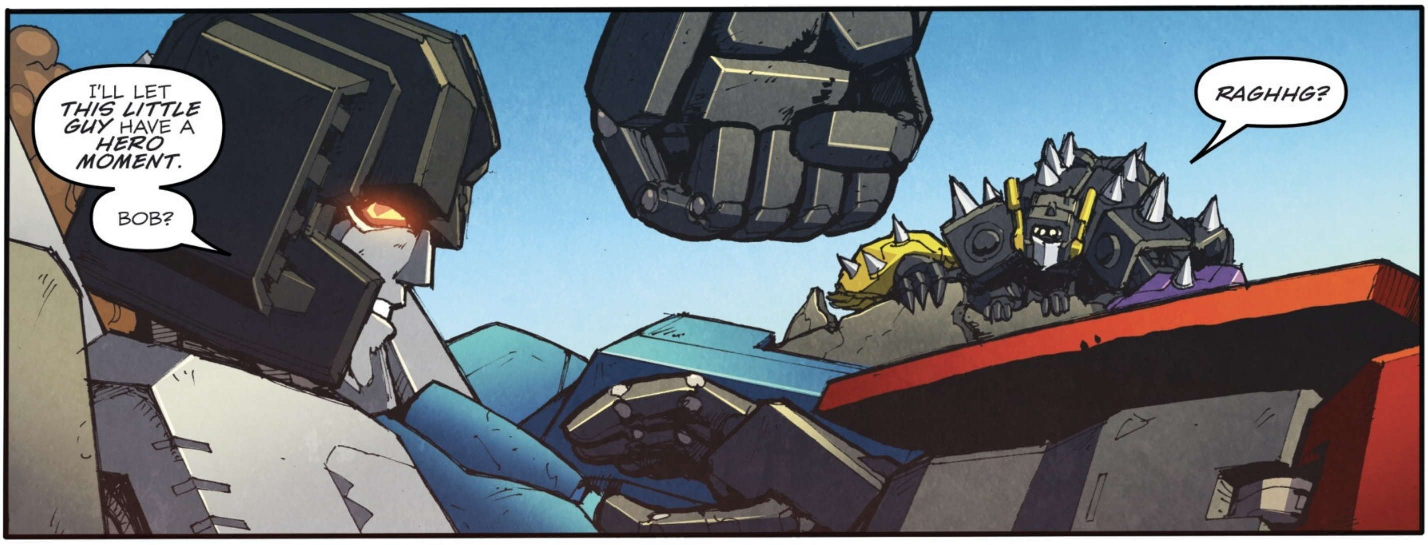

JOSH BOYFRIEND
I'm sorry ~~Marissa~~ Susan. I think maybe I must have possibly seen too much to continue.
FWEEEEEEEEEE
SUSAN JOURNEYER
But Josh--traveling at mach 10, the white house is about 18 minutes away from Pittsburgh, so
UGH.
GOT TOO MUCH ON MY *MIND*, BUSTER. *THAT* MUST BE THE PROBLEM.
THUNDERCRACKER
EVERYTHING LOOKS *NORMAL*—
—JUST THOSE CREEPY *ZOMBIE TRANSFORMERS*...
...WHO *ARE TRYING TO KILL US!*
RAGHH!
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.
TRYING TO KILL US *IS* NORMAL, ISN'T IT?

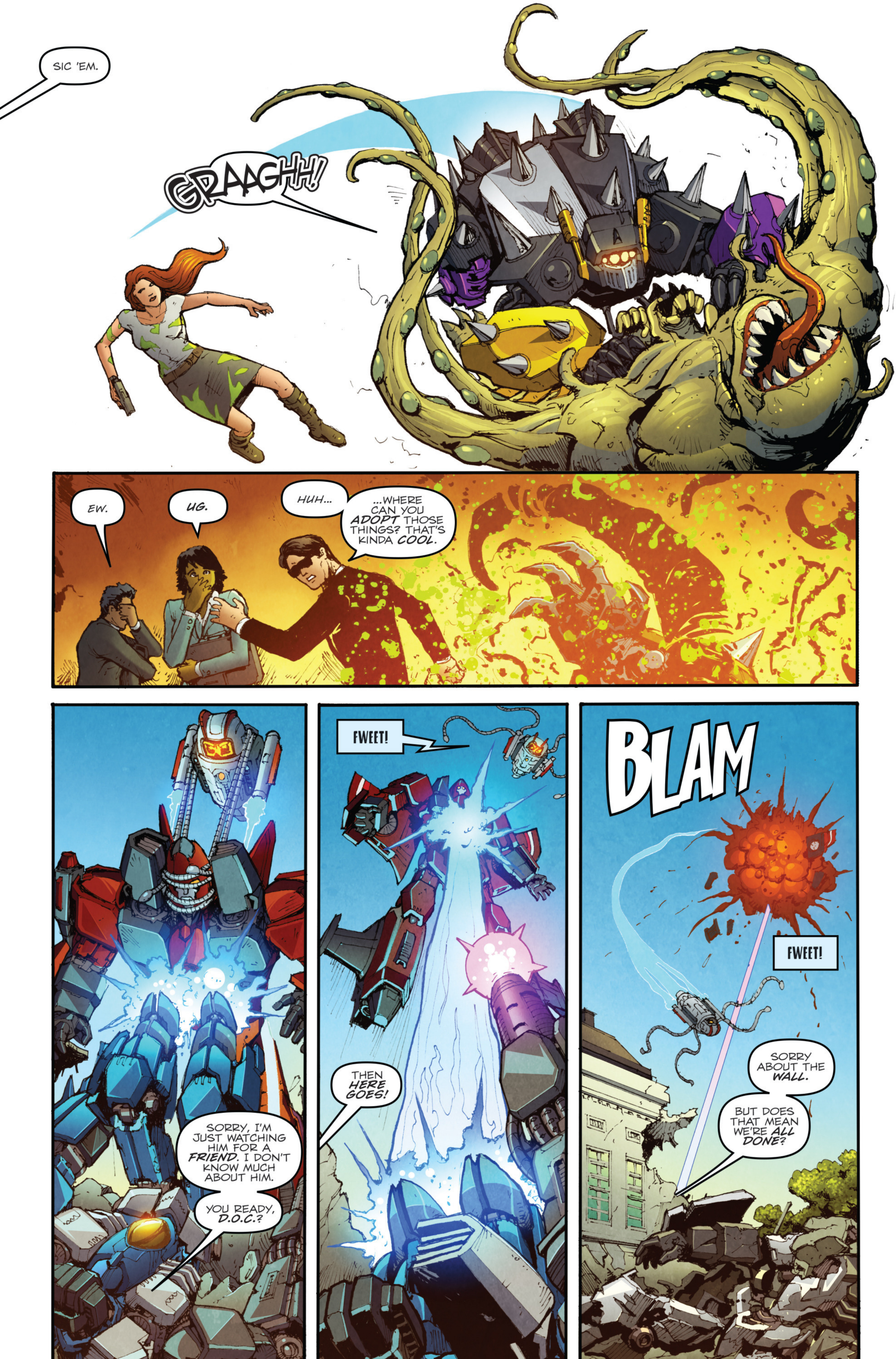

BLAM BLAM
SO MUCH FOR THAT HIDING PLACE.
WAIT—IF THEY'RE SHAPE-SHIFTERS—
—AND I SWEAR TO GOD TAFT NEVER HAD TO DEAL WITH THIS CRAP—
—HOW CAN YOU KILL THEM WITH BULLETS?
I'M FIGURING THIS OUT AS I GO—
—BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IF THEY'RE IN SOLID FORM, THEY HAVE ALL THE ORGANS THAT FORM WOULD HAVE.
THEY STILL LOOK TOUGH.
THIS PISTOL'S LOADED WITH SECRET SERVICE STANDARD ARMOR-PIERCING.
THEY PROBABLY WEREN'T COUNTING ON—
OH, GOD—DON'T KILL ME!
WAIT—MADAM PRESIDENT?
WHO IS THIS?
RASHID NASIR—WHITE HOUSE AIDE.
WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM.
WHO IS SHE?
WHAT? WHY WOULD YOU LEAVE ME?
JUST—ACTUALLY, JUST FOLLOW ME.
I HEARD THE ATTACK AND GATHERED EVERYBODY INTO THE V.P.'S OFFICE.
THANKS FOR PROTECTING THE PRESIDENT—
—WHOEVER YOU ARE.
WHO I AM ISN'T THE PROBLEM...

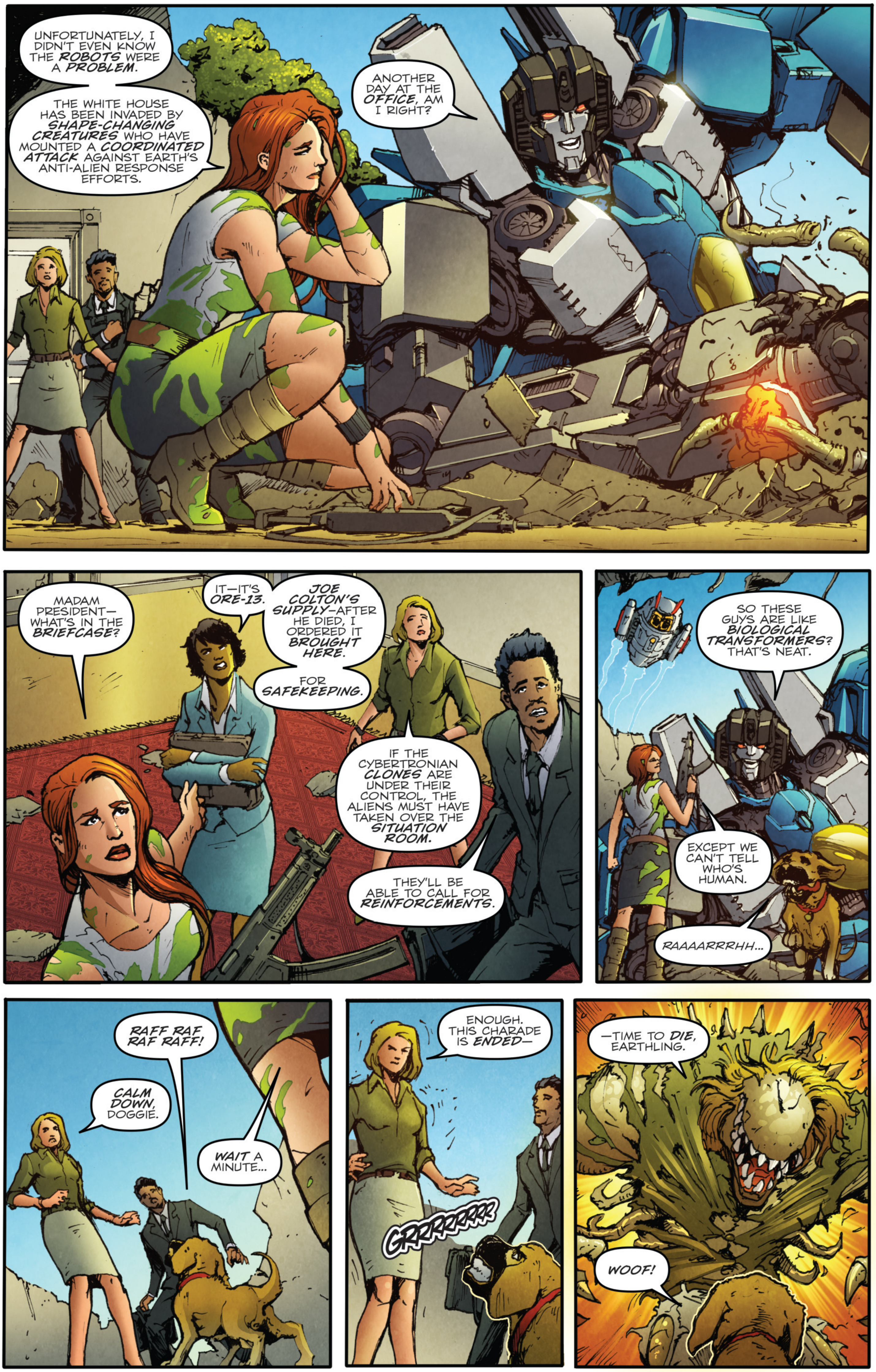

I KNOW HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF YOUR AGENTS, MA'AM—
...IT'S WHO THIS ALIEN IS.
WAIT, FAIREBORN!
WE DON'T KNOW IF JOHNSON IS—
—BUT WE SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SECRET SERVICE.
IT'S MITCH JOHNSON!
HE'S A GOOD GUY! HE'S BEEN WITH US SINCE LAST YEAR!
EVERYBODY IN THIS ROOM IS COMPLETELY VETTED!
WE'RE ALL OKAY HERE!
DAMMIT!
MA'AM—RUN!
I'LL COVER YOU!
LOOK, SEE—I WAS RIGHT! JOHNSON WAS A MONSTER!
STOP GLOATING AND SAVE US, FAIREBORN!

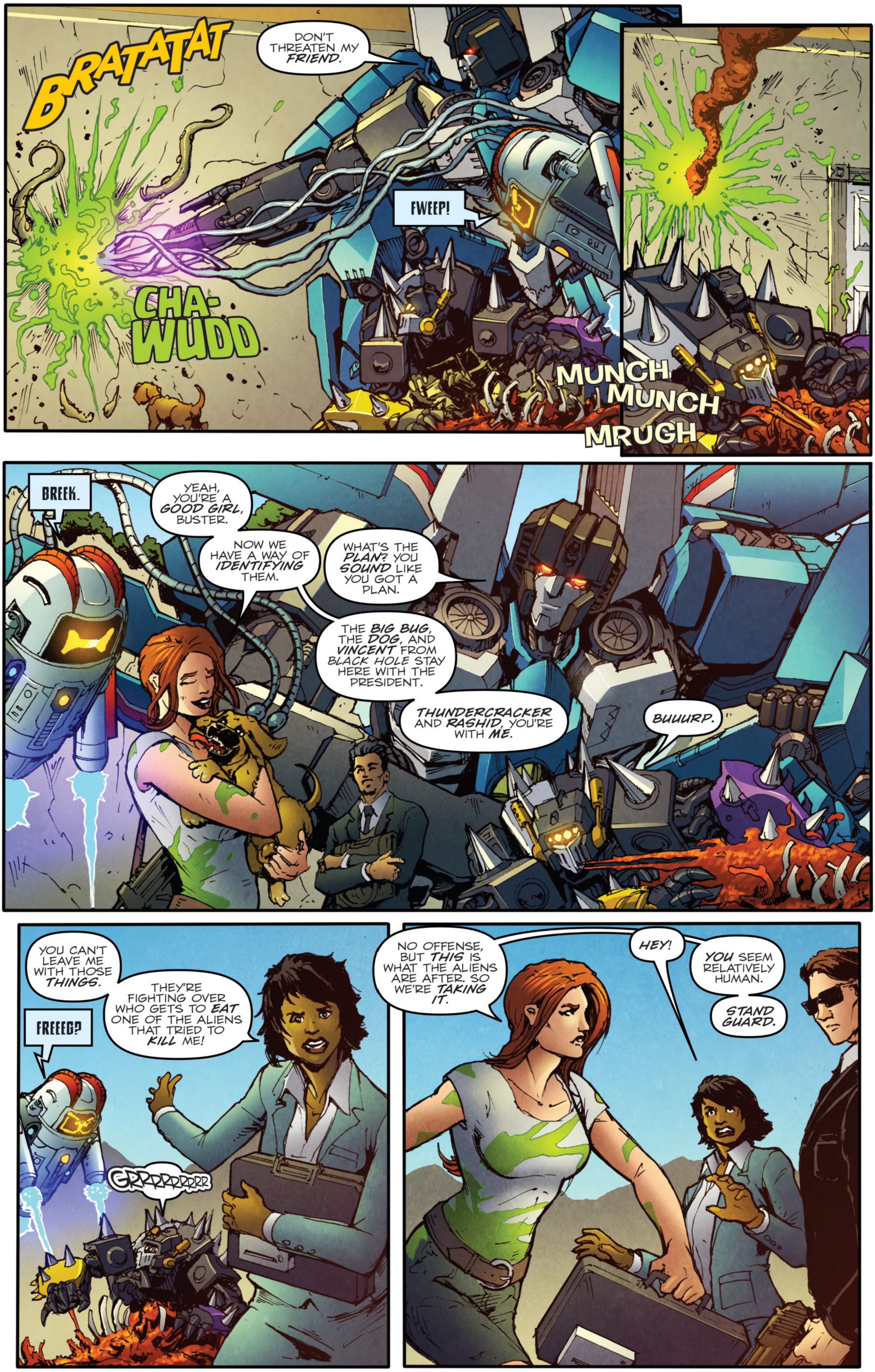

KU-RACHH
FWATT!
LEAVE THAT TO *ME!*
*HI,* MARISSA!

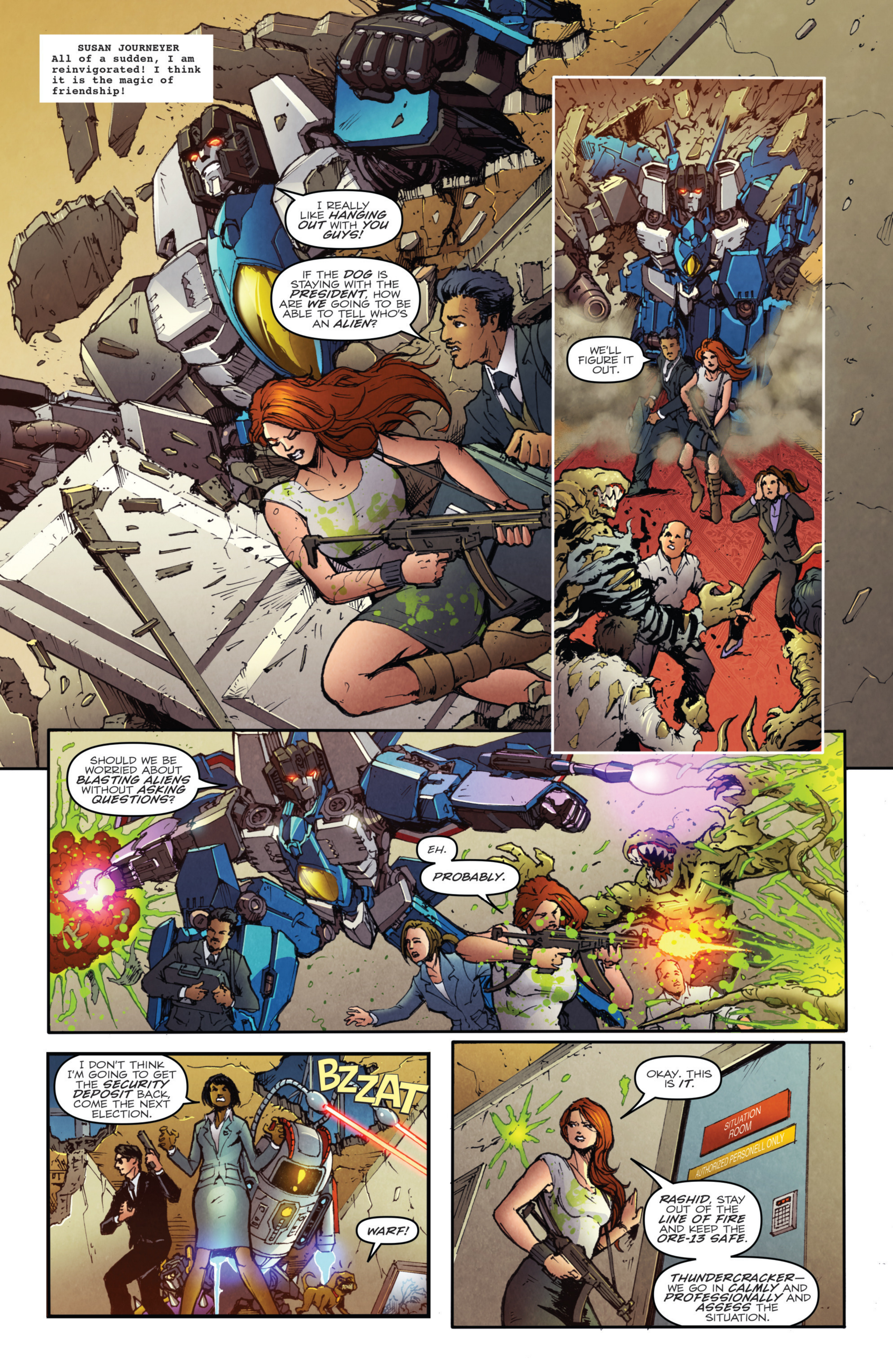

SHUT UP AND *DO* SOMETHING!
I DON'T THINK I WILL.

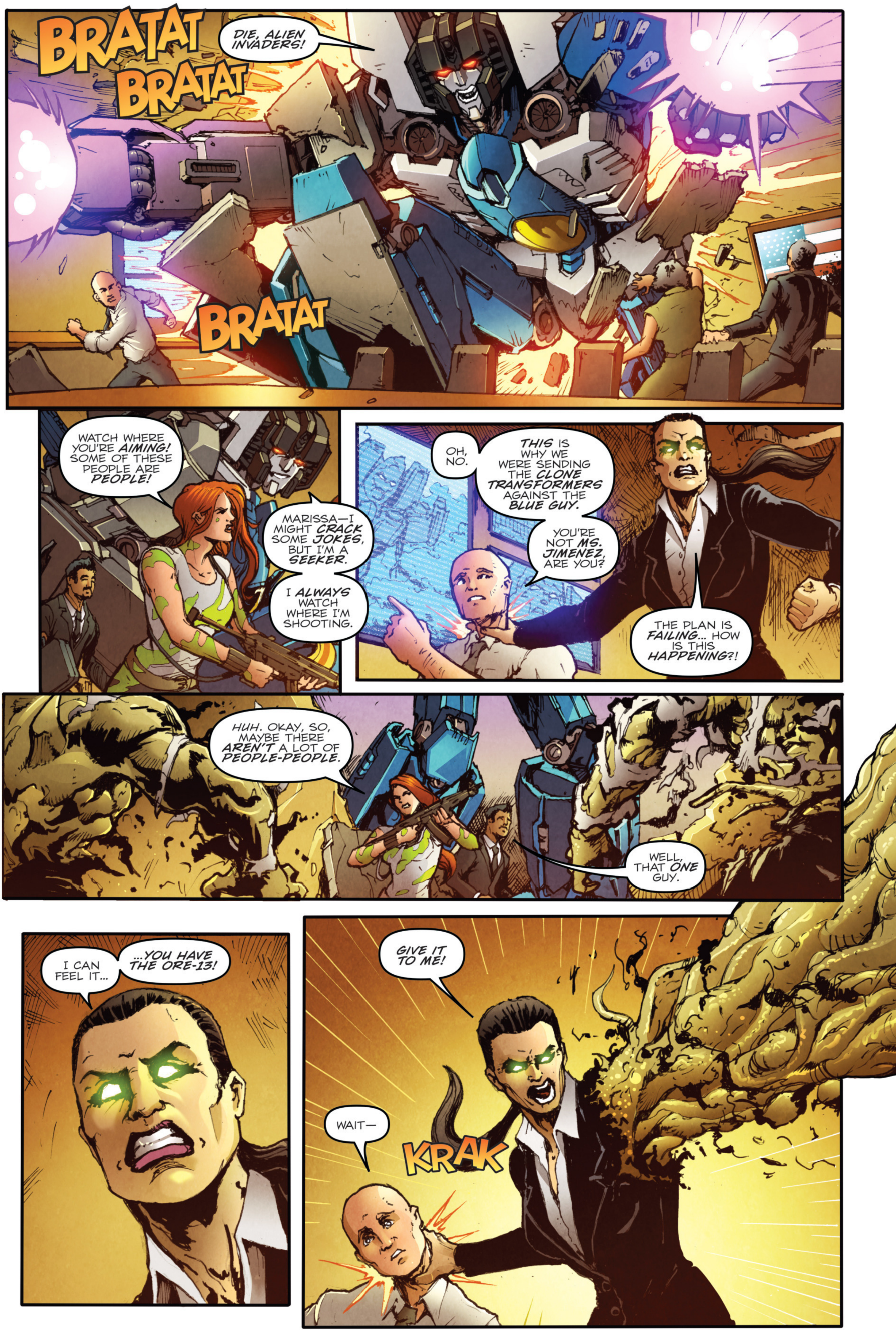

I'LL LET ***THIS LITTLE GUY*** HAVE A ***HERO MOMENT***.
BOB?
*RAGHHG?*

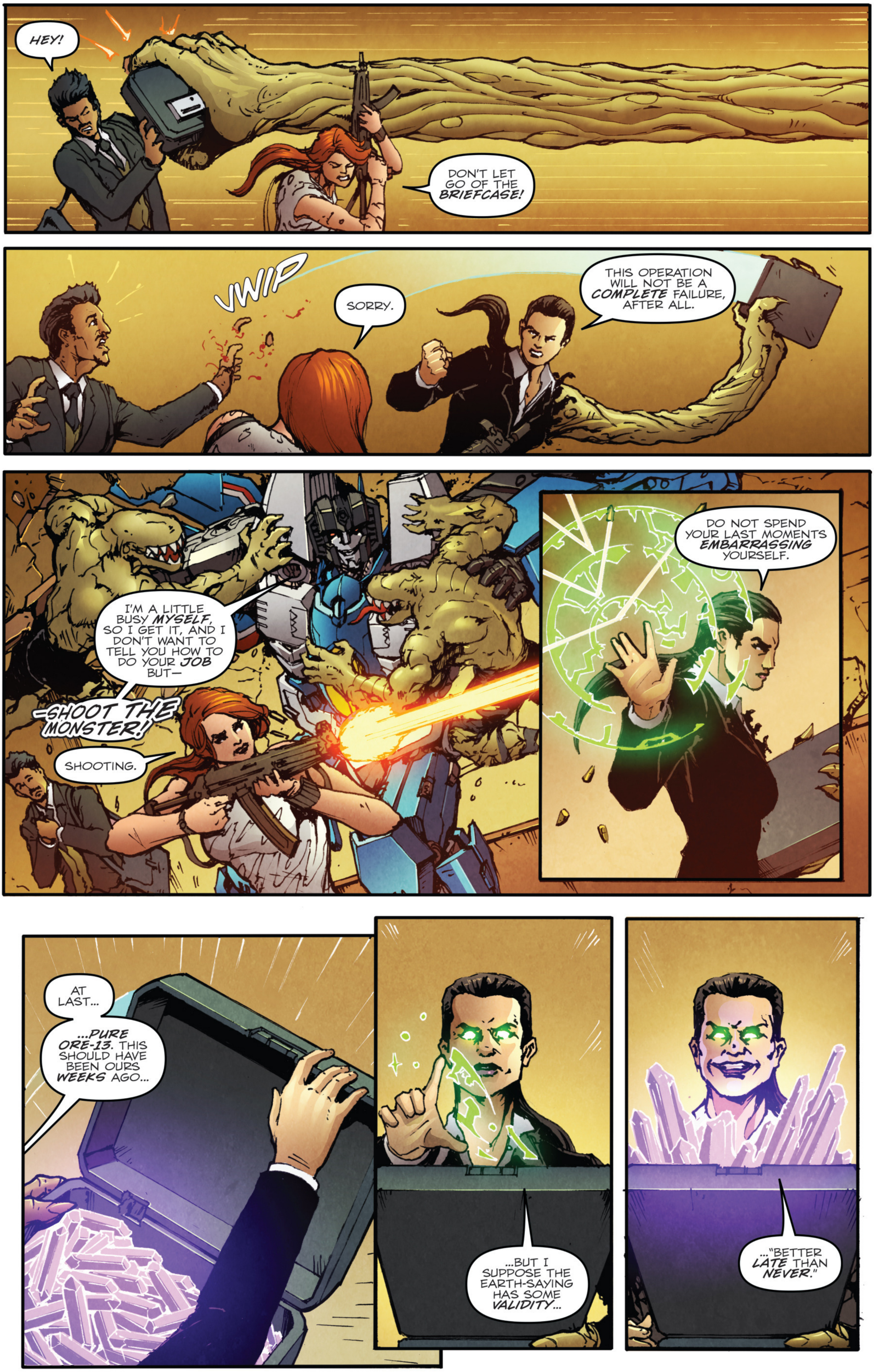

SIC 'EM.
GRAAGHH!
EW.
UG.
HUH...
...WHERE CAN YOU *ADOPT* THOSE THINGS? THAT'S KINDA *COOL*.
SORRY, I'M JUST WATCHING HIM FOR A *FRIEND*. I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIM.
YOU READY, *D.O.C.*?
FWEET!
THEN *HERE GOES!*
BLAM
FWEET!
SORRY ABOUT THE *WALL*.
BUT DOES THAT MEAN WE'RE *ALL DONE*?

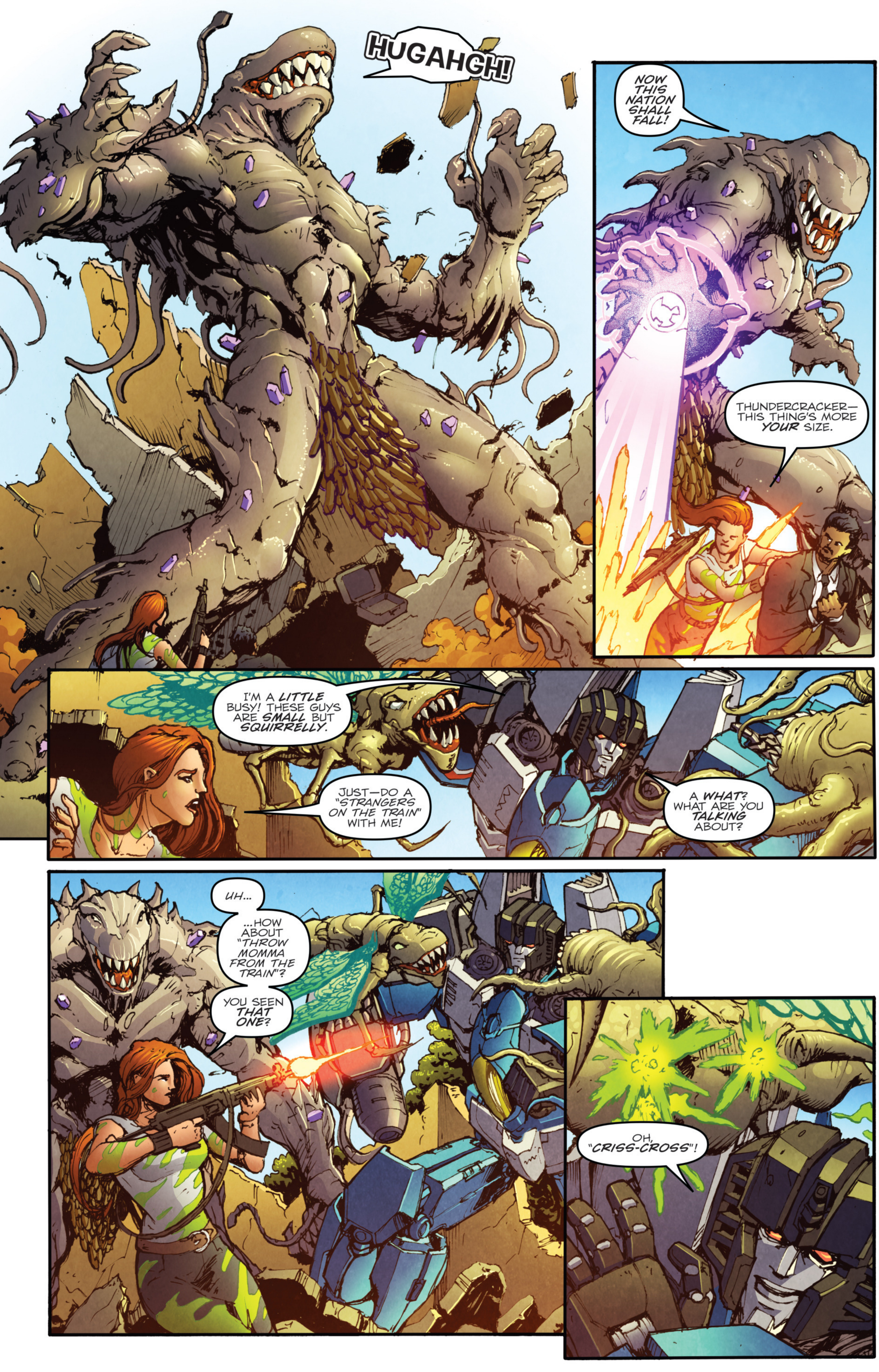

UNFORTUNATELY, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE ROBOTS WERE A PROBLEM.
THE WHITE HOUSE HAS BEEN INVADED BY SHAPE-CHANGING CREATURES WHO HAVE MOUNTED A COORDINATED ATTACK AGAINST EARTH'S ANTI-ALIEN RESPONSE EFFORTS.
ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE, AM I RIGHT?
MADAM PRESIDENT— WHAT'S IN THE BRIEFCASE?
IT—IT'S ORE-13.
JOE COLTON'S SUPPLY—AFTER HE DIED, I ORDERED IT BROUGHT HERE.
FOR SAFEKEEPING.
IF THE CYBERTRONIAN CLONES ARE UNDER THEIR CONTROL, THE ALIENS MUST HAVE TAKEN OVER THE SITUATION ROOM.
THEY'LL BE ABLE TO CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS.
SO THESE GUYS ARE LIKE BIOLOGICAL TRANSFORMERS? THAT'S NEAT.
EXCEPT WE CAN'T TELL WHO'S HUMAN.
RAAAARRRHH...
RAFF RAF RAF RAFF!
CALM DOWN, DOGGIE.
WAIT A MINUTE...
ENOUGH. THIS CHARADE IS ENDED—
GRRRRRRRR
—TIME TO DIE, EARTHLING.
WOOF!

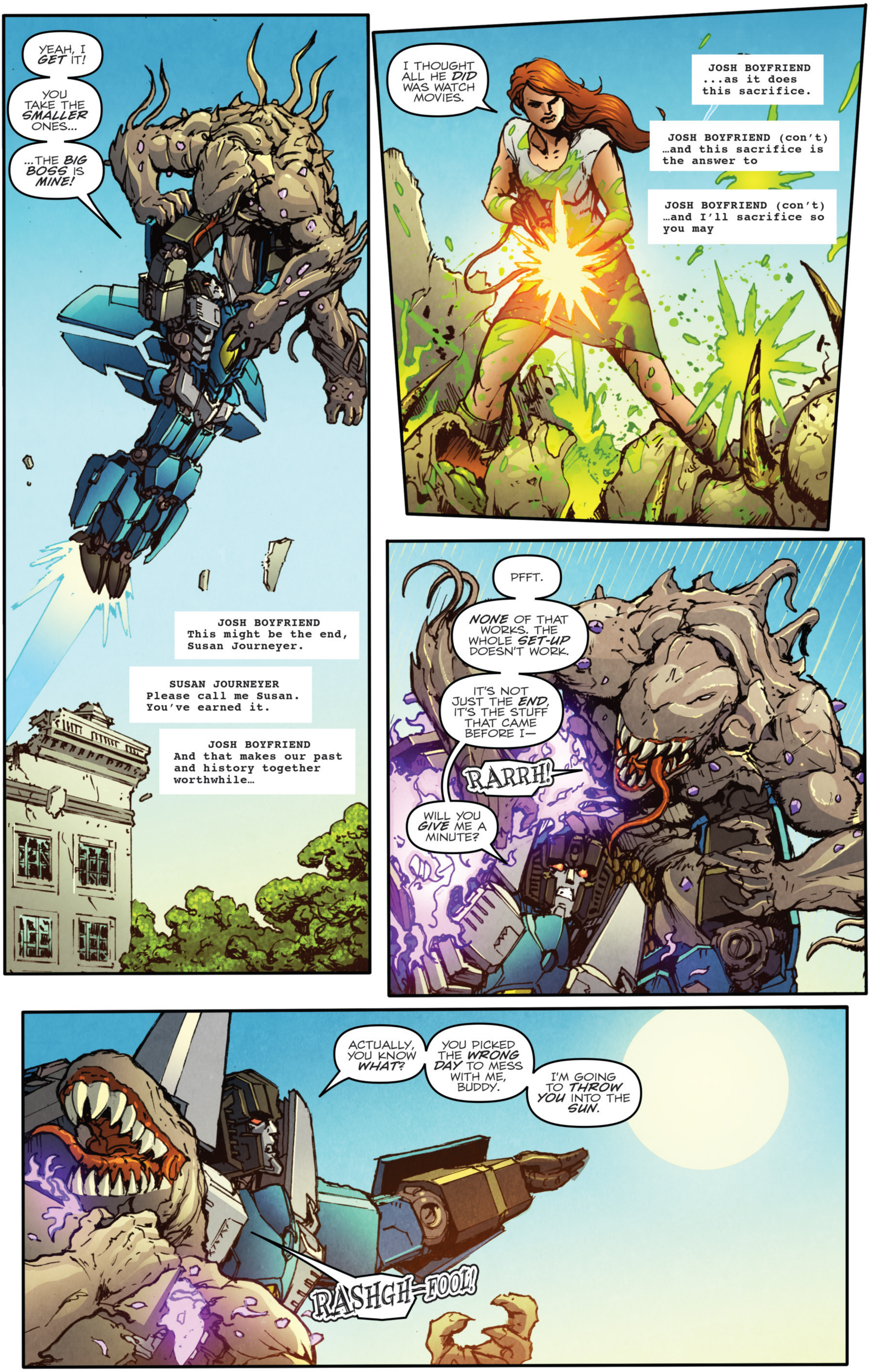

BRATATAT
DON'T THREATEN MY *FRIEND*.
FWEEP!
CHA-WUDD
MUNCH
MUNCH
MRUGH
BREEK.
YEAH, YOU'RE A *GOOD GIRL*, BUSTER.
NOW WE HAVE A WAY OF *IDENTIFYING* THEM.
WHAT'S THE *PLAN*? YOU *SOUND* LIKE YOU GOT A PLAN.
THE *BIG BUG*, THE *DOG*, AND *VINCENT* FROM *BLACK HOLE* STAY HERE WITH THE PRESIDENT.
*THUNDERCRACKER* AND *RASHID*, YOU'RE WITH *ME*.
*BUUURP.*
YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME WITH THOSE *THINGS*.
THEY'RE FIGHTING OVER WHO GETS TO *EAT* ONE OF THE ALIENS THAT TRIED TO *KILL* ME!
FREEEP?
GRRRRRRRR
NO OFFENSE, BUT *THIS* IS WHAT THE ALIENS ARE AFTER, SO WE'RE *TAKING IT*.
*HEY!*
*YOU* SEEM RELATIVELY HUMAN.
*STAND GUARD.*

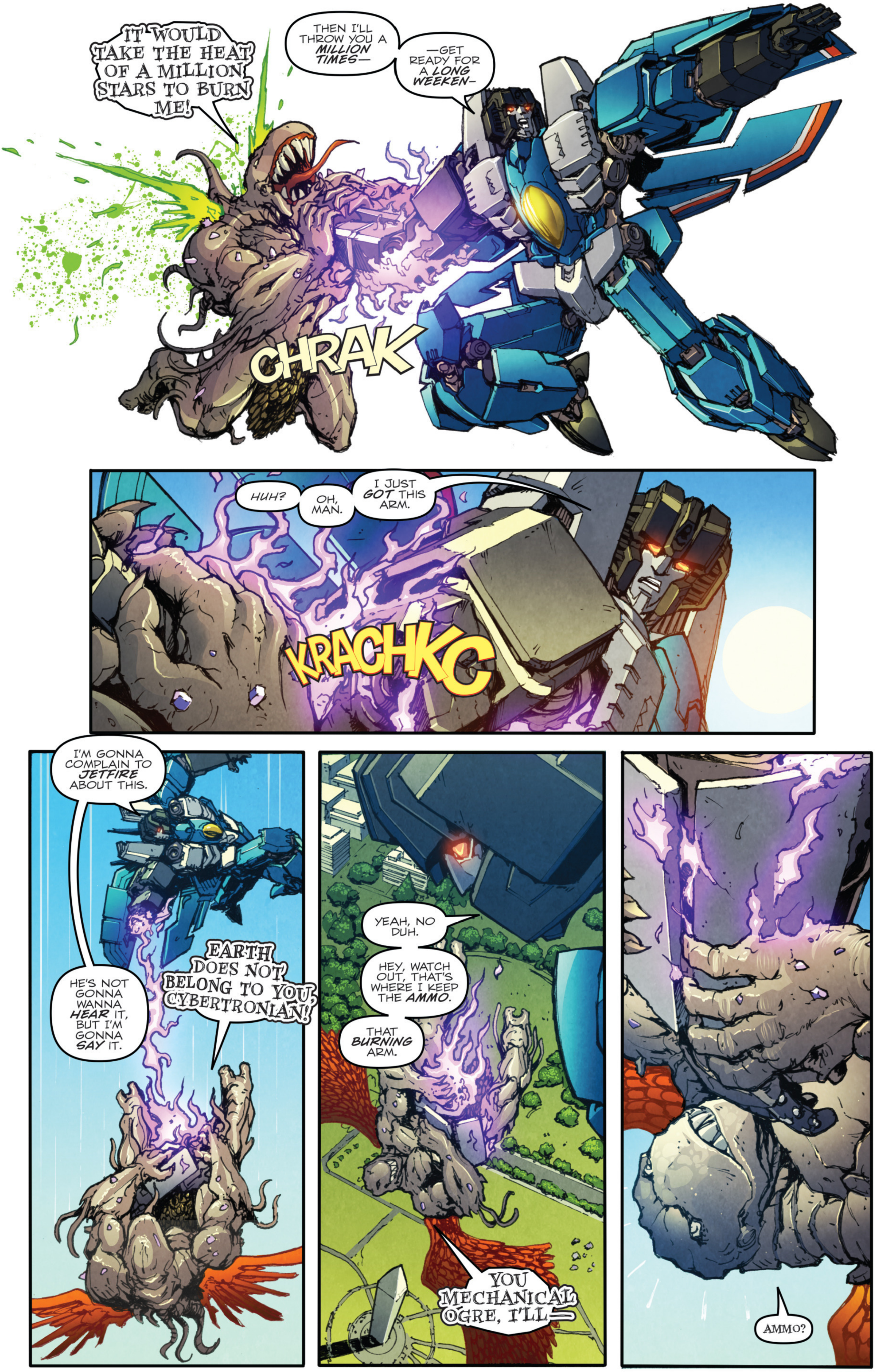

SUSAN JOURNEYER
All of a sudden, I am reinvigorated! I think it is the magic of friendship!
I REALLY LIKE HANGING OUT WITH YOU GUYS!
IF THE DOG IS STAYING WITH THE PRESIDENT, HOW ARE WE GOING TO BE ABLE TO TELL WHO'S AN ALIEN?
WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT.
SHOULD WE BE WORRIED ABOUT BLASTING ALIENS WITHOUT ASKING QUESTIONS?
EH.
PROBABLY.
I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO GET THE SECURITY DEPOSIT BACK, COME THE NEXT ELECTION.
BZZAT
WARF!
OKAY. THIS IS IT.
SITUATION ROOM
AUTHORIZED PERSONELL ONLY
RASHID, STAY OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE AND KEEP THE ORE-13 SAFE.
THUNDERCRACKER— WE GO IN CALMLY AND PROFESSIONALLY AND ASSESS THE SITUATION.

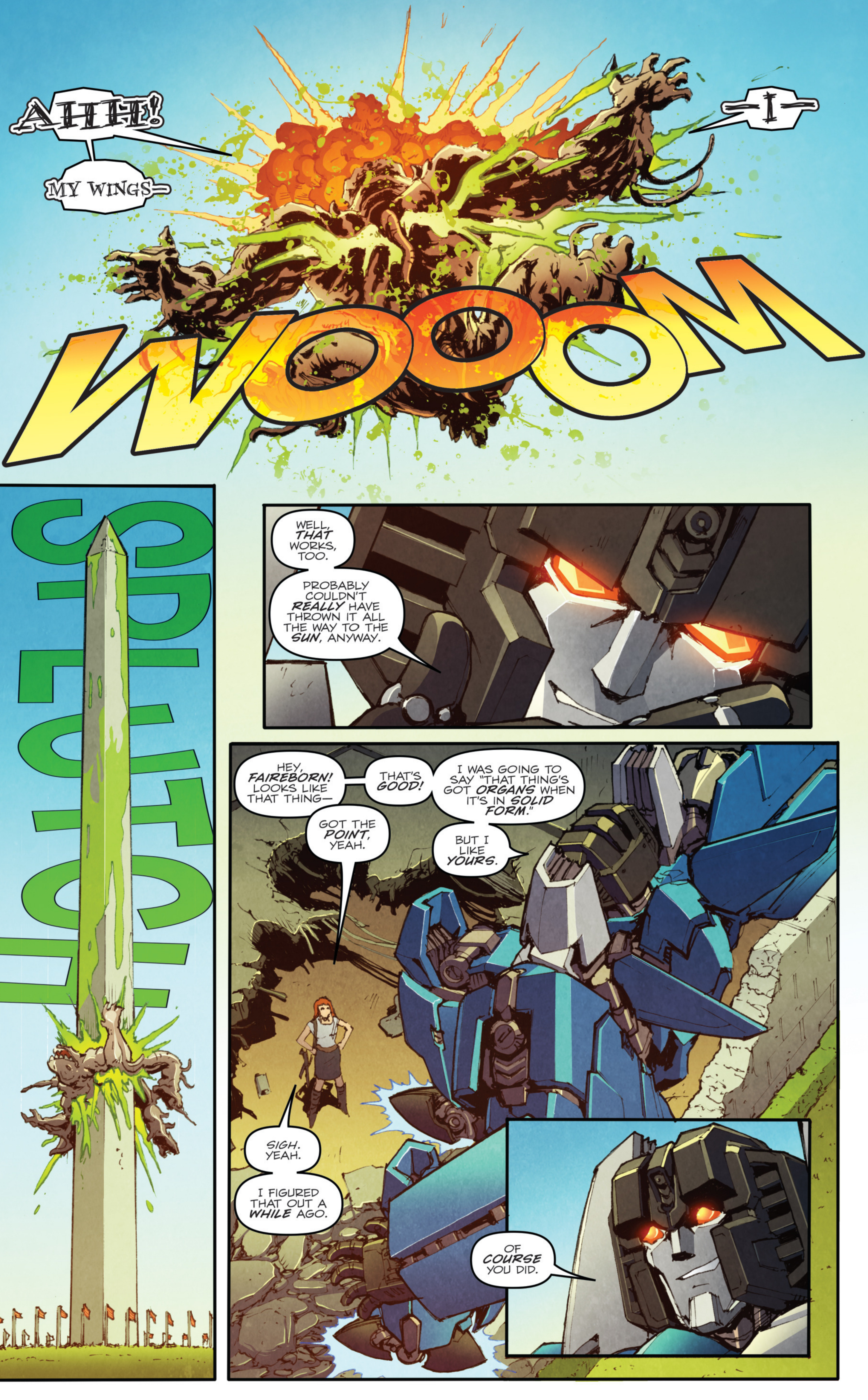

BRATAT
BRATAT
DIE, ALIEN INVADERS!
BRATAT
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE *AIMING!* SOME OF THESE PEOPLE ARE *PEOPLE!*
MARISSA—I MIGHT ***CRACK*** SOME ***JOKES***, BUT I'M A ***SEEKER***.
I ***ALWAYS*** WATCH WHERE I'M SHOOTING.
OH, NO.
***THIS*** IS WHY WE WERE SENDING THE ***CLONE TRANSFORMERS*** AGAINST THE ***BLUE GUY***.
YOU'RE NOT ***MS. JIMENEZ***, ARE YOU?
THE PLAN IS ***FAILING***... HOW IS THIS ***HAPPENING***?!
HUH. OKAY, SO, MAYBE THERE ***AREN'T*** A LOT OF ***PEOPLE-PEOPLE***.
WELL, THAT ***ONE*** GUY.
I CAN FEEL IT...
*...YOU HAVE THE ORE-13!*
*GIVE IT TO ME!*
WAIT—
KRAK

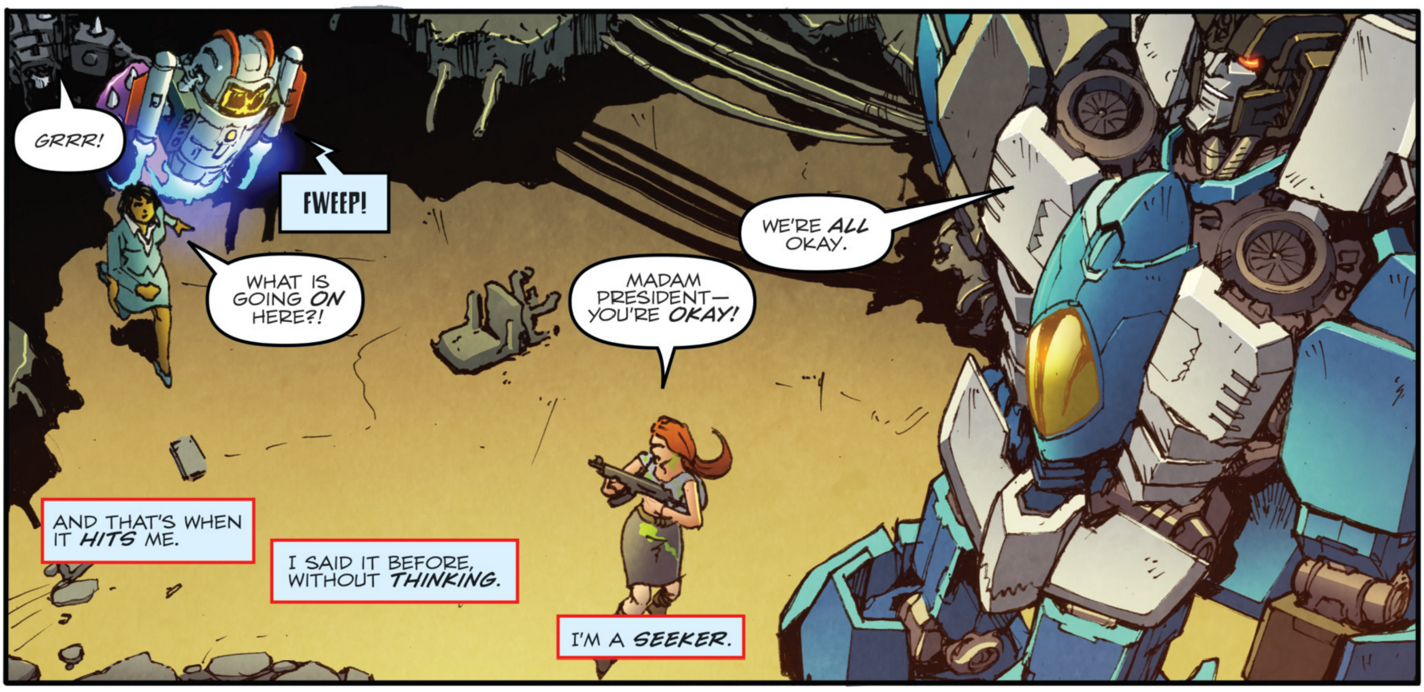

HEY!
DON'T LET GO OF THE *BRIEFCASE!*
VWIP
SORRY.
THIS OPERATION WILL NOT BE A *COMPLETE* FAILURE, AFTER ALL.
I'M A LITTLE BUSY *MYSELF*, SO I GET IT, AND I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU HOW TO DO YOUR *JOB* BUT—
—SHOOT THE MONSTER!
SHOOTING.
DO NOT SPEND YOUR LAST MOMENTS *EMBARRASSING* YOURSELF.
AT LAST...
...*PURE ORE-13*. THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN OURS *WEEKS* AGO...
...BUT I SUPPOSE THE EARTH-SAYING HAS SOME *VALIDITY*...
..."BETTER *LATE* THAN *NEVER*."

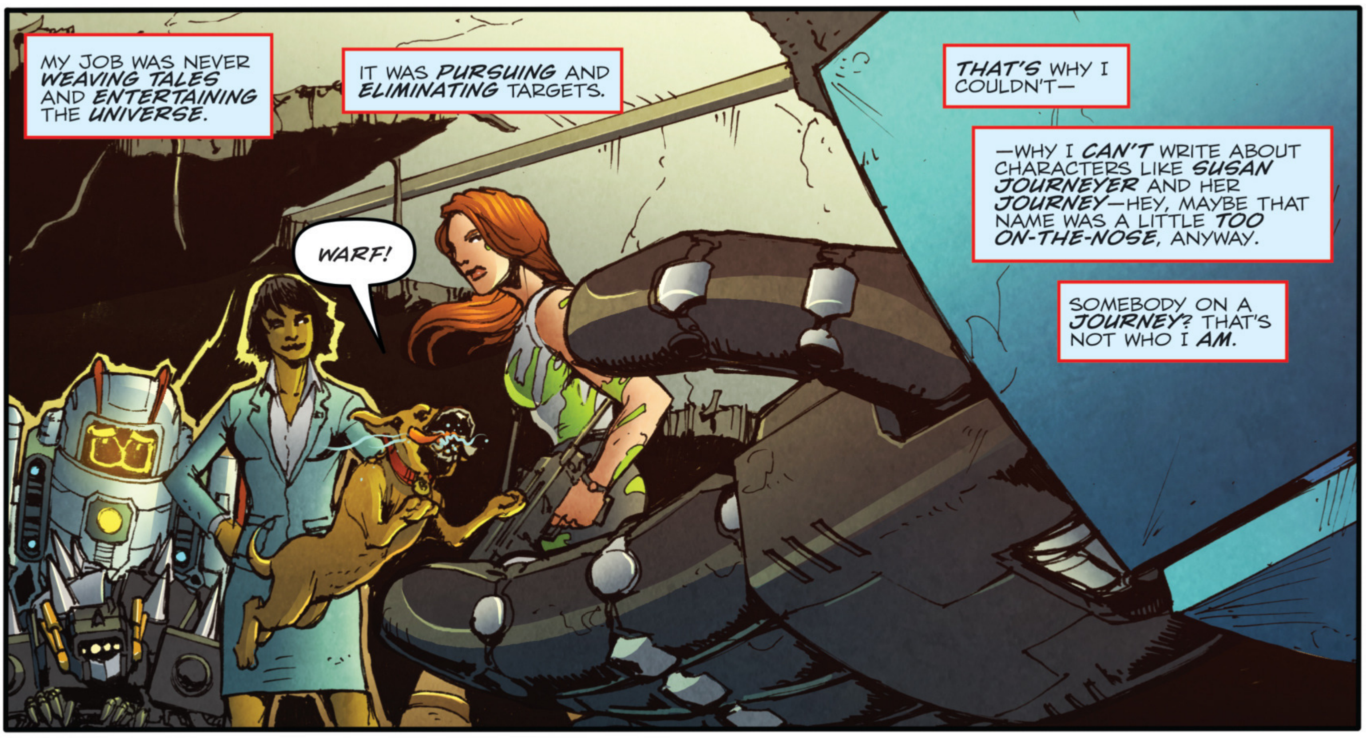

HUGAHGH!
NOW THIS NATION SHALL FALL!
THUNDERCRACKER— THIS THING'S MORE *YOUR* SIZE.
I'M A *LITTLE* BUSY! THESE GUYS ARE *SMALL* BUT *SQUIRRELLY*.
JUST—DO A "*STRANGERS ON THE TRAIN*" WITH ME!
A *WHAT*? WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?
UH...
...HOW ABOUT "*THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN*"?
YOU SEEN *THAT ONE*?
OH, "*CRISS-CROSS*"!

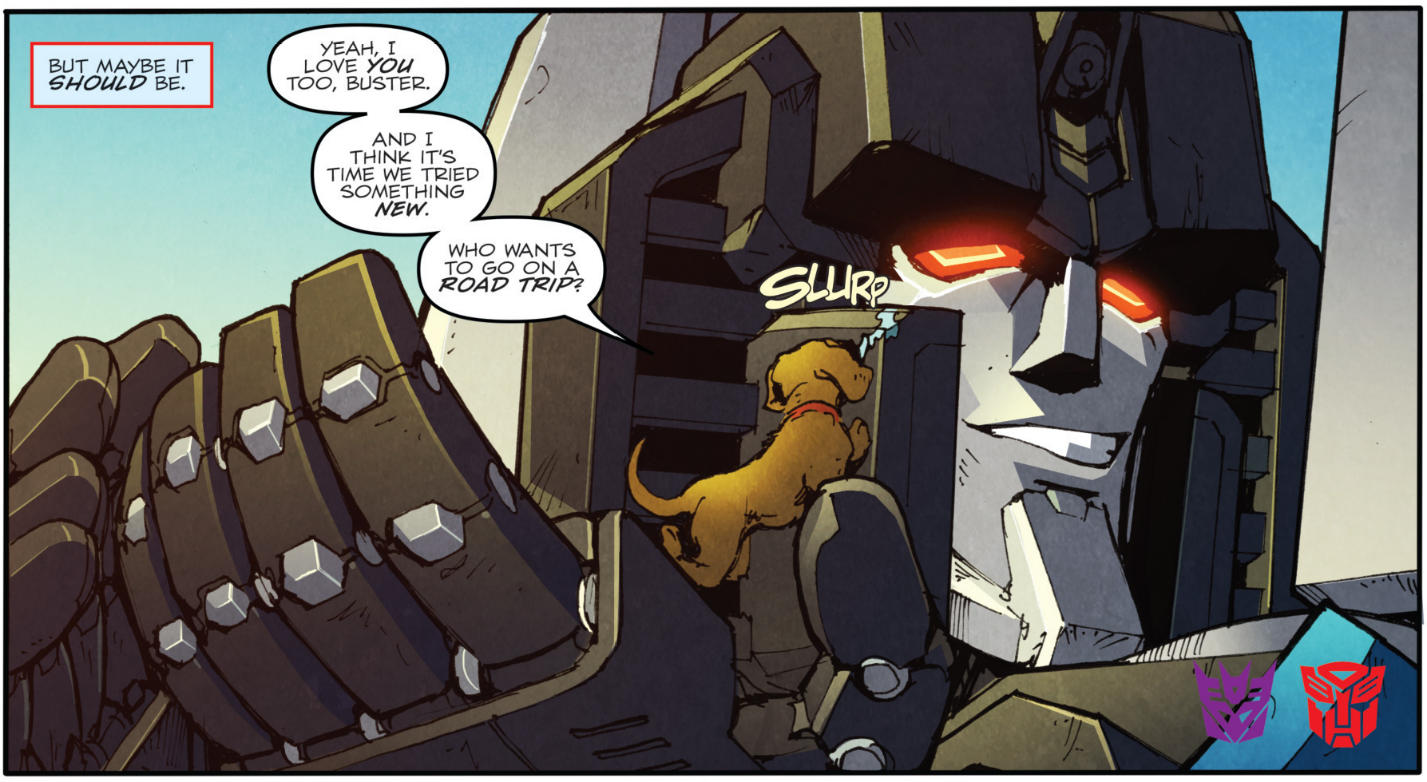

YEAH, I GET IT!
YOU TAKE THE SMALLER ONES...
...THE BIG BOSS IS MINE!
JOSH BOYFRIEND This might be the end, Susan Journeyer.
SUSAN JOURNEYER Please call me Susan. You've earned it.
JOSH BOYFRIEND And that makes our past and history together worthwhile…
I THOUGHT ALL HE DID WAS WATCH MOVIES.
JOSH BOYFRIEND ...as it does this sacrifice.
JOSH BOYFRIEND (con't) …and this sacrifice is the answer to
JOSH BOYFRIEND (con't) …and I'll sacrifice so you may
PFFT.
NONE OF THAT WORKS. THE WHOLE SET-UP DOESN'T WORK.
IT'S NOT JUST THE END, IT'S THE STUFF THAT CAME BEFORE I—
RARRH!
WILL YOU GIVE ME A MINUTE?
ACTUALLY, YOU KNOW WHAT?
YOU PICKED THE WRONG DAY TO MESS WITH ME, BUDDY.
I'M GOING TO THROW YOU INTO THE SUN.
RASHGH-FOOL!


IT WOULD TAKE THE HEAT OF A MILLION STARS TO BURN ME!
THEN I'LL THROW YOU A *MILLION TIMES*—
—GET READY FOR A *LONG WEEKEN*—
CHRAK
*HUH?*
OH, MAN.
I JUST *GOT* THIS ARM.
KRACHKC
I'M GONNA COMPLAIN TO *JETFIRE* ABOUT THIS.
HE'S NOT GONNA WANNA *HEAR* IT, BUT I'M GONNA *SAY* IT.
EARTH DOES NOT BELONG TO YOU, CYBERTRONIAN!
YEAH, NO DUH.
HEY, WATCH OUT, THAT'S WHERE I KEEP THE *AMMO*.
THAT *BURNING* ARM.
YOU MECHANICAL OGRE, I'LL—
AMMO?

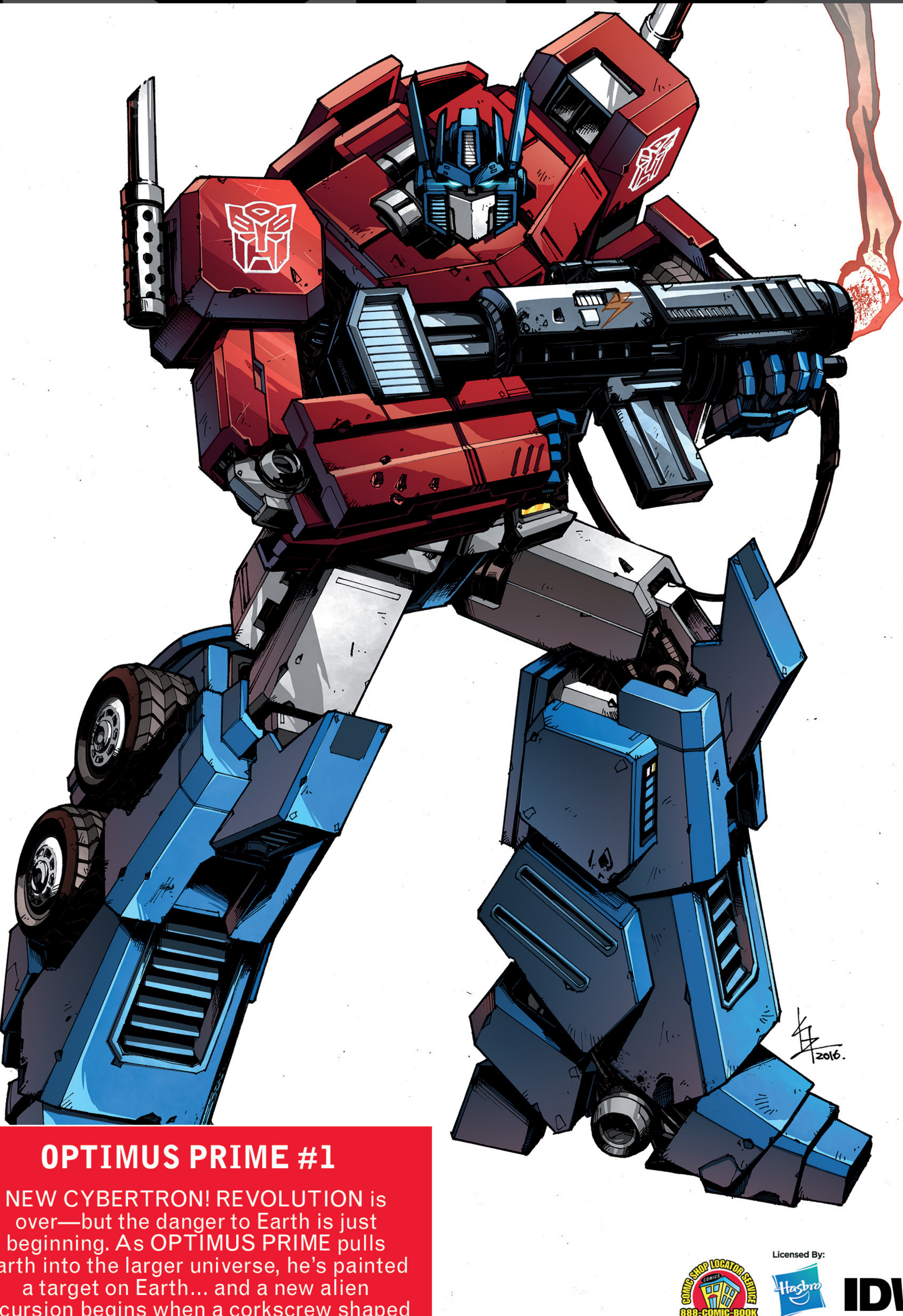

AHH!
MY WINGS—
—I—
WOOM
SPLUTCH
WELL, THAT WORKS, TOO.
PROBABLY COULDN'T REALLY HAVE THROWN IT ALL THE WAY TO THE SUN, ANYWAY.
HEY, FAIREBORN! LOOKS LIKE THAT THING—
THAT'S GOOD!
I WAS GOING TO SAY "THAT THING'S GOT ORGANS WHEN IT'S IN SOLID FORM."
GOT THE POINT, YEAH.
BUT I LIKE YOURS.
SIGH. YEAH.
I FIGURED THAT OUT A WHILE AGO.
OF COURSE YOU DID.


GRRR!
FWEEP!
WHAT IS GOING *ON* HERE?!
MADAM PRESIDENT— YOU'RE *OKAY!*
WE'RE *ALL* OKAY.
AND THAT'S WHEN IT *HITS* ME.
I SAID IT BEFORE, WITHOUT *THINKING*.
I'M A *SEEKER*.


MY JOB WAS NEVER *WEAVING TALES* AND *ENTERTAINING* THE *UNIVERSE*.
IT WAS *PURSUING* AND *ELIMINATING* TARGETS.
*THAT'S* WHY I COULDN'T—
—WHY I *CAN'T* WRITE ABOUT CHARACTERS LIKE *SUSAN JOURNEYER* AND HER *JOURNEY*—HEY, MAYBE THAT NAME WAS A LITTLE *TOO ON-THE-NOSE*, ANYWAY.
SOMEBODY ON A *JOURNEY*? THAT'S NOT WHO I *AM*.
*WARF!*


BUT MAYBE IT *SHOULD* BE.
YEAH, I LOVE *YOU* TOO, BUSTER.
AND I THINK IT'S TIME WE TRIED SOMETHING *NEW*.
WHO WANTS TO GO ON A *ROAD TRIP?*
SLURP

# OPTIMUS PRIME



## OPTIMUS PRIME #1

NEW CYBERTRON! REVOLUTION is over—but the danger to Earth is just beginning. As OPTIMUS PRIME pulls Earth into the larger universe, he's painted a target on Earth... and a new alien incursion begins when a corkscrew shaped craft drills into our world!

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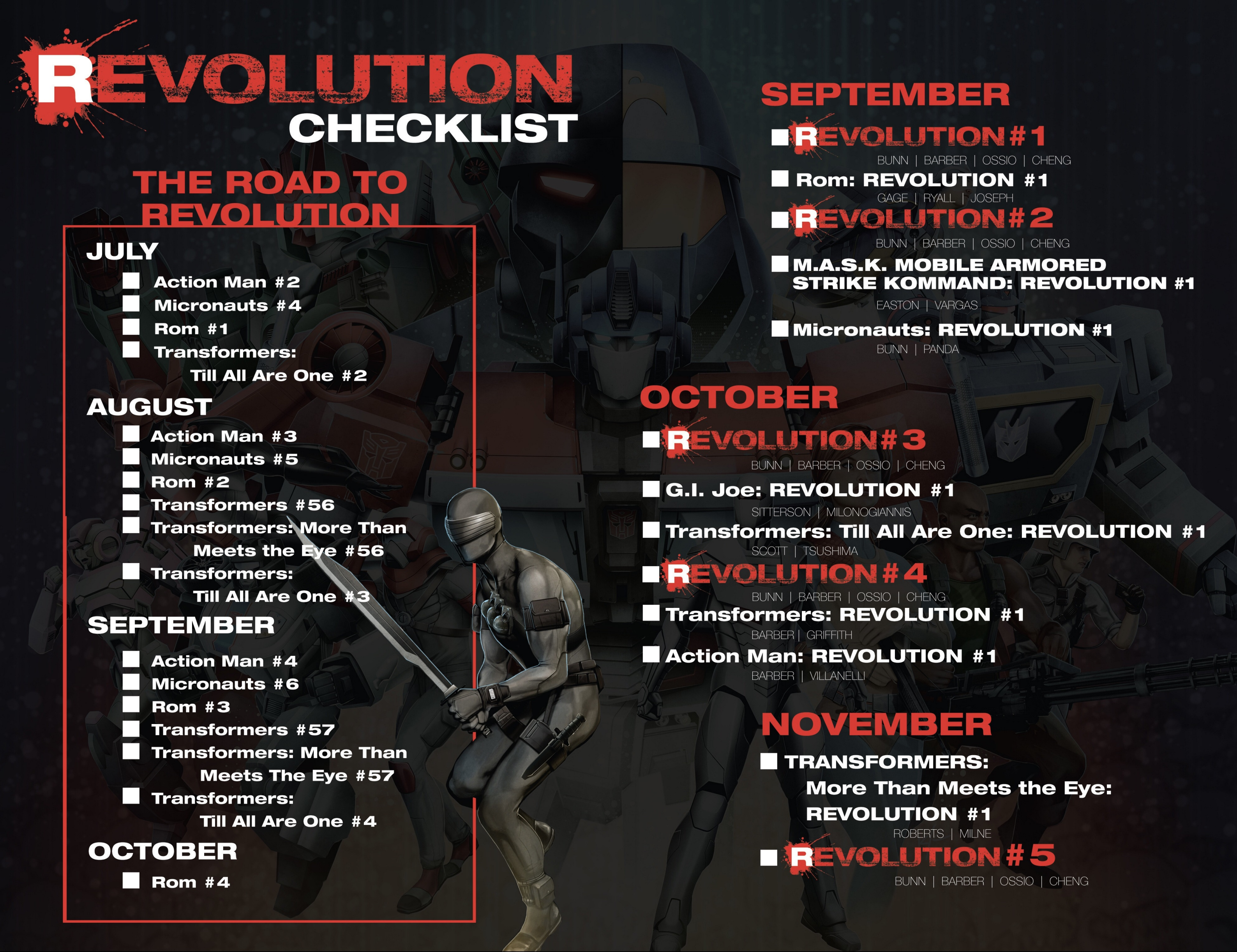

# REVOLUTION CHECKLIST

## THE ROAD TO REVOLUTION

### JULY

- ☐ Action Man #2
- ☐ Micronauts #4
- ☐ Rom #1
- ☐ Transformers: Till All Are One #2

### AUGUST

- ☐ Action Man #3
- ☐ Micronauts #5
- ☐ Rom #2
- ☐ Transformers #56
- ☐ Transformers: More Than Meets the Eye #56
- ☐ Transformers: Till All Are One #3

### SEPTEMBER

- ☐ Action Man #4
- ☐ Micronauts #6
- ☐ Rom #3
- ☐ Transformers #57
- ☐ Transformers: More Than Meets The Eye #57
- ☐ Transformers: Till All Are One #4

### OCTOBER

- ☐ Rom #4

## SEPTEMBER

☐ REVOLUTION #1
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

☐ Rom: REVOLUTION #1
GAGE | RYALL | JOSEPH

☐ REVOLUTION #2
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

☐ M.A.S.K. MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND: REVOLUTION #1
EASTON | VARGAS

☐ Micronauts: REVOLUTION #1
BUNN | PANDA

## OCTOBER

☐ REVOLUTION #3
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

☐ G.I. Joe: REVOLUTION #1
SITTERSON | MILONOGIANNIS

☐ Transformers: Till All Are One: REVOLUTION #1
SCOTT | TSUSHIMA

☐ REVOLUTION #4
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

☐ Transformers: REVOLUTION #1
BARBER | GRIFFITH

☐ Action Man: REVOLUTION #1
BARBER | VILLANELLI

## NOVEMBER

☐ TRANSFORMERS: More Than Meets the Eye: REVOLUTION #1
ROBERTS | MILNE

☐ REVOLUTION #5
BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

BARBER | VILLANELLI | BOVE

# REVOLUTION

## ACTION MAN

IDW
ONE-SHOT

# REVOLUTION
## ACTION MAN

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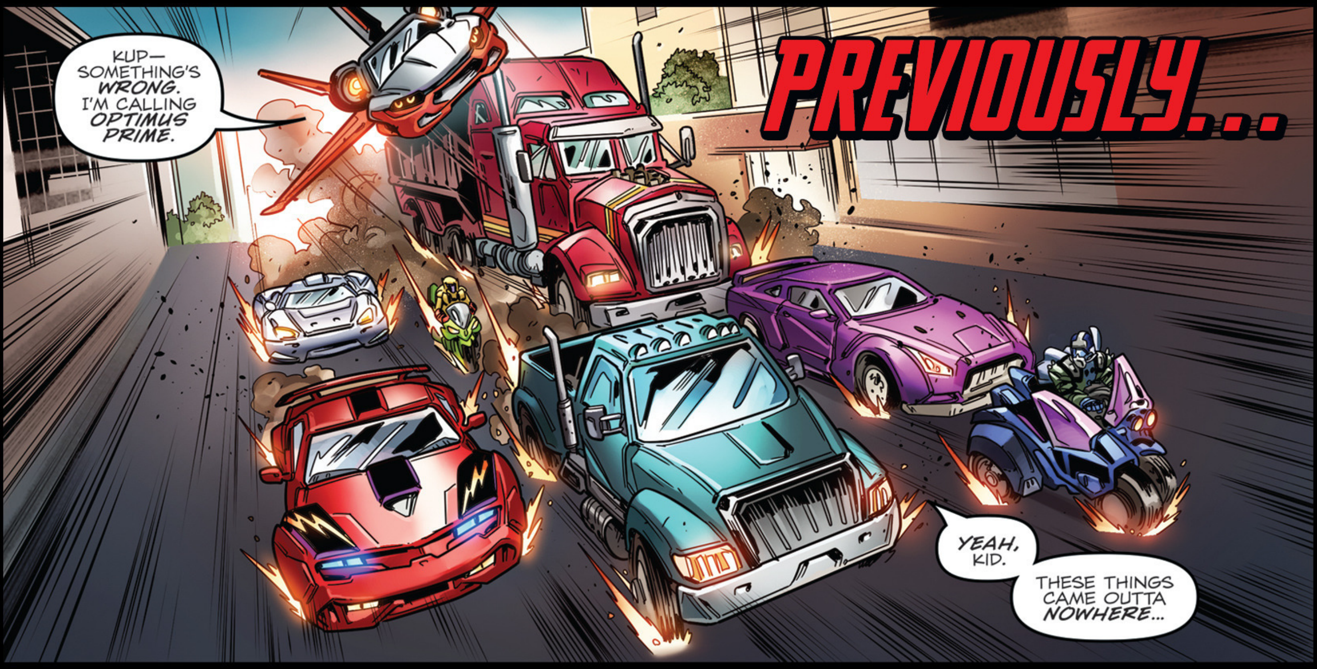
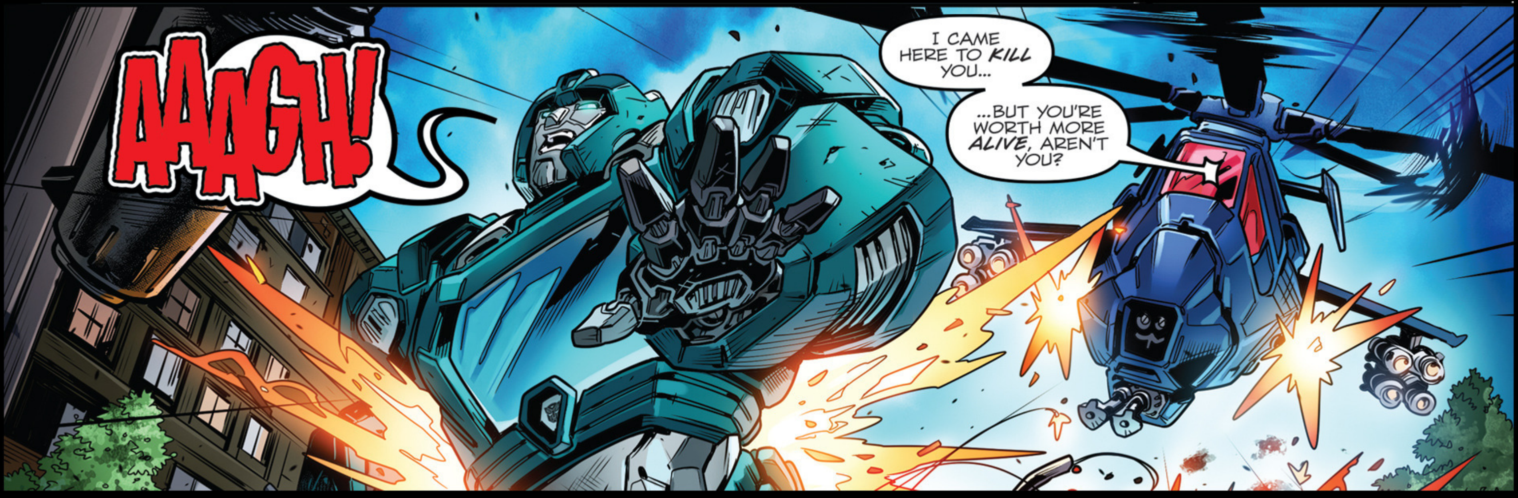
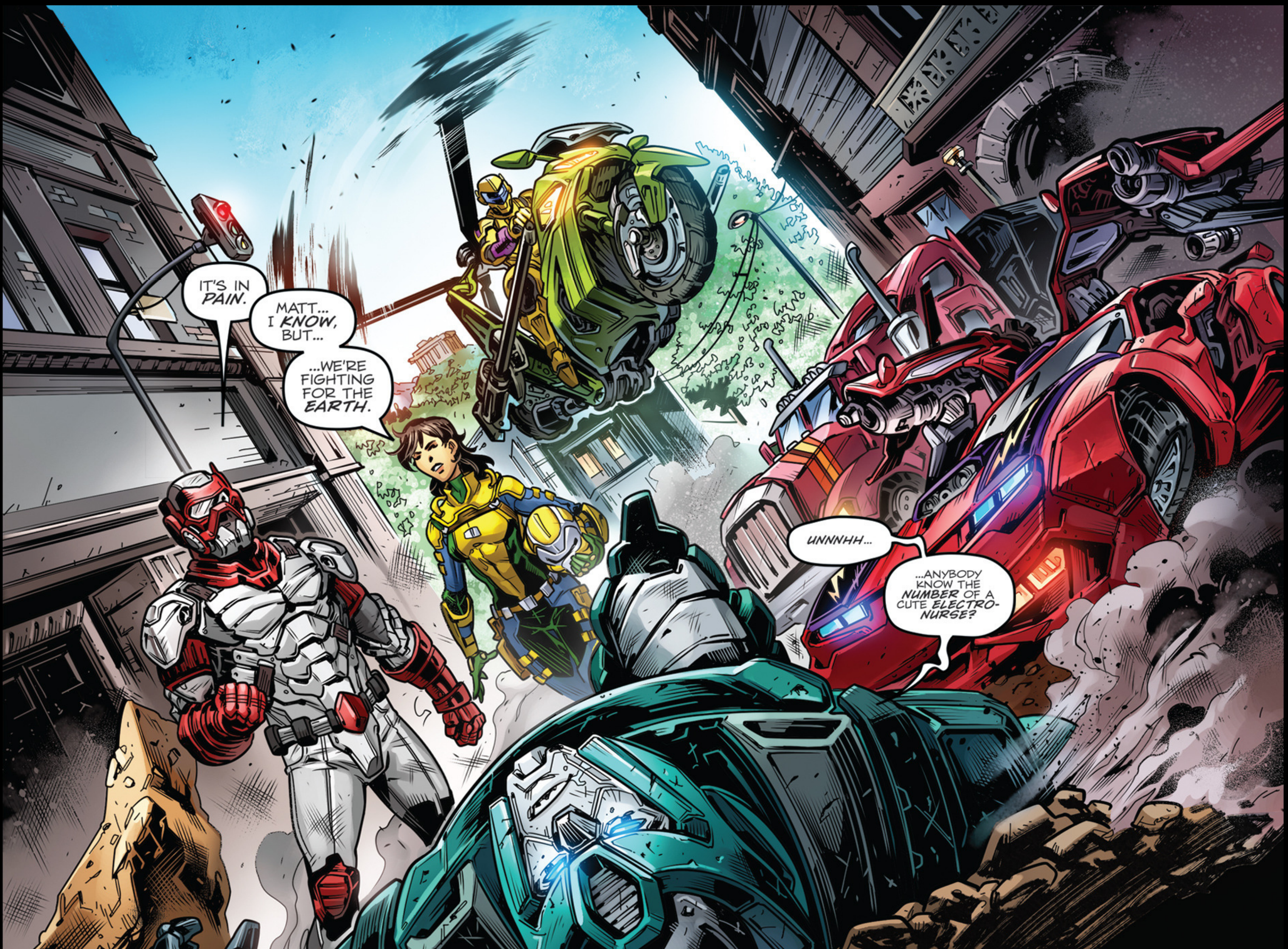
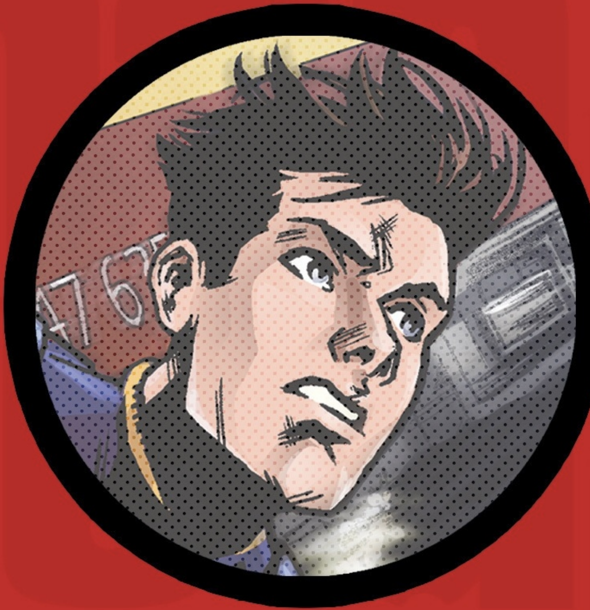
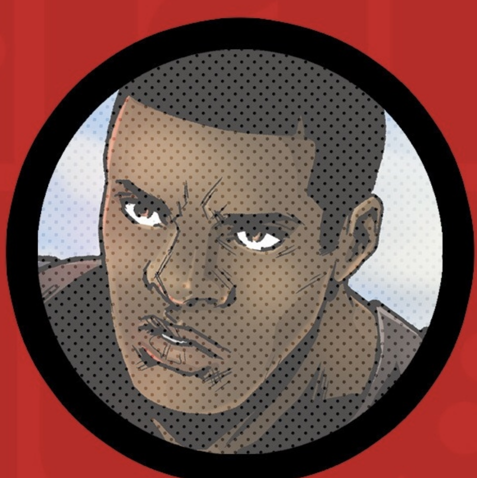

PREVIOUSLY...
KUP— SOMETHING'S WRONG. I'M CALLING OPTIMUS PRIME.
YEAH, KID.
THESE THINGS CAME OUTTA NOWHERE...


AAAGH!
I CAME HERE TO KILL YOU...
...BUT YOU'RE WORTH MORE ALIVE, AREN'T YOU?

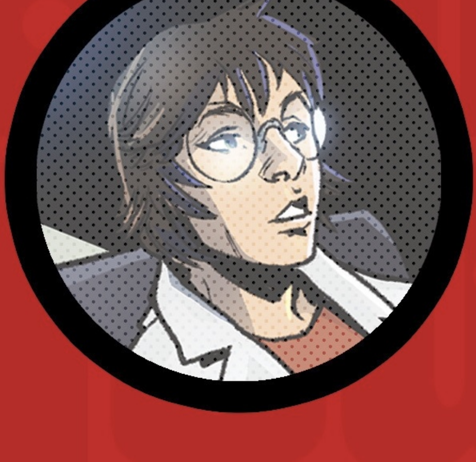

IT'S IN PAIN.
MATT... I KNOW, BUT...
...WE'RE FIGHTING FOR THE EARTH.
UNNNHH...
...ANYBODY KNOW THE NUMBER OF A CUTE ELECTRO-NURSE?



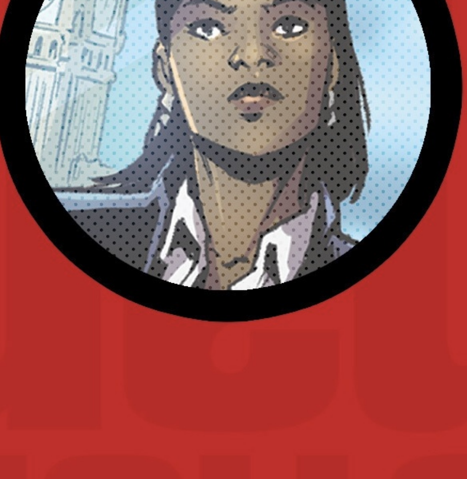
**ACTION MAN**
**IAN NOBLE**



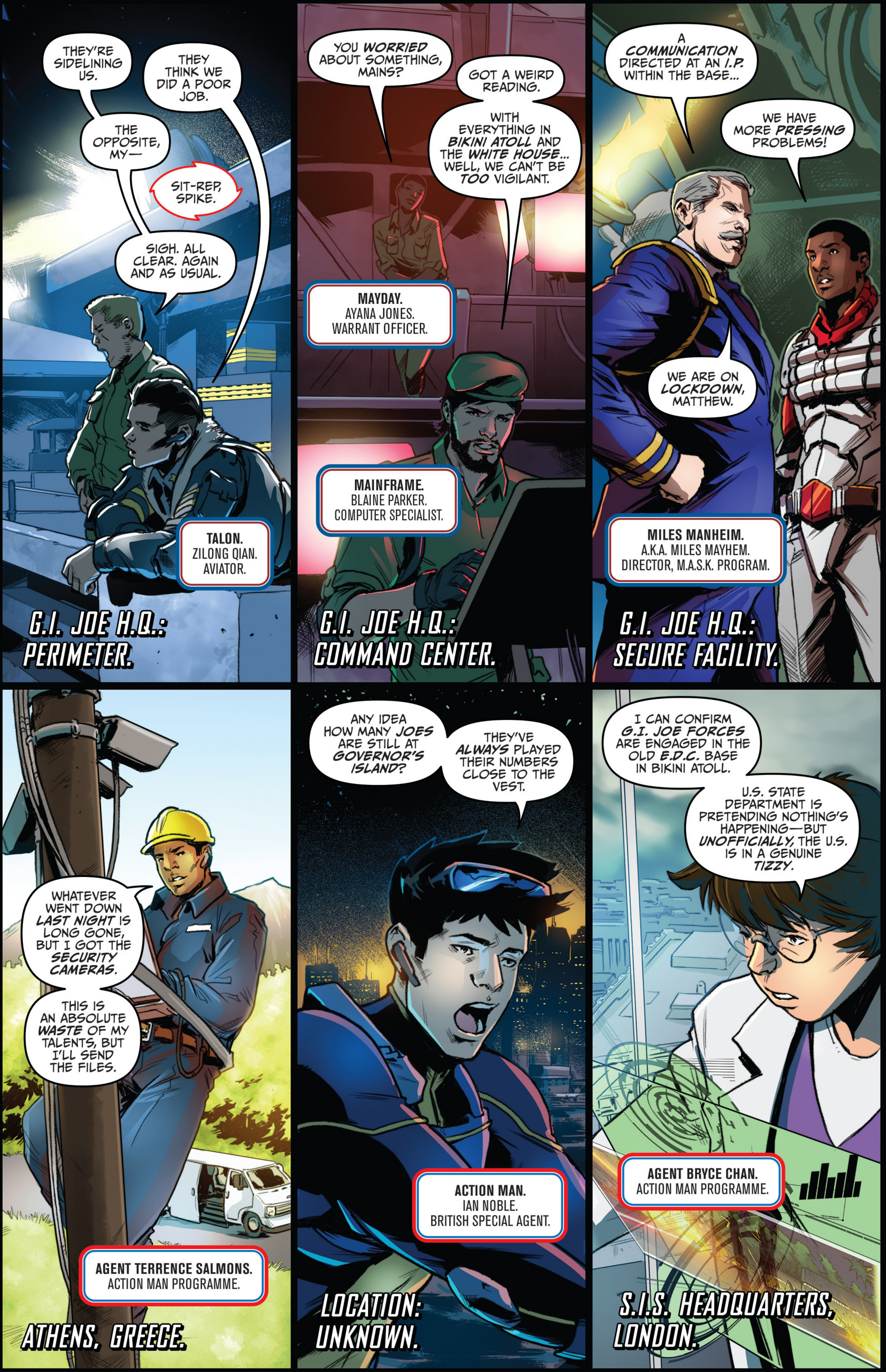
**AGENT TERRENCE SALMONS**
Field Operative

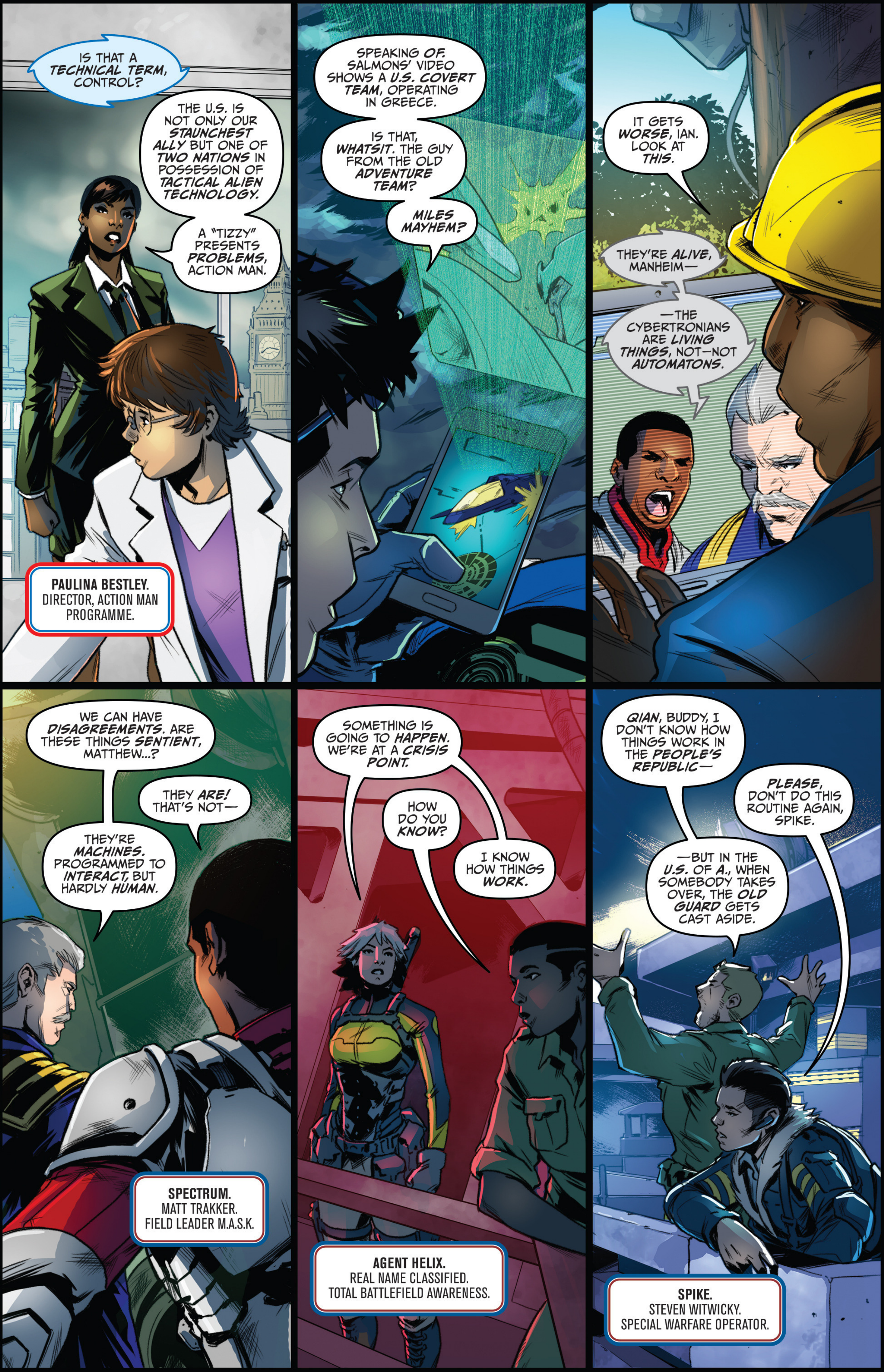


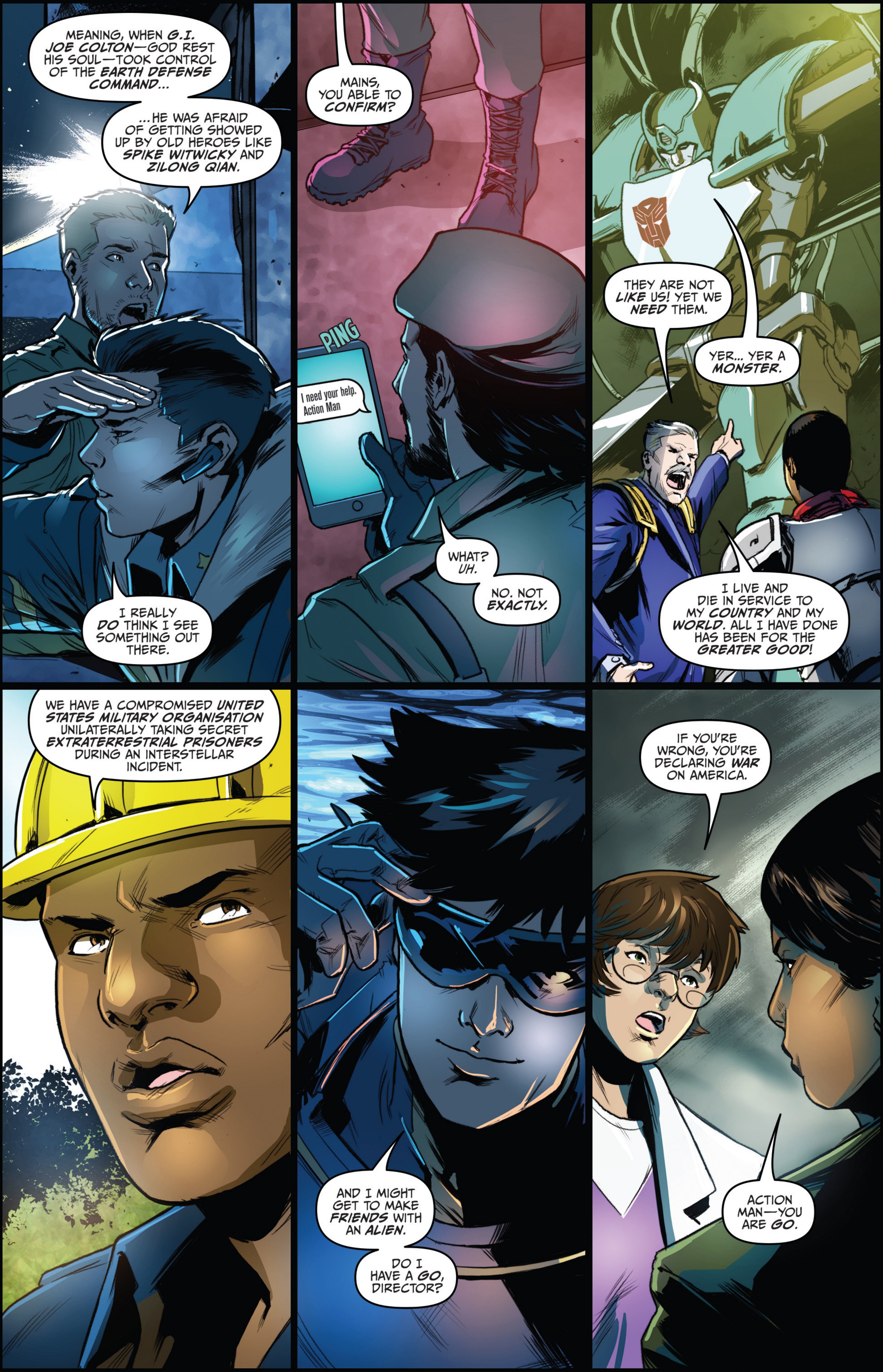
**AGENT BRYCE CHAN**
Quartermaster

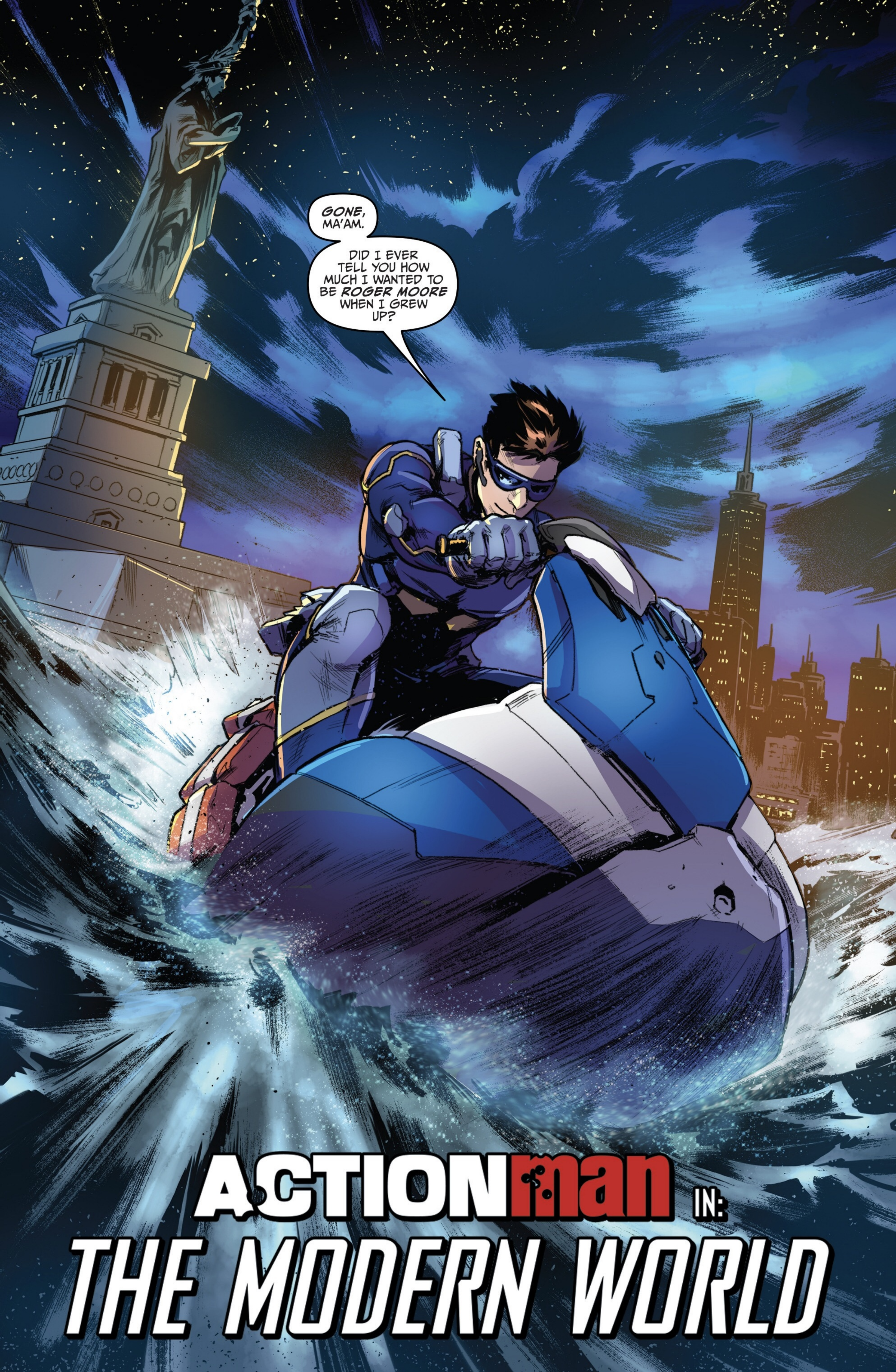


**DIRECTOR PAULINE BESTLEY**
Head of the Action Man Programme


THEY'RE SIDELINING US.
THEY THINK WE DID A POOR JOB.
THE OPPOSITE, MY—
SIT-REP, SPIKE.
SIGH. ALL CLEAR. AGAIN AND AS USUAL.
TALON. ZILONG QIAN. AVIATOR.
G.I. JOE H.Q.: PERIMETER.
YOU WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING, MAINS?
GOT A WEIRD READING.
WITH EVERYTHING IN BIKINI ATOLL AND THE WHITE HOUSE... WELL, WE CAN'T BE TOO VIGILANT.
MAYDAY. AYANA JONES. WARRANT OFFICER.
MAINFRAME. BLAINE PARKER. COMPUTER SPECIALIST.
G.I. JOE H.Q.: COMMAND CENTER.
A COMMUNICATION DIRECTED AT AN I.P. WITHIN THE BASE...
WE HAVE MORE PRESSING PROBLEMS!
WE ARE ON LOCKDOWN, MATTHEW.
MILES MANHEIM. A.K.A. MILES MAYHEM. DIRECTOR, M.A.S.K. PROGRAM.
G.I. JOE H.Q.: SECURE FACILITY.
WHATEVER WENT DOWN LAST NIGHT IS LONG GONE, BUT I GOT THE SECURITY CAMERAS.
THIS IS AN ABSOLUTE WASTE OF MY TALENTS, BUT I'LL SEND THE FILES.
AGENT TERRENCE SALMONS. ACTION MAN PROGRAMME.
ATHENS, GREECE.
ANY IDEA HOW MANY JOES ARE STILL AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND?
THEY'VE ALWAYS PLAYED THEIR NUMBERS CLOSE TO THE VEST.
ACTION MAN. IAN NOBLE. BRITISH SPECIAL AGENT.
LOCATION: UNKNOWN.
I CAN CONFIRM G.I. JOE FORCES ARE ENGAGED IN THE OLD E.D.C. BASE IN BIKINI ATOLL.
U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT IS PRETENDING NOTHING'S HAPPENING—BUT UNOFFICIALLY, THE U.S. IS IN A GENUINE TIZZY.
AGENT BRYCE CHAN. ACTION MAN PROGRAMME.
S.I.S. HEADQUARTERS, LONDON.

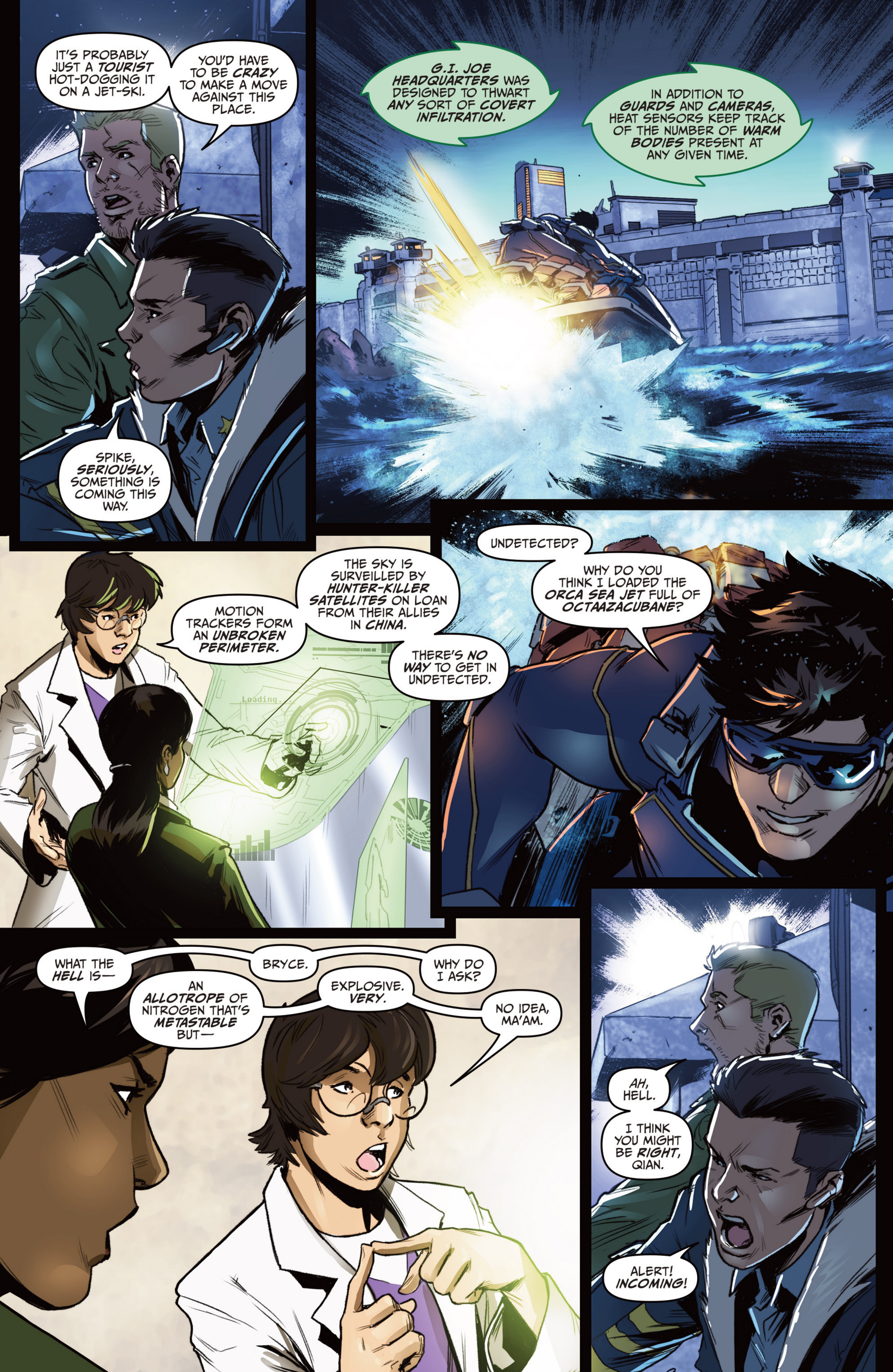

IS THAT A *TECHNICAL TERM*, CONTROL?
THE U.S. IS NOT ONLY OUR *STAUNCHEST ALLY* BUT ONE OF *TWO NATIONS* IN POSSESSION OF *TACTICAL ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.*
A "TIZZY" PRESENTS *PROBLEMS*, ACTION MAN.
**PAULINA BESTLEY.** DIRECTOR, ACTION MAN PROGRAMME.
SPEAKING *OF.* SALMONS' VIDEO SHOWS A *U.S. COVERT TEAM*, OPERATING IN GREECE.
IS THAT, *WHATSIT.* THE GUY FROM THE OLD *ADVENTURE TEAM?*
*MILES MAYHEM?*
IT GETS *WORSE*, IAN. LOOK AT *THIS.*
THEY'RE *ALIVE*, MANHEIM—
—THE CYBERTRONIANS ARE *LIVING THINGS*, NOT—NOT *AUTOMATONS.*
WE CAN HAVE *DISAGREEMENTS.* ARE THESE THINGS *SENTIENT*, MATTHEW...?
THEY *ARE!* THAT'S NOT—
THEY'RE *MACHINES.* PROGRAMMED TO *INTERACT*, BUT HARDLY *HUMAN.*
**SPECTRUM.** MATT TRAKKER. FIELD LEADER M.A.S.K.
SOMETHING IS GOING TO *HAPPEN.* WE'RE AT A *CRISIS POINT.*
HOW DO YOU *KNOW?*
I KNOW HOW THINGS *WORK.*
**AGENT HELIX.** REAL NAME CLASSIFIED. TOTAL BATTLEFIELD AWARENESS.
*QIAN*, BUDDY, I DON'T KNOW HOW THINGS WORK IN THE *PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC*—
*PLEASE*, DON'T DO THIS ROUTINE AGAIN, SPIKE.
—BUT IN THE *U.S. OF A.*, WHEN SOMEBODY TAKES OVER, THE *OLD GUARD* GETS CAST ASIDE.
**SPIKE.** STEVEN WITWICKY. SPECIAL WARFARE OPERATOR.

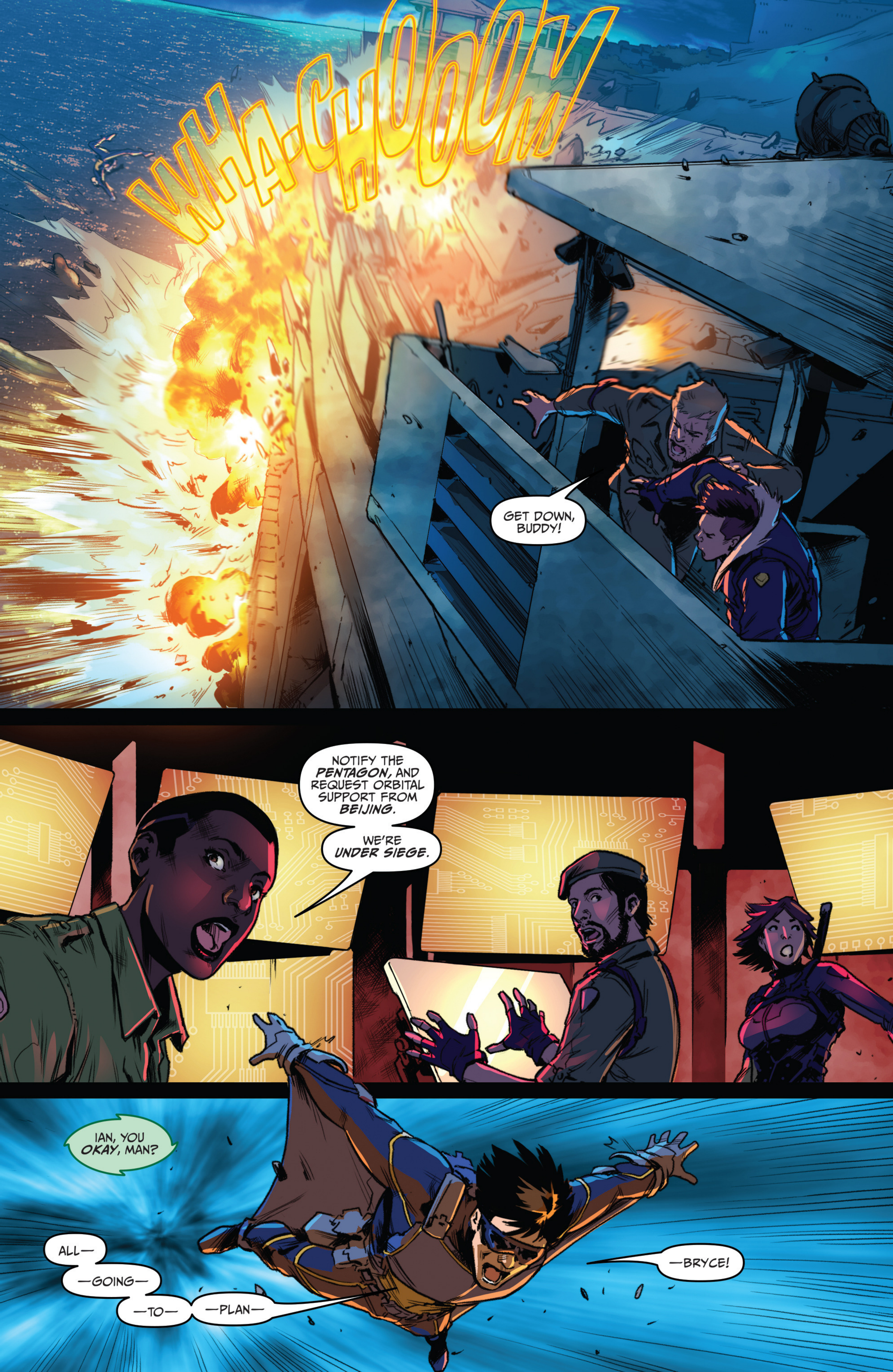

MEANING, WHEN *G.I. JOE COLTON*—GOD REST HIS SOUL—TOOK CONTROL OF THE *EARTH DEFENSE COMMAND*...
...HE WAS AFRAID OF GETTING SHOWED UP BY OLD HEROES LIKE *SPIKE WITWICKY* AND *ZILONG QIAN*.
I REALLY *DO* THINK I SEE SOMETHING OUT THERE.
MAINS, YOU ABLE TO *CONFIRM?*
PING
I need your help.
Action Man
WHAT? *UH.*
NO. NOT *EXACTLY.*
THEY ARE NOT *LIKE* US! YET WE *NEED* THEM.
YER... YER A *MONSTER.*
I LIVE AND DIE IN SERVICE TO MY *COUNTRY* AND MY *WORLD*. ALL I HAVE DONE HAS BEEN FOR THE *GREATER GOOD!*
WE HAVE A COMPROMISED *UNITED STATES MILITARY ORGANISATION* UNILATERALLY TAKING SECRET *EXTRATERRESTRIAL PRISONERS* DURING AN INTERSTELLAR INCIDENT.
AND I MIGHT GET TO MAKE *FRIENDS* WITH AN *ALIEN.*
DO I HAVE A *GO,* DIRECTOR?
IF YOU'RE WRONG, YOU'RE DECLARING *WAR* ON AMERICA.
ACTION MAN—YOU ARE *GO.*

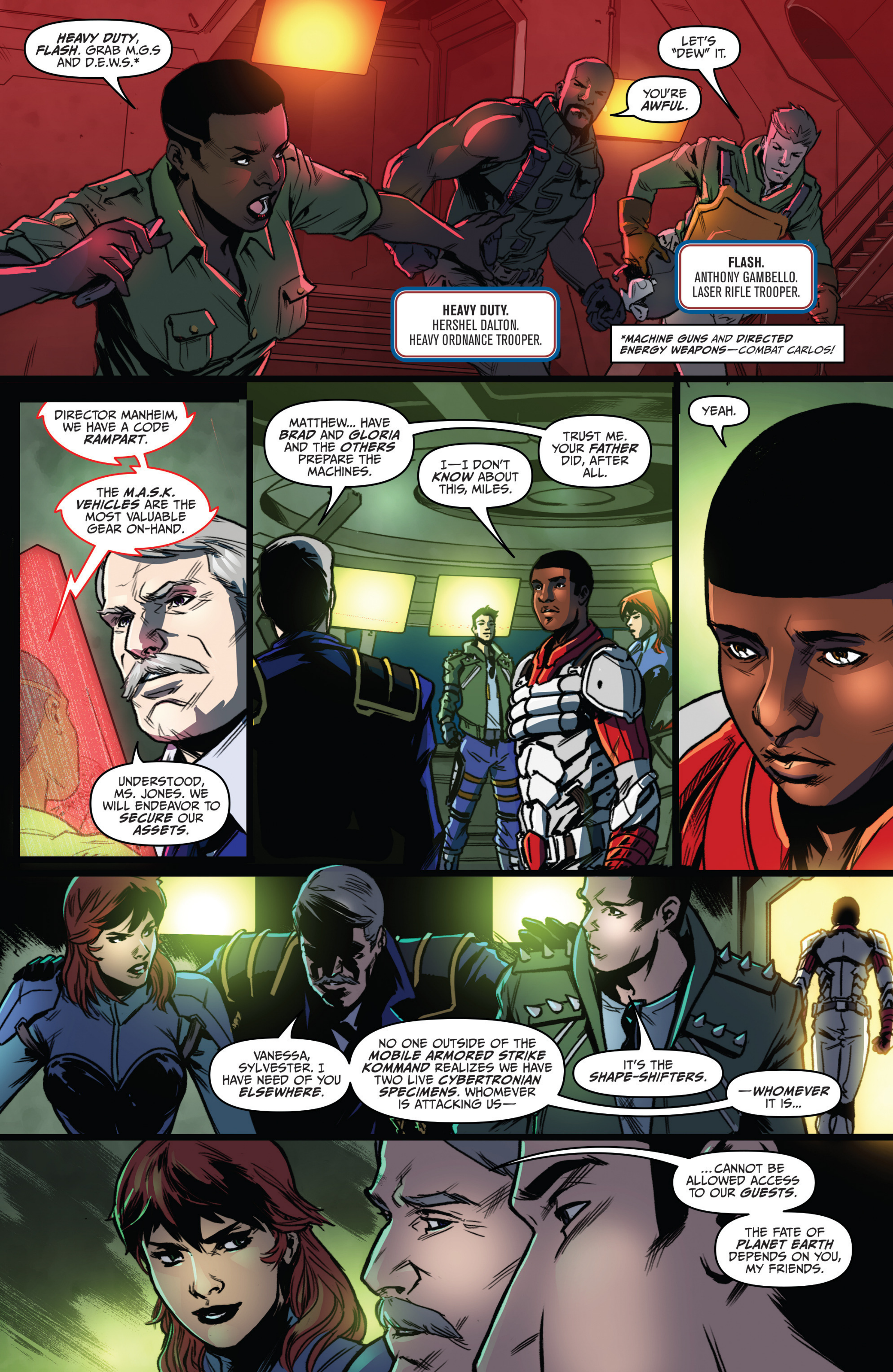

*GONE,* MA'AM.
DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW MUCH I WANTED TO BE ***ROGER MOORE*** WHEN I GREW UP?

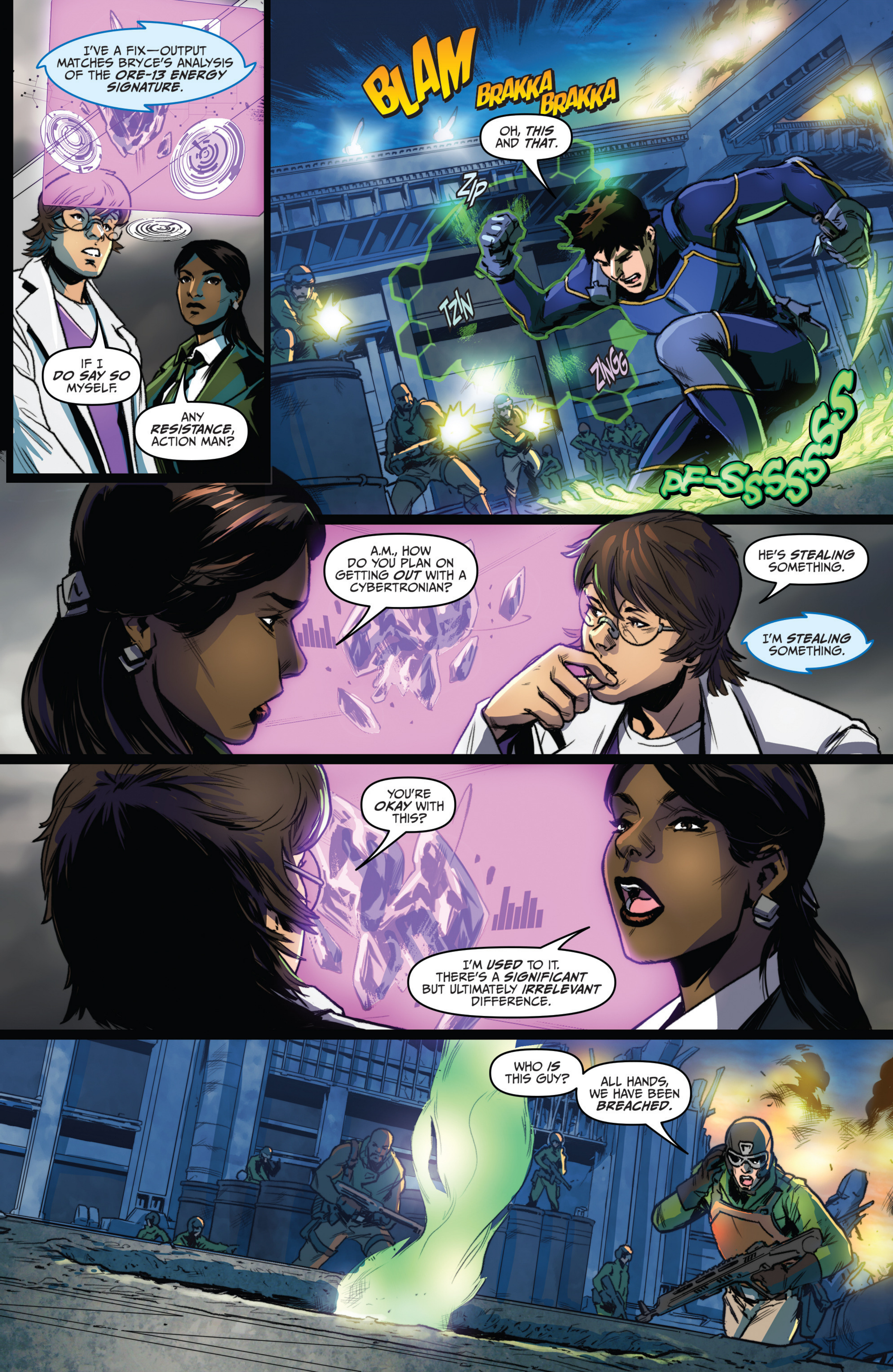
# ACTIONMAN IN:

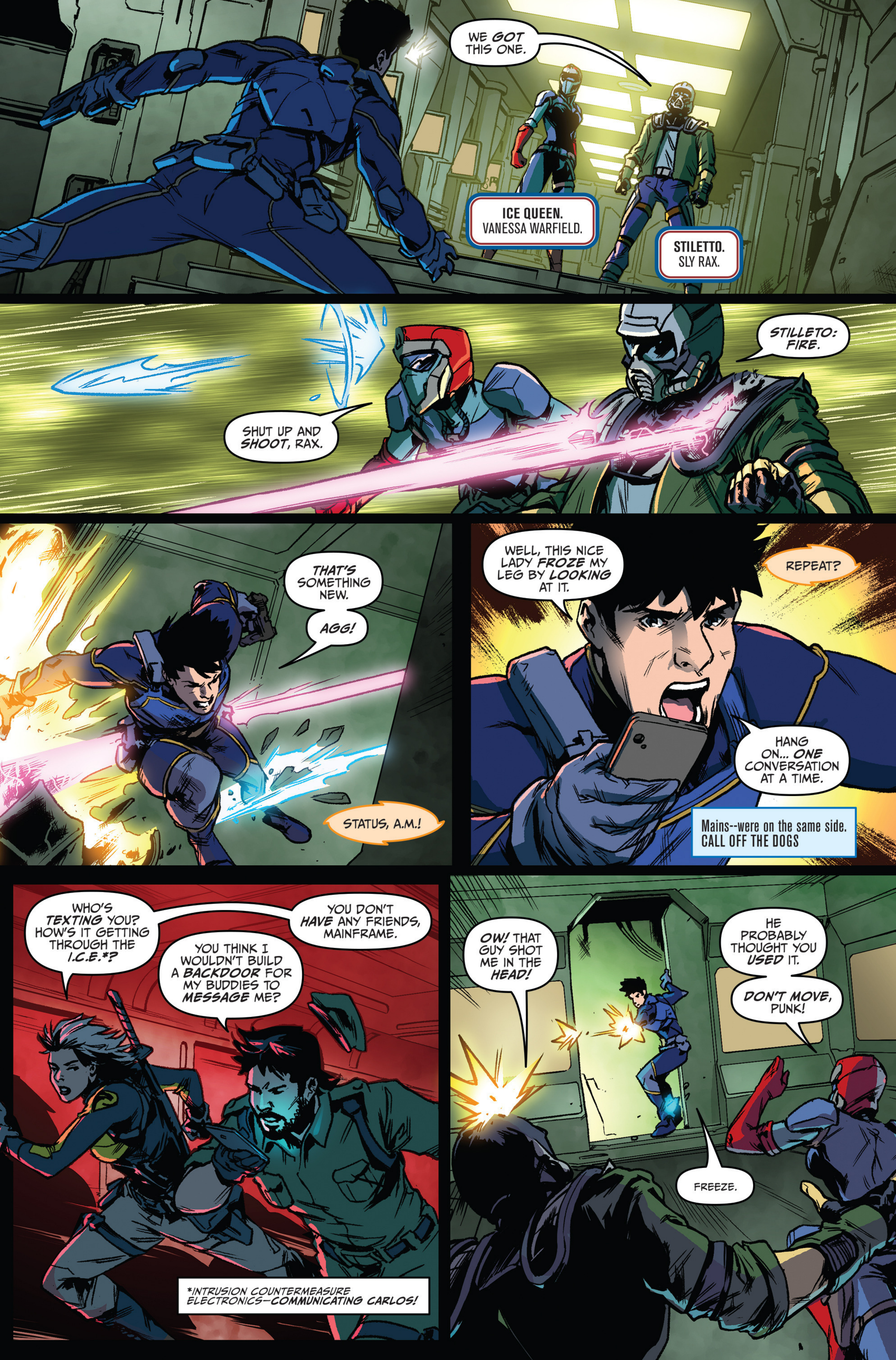
# THE MODERN WORLD

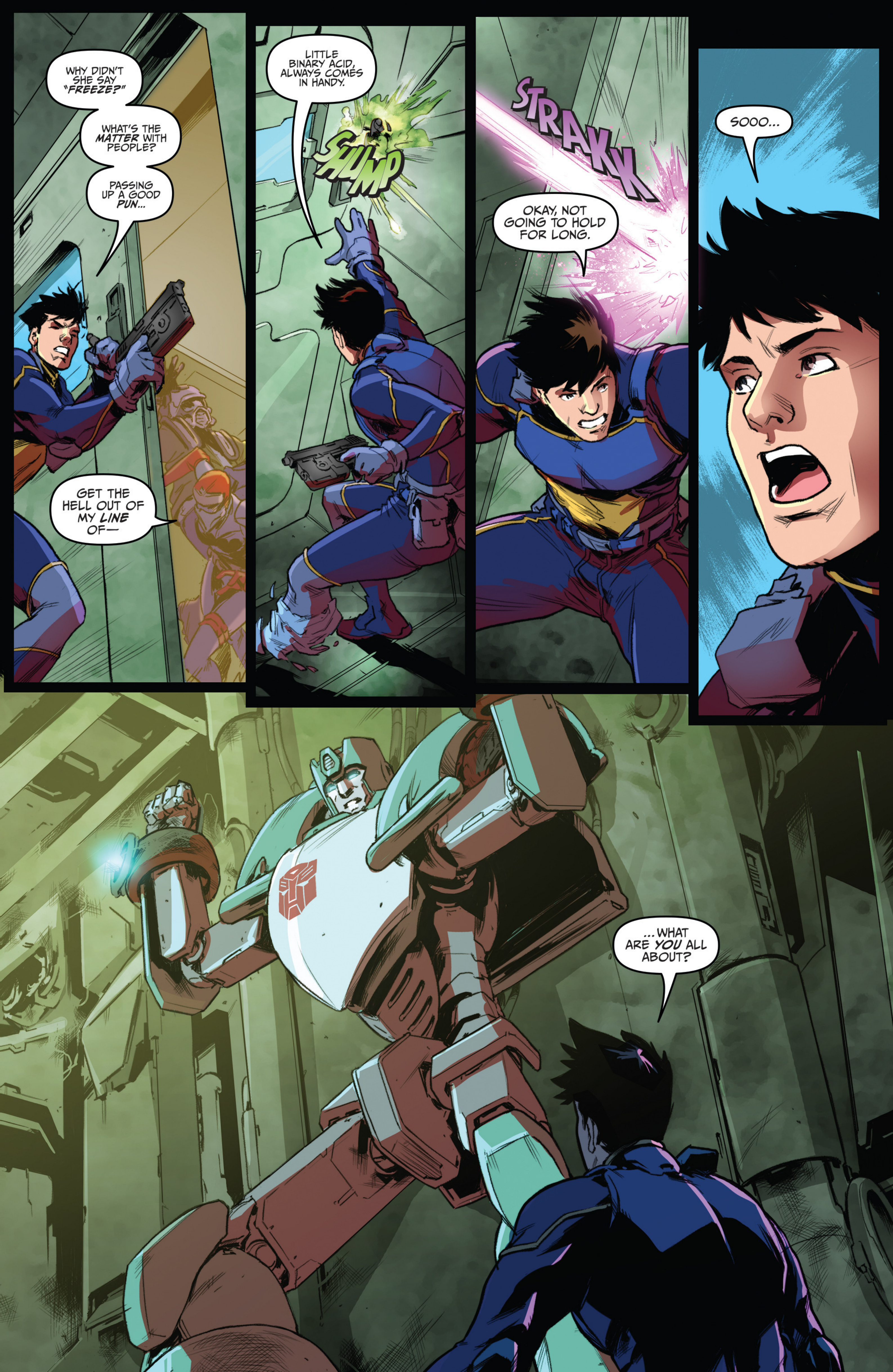

IT'S PROBABLY JUST A TOURIST HOT-DOGGING IT ON A JET-SKI.
YOU'D HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO MAKE A MOVE AGAINST THIS PLACE.
SPIKE, SERIOUSLY, SOMETHING IS COMING THIS WAY.
G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS WAS DESIGNED TO THWART ANY SORT OF COVERT INFILTRATION.
IN ADDITION TO GUARDS AND CAMERAS, HEAT SENSORS KEEP TRACK OF THE NUMBER OF WARM BODIES PRESENT AT ANY GIVEN TIME.
MOTION TRACKERS FORM AN UNBROKEN PERIMETER.
THE SKY IS SURVEILLED BY HUNTER-KILLER SATELLITES ON LOAN FROM THEIR ALLIES IN CHINA.
THERE'S NO WAY TO GET IN UNDETECTED.
Loading.
UNDETECTED?
WHY DO YOU THINK I LOADED THE ORCA SEA JET FULL OF OCTAAZACUBANE?
WHAT THE HELL IS—
AN ALLOTROPE OF NITROGEN THAT'S METASTABLE BUT—
BRYCE.
EXPLOSIVE. VERY.
WHY DO I ASK?
NO IDEA, MA'AM.
AH, HELL.
I THINK YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT, QIAN.
ALERT! INCOMING!

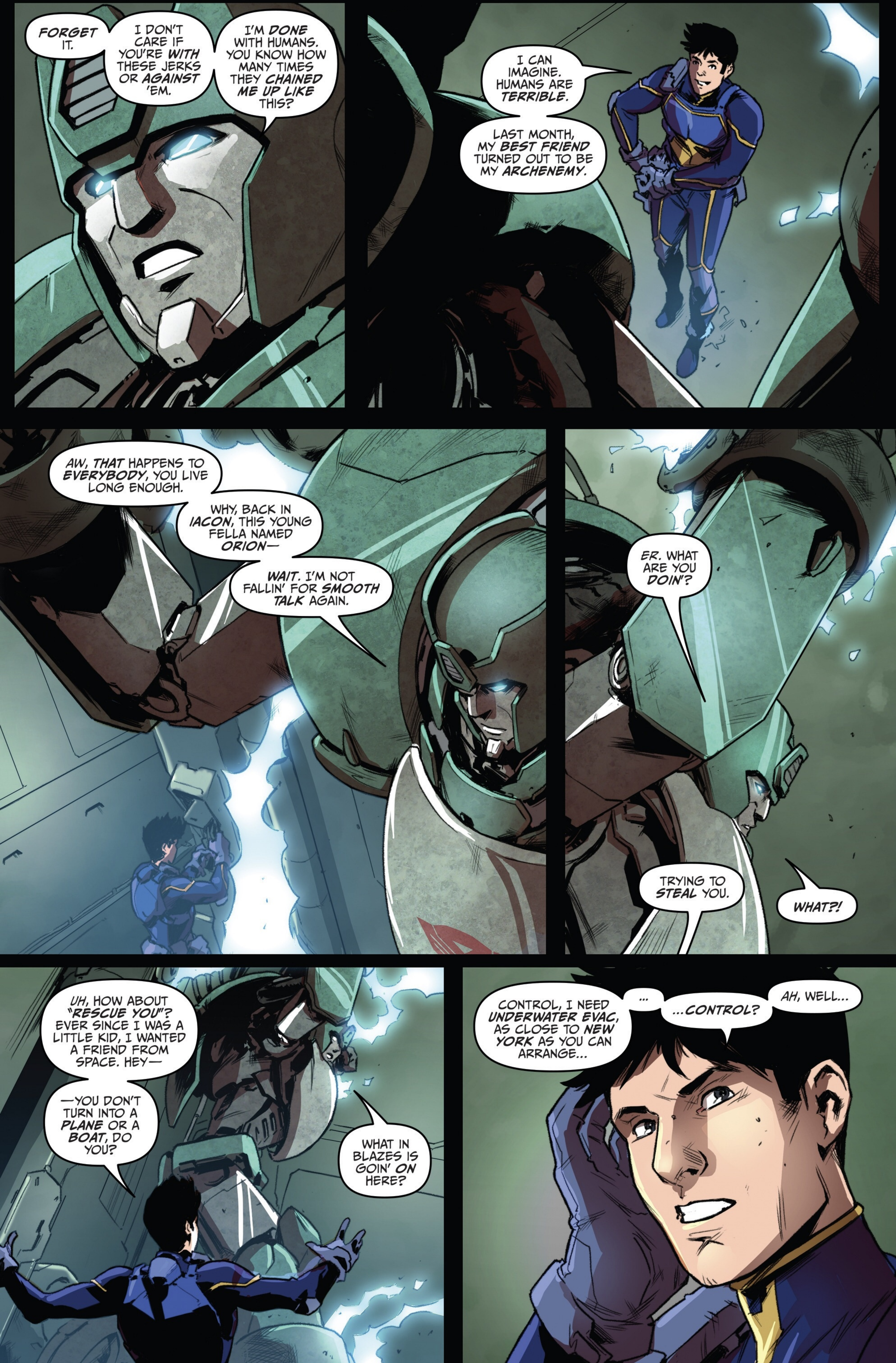

WHA-CHOOOM
GET DOWN, BUDDY!
NOTIFY THE *PENTAGON,* AND REQUEST ORBITAL SUPPORT FROM *BEIJING.*
WE'RE *UNDER SIEGE.*
IAN, YOU *OKAY,* MAN?
ALL—
—GOING—
—TO—
—PLAN—
—BRYCE!

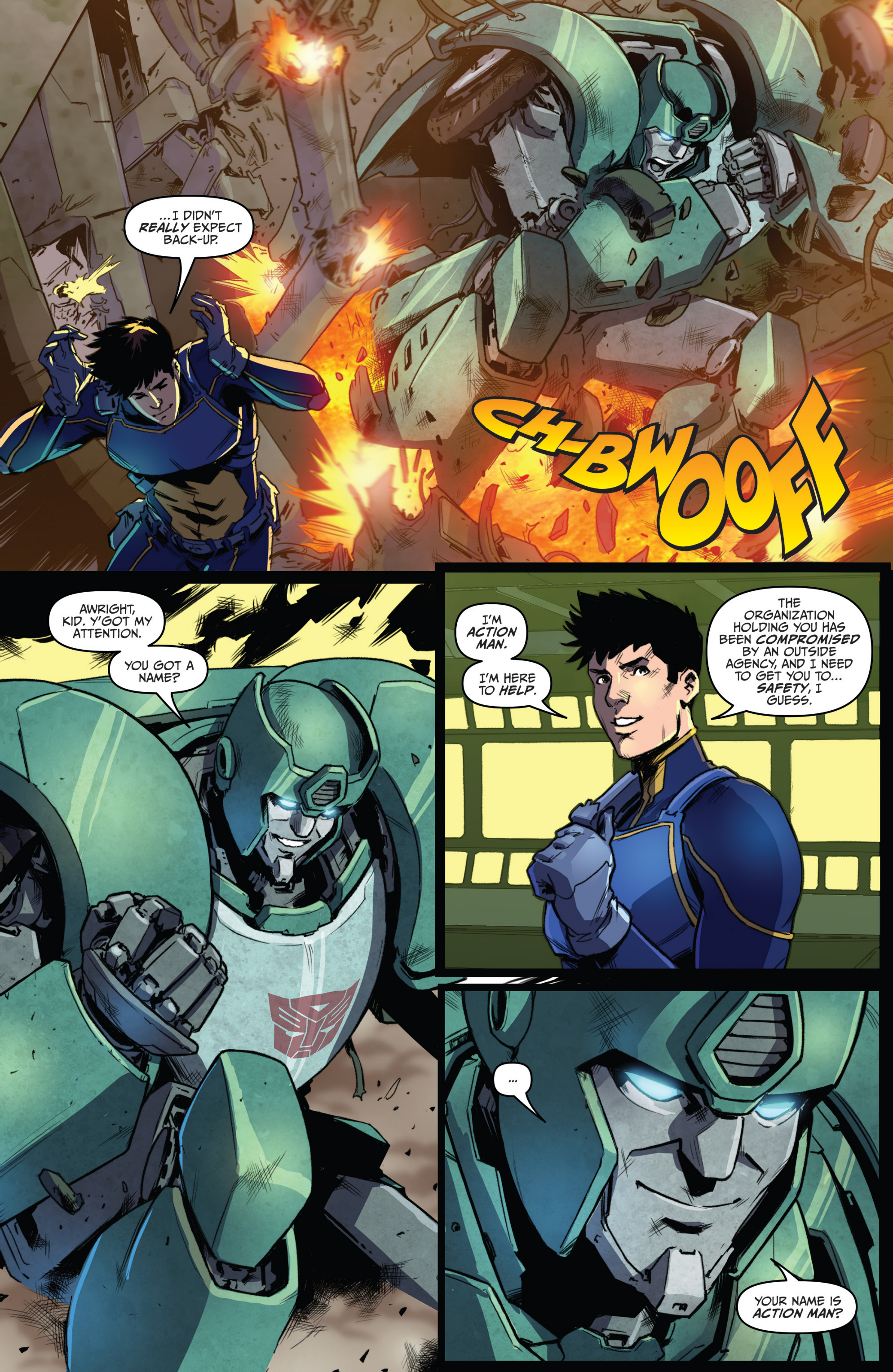

HEAVY DUTY, FLASH. GRAB M.G.S AND D.E.W.S.*
YOU'RE AWFUL.
LET'S "DEW" IT.
HEAVY DUTY. HERSHEL DALTON. HEAVY ORDNANCE TROOPER.
FLASH. ANTHONY GAMBELLO. LASER RIFLE TROOPER.
*MACHINE GUNS AND DIRECTED ENERGY WEAPONS—COMBAT CARLOS!
DIRECTOR MANHEIM, WE HAVE A CODE RAMPART.
THE M.A.S.K. VEHICLES ARE THE MOST VALUABLE GEAR ON-HAND.
UNDERSTOOD, MS. JONES. WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO SECURE OUR ASSETS.
MATTHEW... HAVE BRAD AND GLORIA AND THE OTHERS PREPARE THE MACHINES.
I—I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS, MILES.
TRUST ME. YOUR FATHER DID, AFTER ALL.
YEAH.
VANESSA, SYLVESTER. I HAVE NEED OF YOU ELSEWHERE.
NO ONE OUTSIDE OF THE MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND REALIZES WE HAVE TWO LIVE CYBERTRONIAN SPECIMENS. WHOMEVER IS ATTACKING US—
IT'S THE SHAPE-SHIFTERS.
—WHOMEVER IT IS...
...CANNOT BE ALLOWED ACCESS TO OUR GUESTS.
THE FATE OF PLANET EARTH DEPENDS ON YOU, MY FRIENDS.

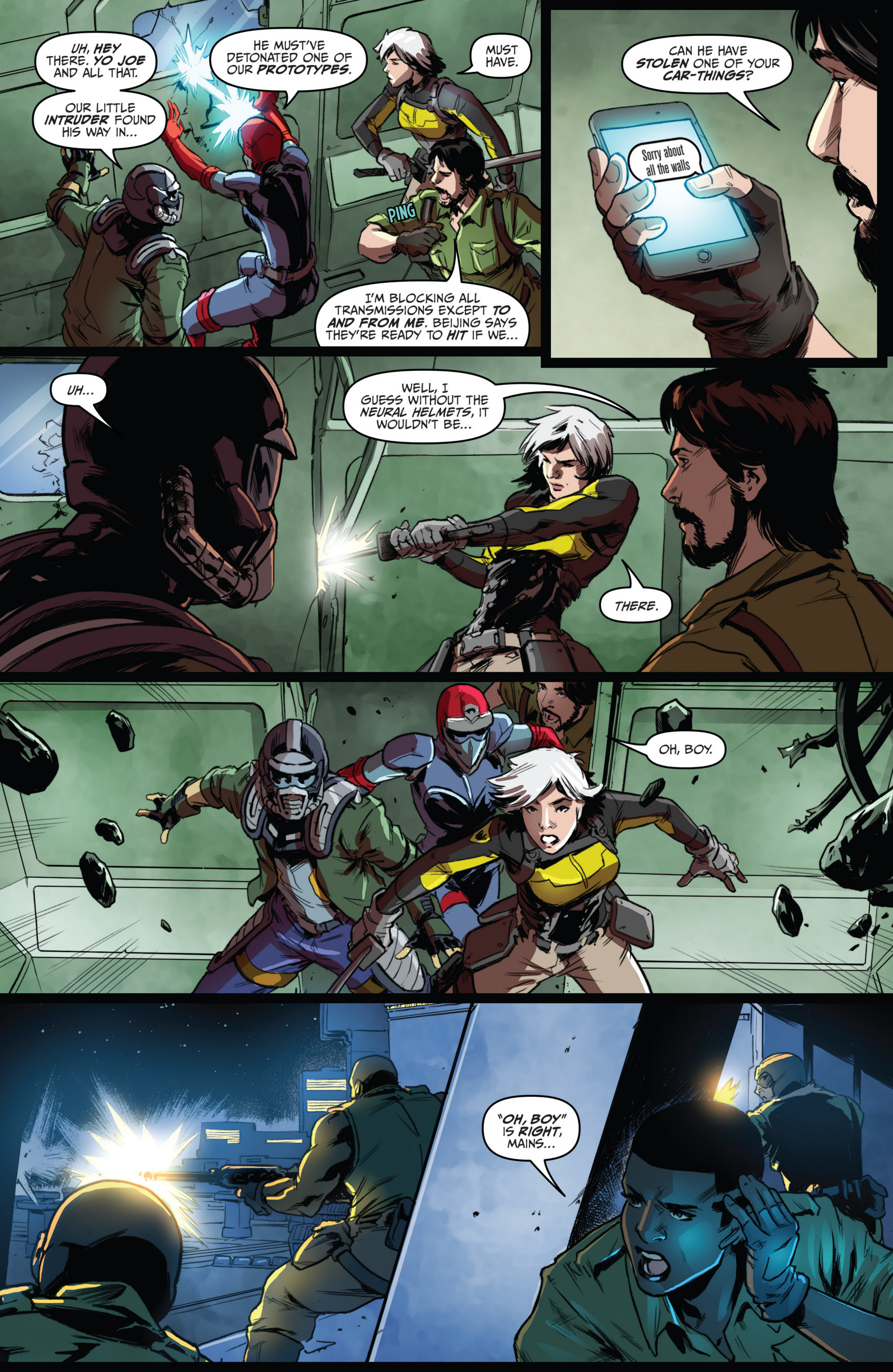

I'VE A FIX—OUTPUT MATCHES BRYCE'S ANALYSIS OF THE *ORE-13 ENERGY SIGNATURE.*
IF I *DO SAY SO* MYSELF.
ANY *RESISTANCE,* ACTION MAN?
BLAM
BRAKKA BRAKKA
OH, *THIS* AND *THAT.*
ZIP
TZIN
ZINGG
PF-SSSSSSS
A.M., HOW DO YOU PLAN ON GETTING *OUT* WITH A CYBERTRONIAN?
HE'S *STEALING* SOMETHING.
I'M *STEALING* SOMETHING.
YOU'RE *OKAY* WITH THIS?
I'M *USED* TO IT. THERE'S A *SIGNIFICANT* BUT ULTIMATELY *IRRELEVANT* DIFFERENCE.
WHO *IS* THIS GUY?
ALL HANDS, WE HAVE BEEN *BREACHED.*

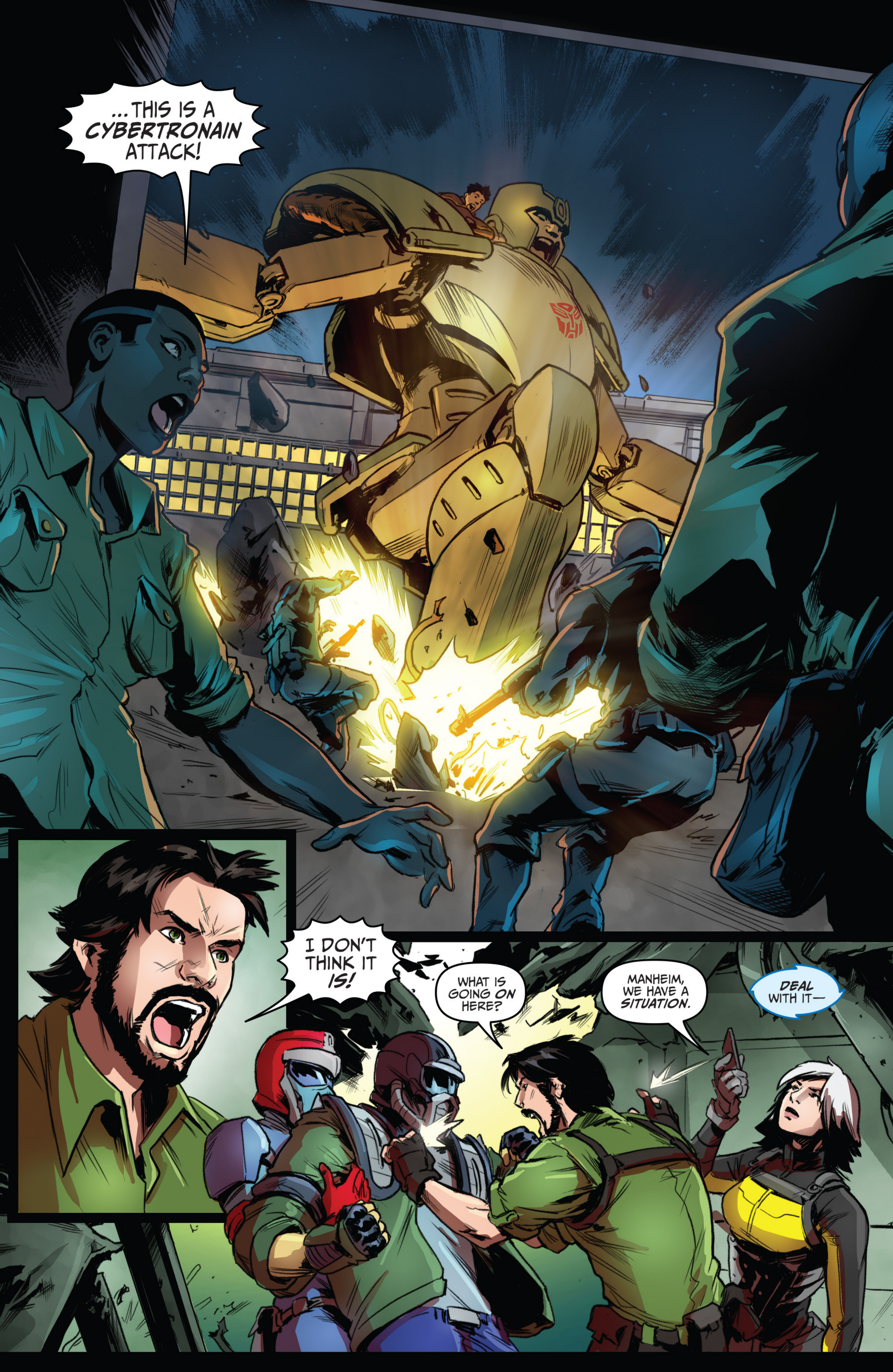

WE *GOT* THIS ONE.
**ICE QUEEN.** VANESSA WARFIELD.
**STILETTO.** SLY RAX.
*STILLETO: FIRE.*
SHUT UP AND *SHOOT*, RAX.
*THAT'S* SOMETHING NEW.
*AGG!*
STATUS, A.M.!
REPEAT?
WELL, THIS NICE LADY *FROZE* MY LEG BY *LOOKING* AT IT.
HANG ON... *ONE* CONVERSATION AT A TIME.
Mains--were on the same side. CALL OFF THE DOGS
WHO'S *TEXTING* YOU? HOW'S IT GETTING THROUGH THE *I.C.E.*?*
YOU DON'T *HAVE* ANY FRIENDS, MAINFRAME.
YOU THINK I WOULDN'T BUILD A *BACKDOOR* FOR MY BUDDIES TO *MESSAGE* ME?
**INTRUSION COUNTERMEASURE ELECTRONICS—**COMMUNICATING CARLOS!***
*OW!* THAT GUY SHOT ME IN THE *HEAD!*
HE PROBABLY THOUGHT YOU *USED* IT.
*DON'T MOVE,* PUNK!
FREEZE.

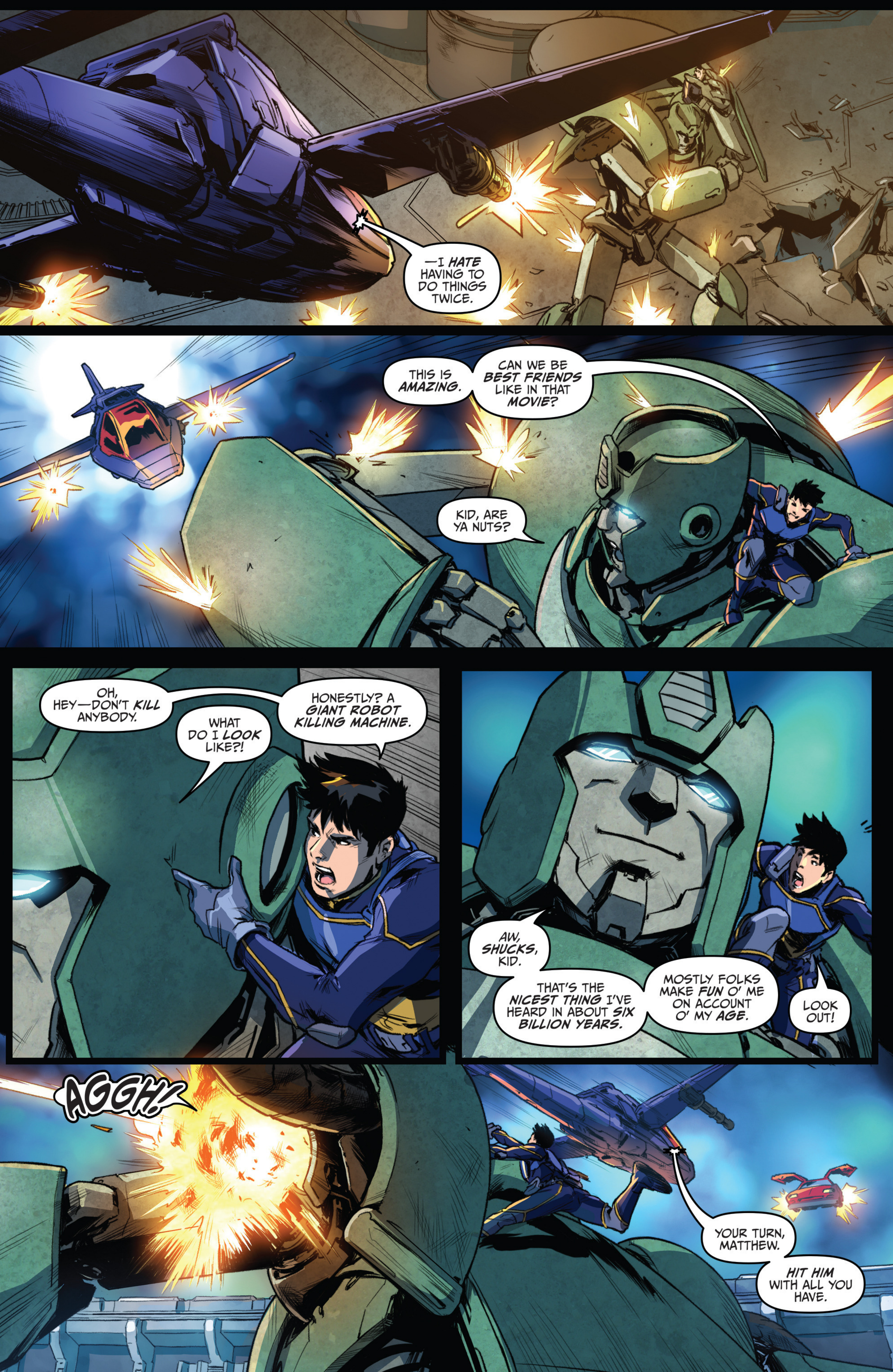

WHY DIDN'T SHE SAY "FREEZE?"
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PEOPLE?
PASSING UP A GOOD PUN...
GET THE HELL OUT OF MY LINE OF—
LITTLE BINARY ACID, ALWAYS COMES IN HANDY.
SHUMP
STRAKK
OKAY, NOT GOING TO HOLD FOR LONG.
SOOO...
...WHAT ARE YOU ALL ABOUT?

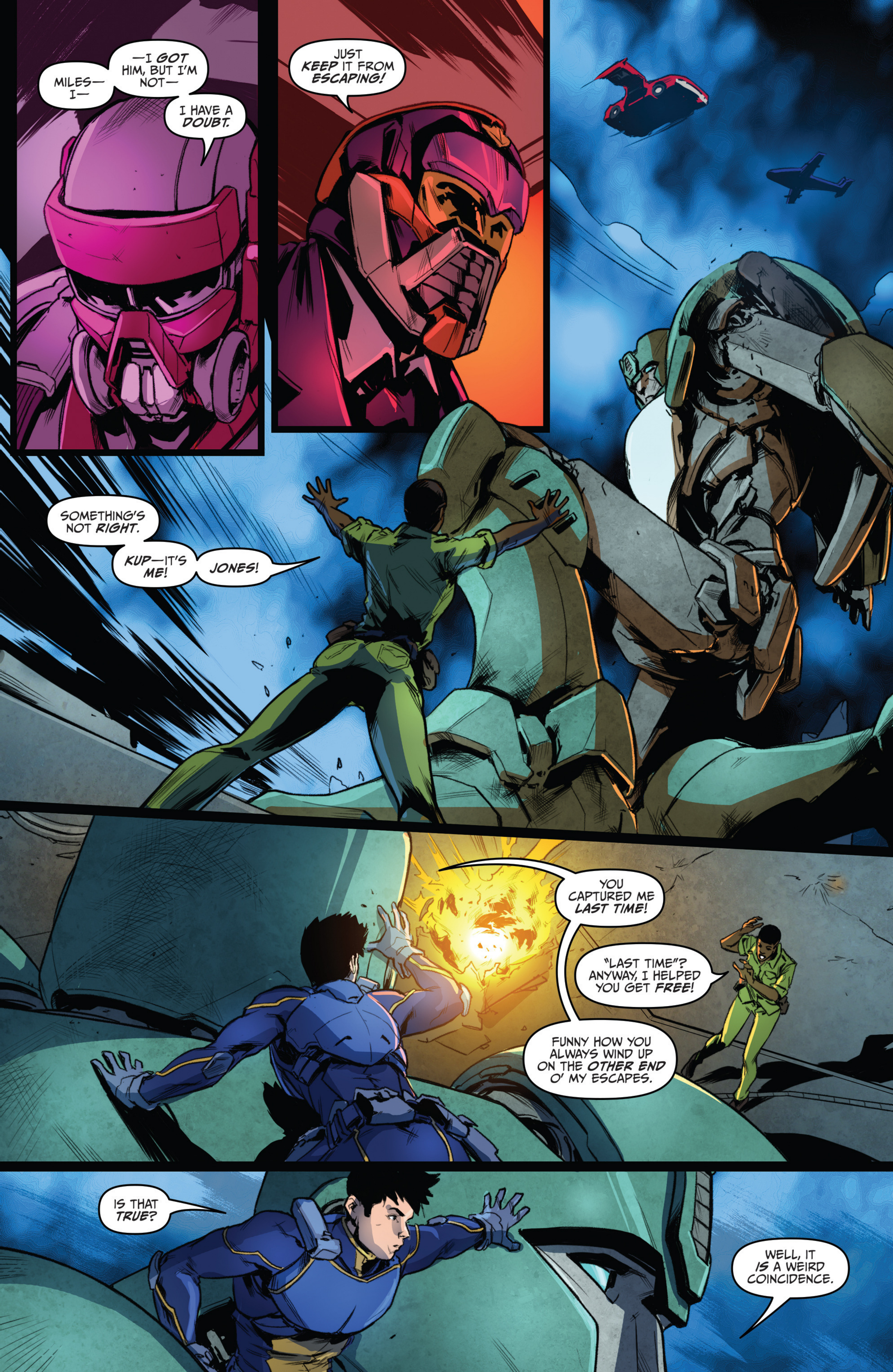

FORGET IT.
I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE WITH THESE JERKS OR AGAINST 'EM.
I'M DONE WITH HUMANS. YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES THEY CHAINED ME UP LIKE THIS?
I CAN IMAGINE. HUMANS ARE TERRIBLE.
LAST MONTH, MY BEST FRIEND TURNED OUT TO BE MY ARCHENEMY.
AW, THAT HAPPENS TO EVERYBODY, YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH.
WHY, BACK IN IACON, THIS YOUNG FELLA NAMED ORION—
WAIT. I'M NOT FALLIN' FOR SMOOTH TALK AGAIN.
ER. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?
TRYING TO STEAL YOU.
WHAT?!
UH, HOW ABOUT "RESCUE YOU"? EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE KID, I WANTED A FRIEND FROM SPACE. HEY—
—YOU DON'T TURN INTO A PLANE OR A BOAT, DO YOU?
WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOIN' ON HERE?
CONTROL, I NEED UNDERWATER EVAC, AS CLOSE TO NEW YORK AS YOU CAN ARRANGE...
...
...CONTROL?
AH, WELL...

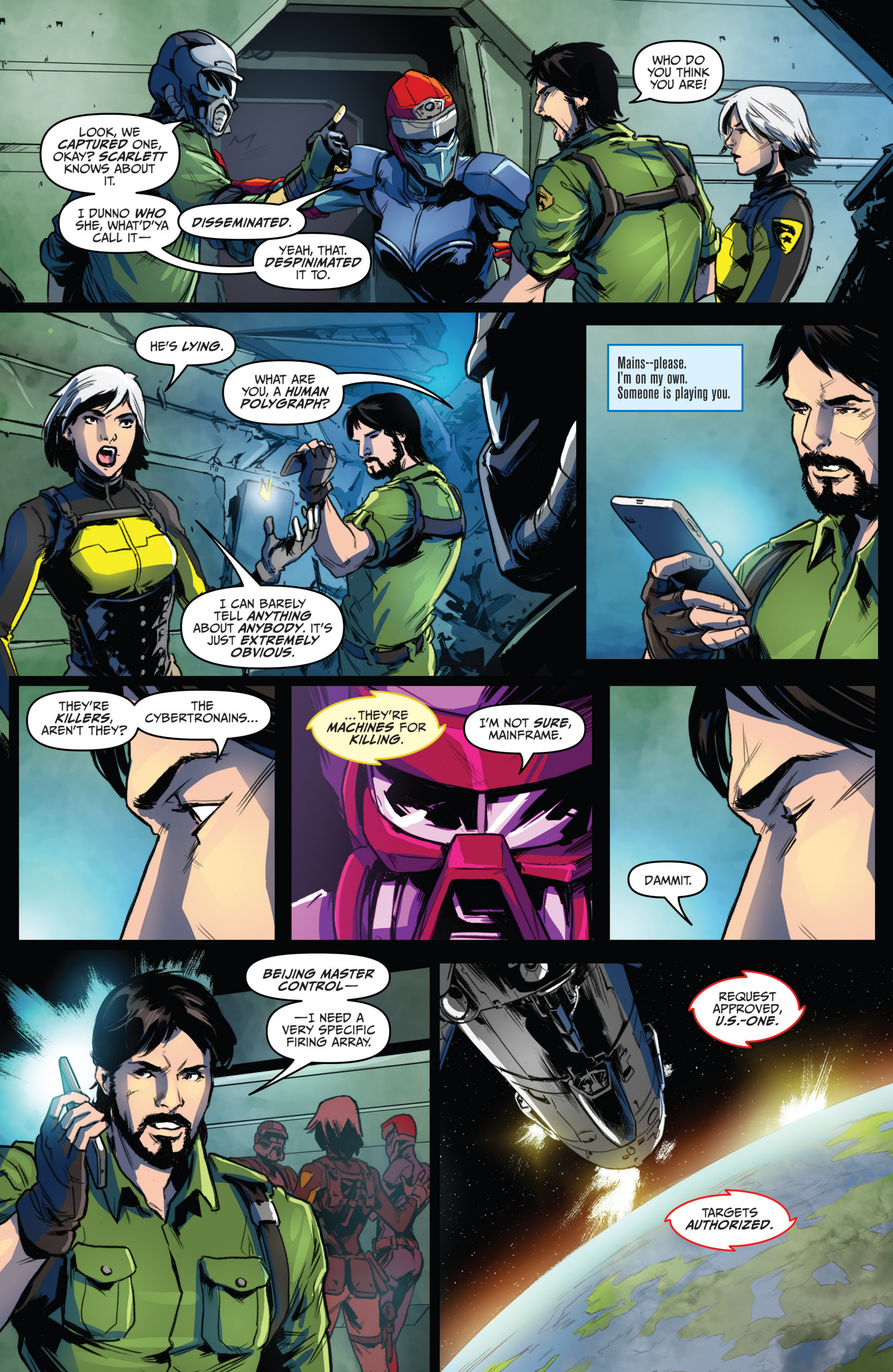

...I DIDN'T *REALLY* EXPECT BACK-UP.
CH-BWOOFF
AWRIGHT, KID. Y'GOT MY ATTENTION.
YOU GOT A NAME?
I'M *ACTION MAN.*
I'M HERE TO *HELP.*
THE ORGANIZATION HOLDING YOU HAS BEEN *COMPROMISED* BY AN OUTSIDE AGENCY, AND I NEED TO GET YOU TO... *SAFETY,* I GUESS.
...
YOUR NAME IS *ACTION MAN?*

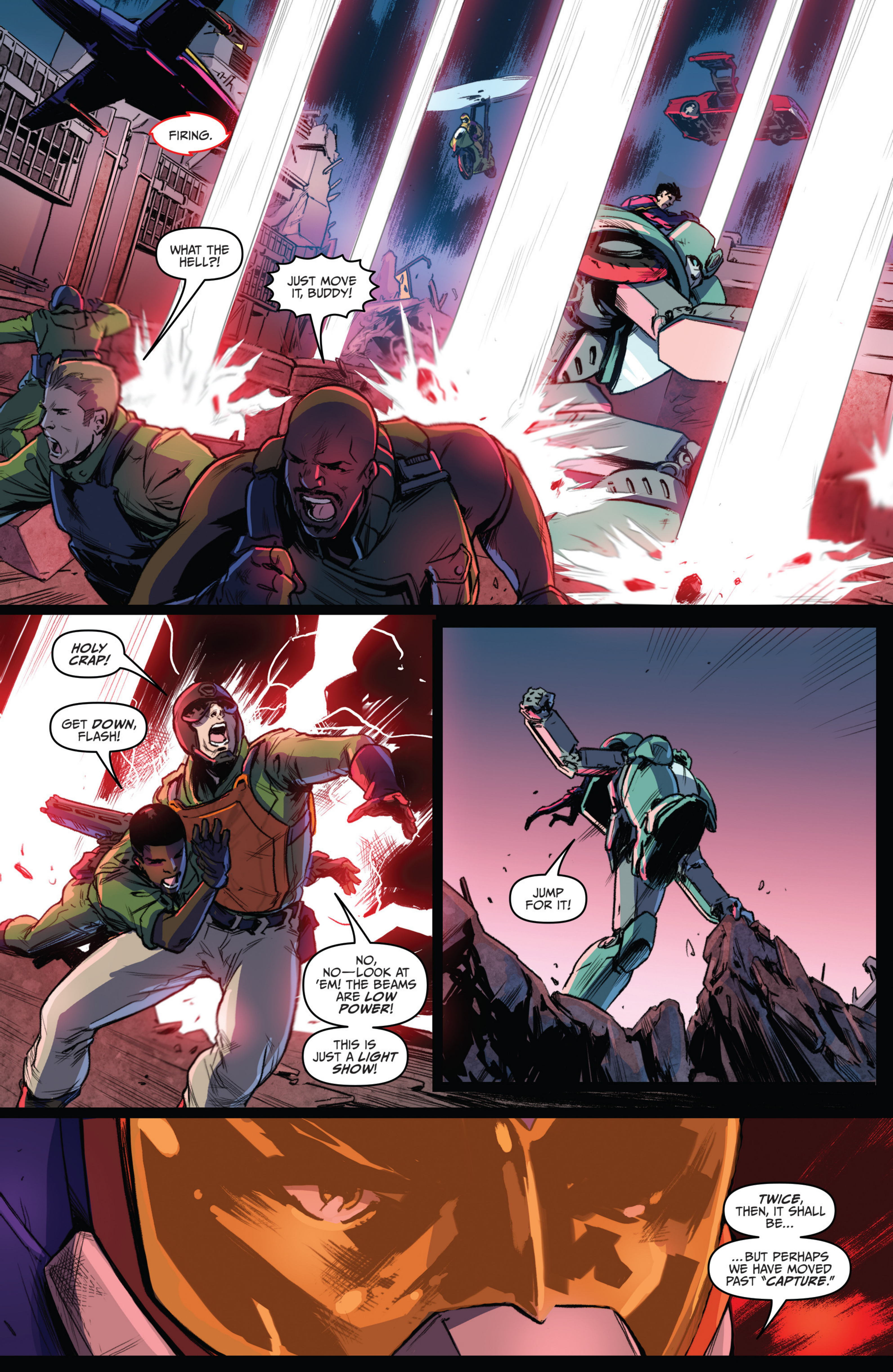

UH, HEY THERE. YO JOE AND ALL THAT.
OUR LITTLE INTRUDER FOUND HIS WAY IN...
HE MUST'VE DETONATED ONE OF OUR PROTOTYPES.
MUST HAVE.
PING
I'M BLOCKING ALL TRANSMISSIONS EXCEPT TO AND FROM ME. BEIJING SAYS THEY'RE READY TO HIT IF WE...
CAN HE HAVE STOLEN ONE OF YOUR CAR-THINGS?
Sorry about all the walls
UH...
WELL, I GUESS WITHOUT THE NEURAL HELMETS, IT WOULDN'T BE...
THERE.
OH, BOY.
"OH, BOY" IS RIGHT, MAINS...

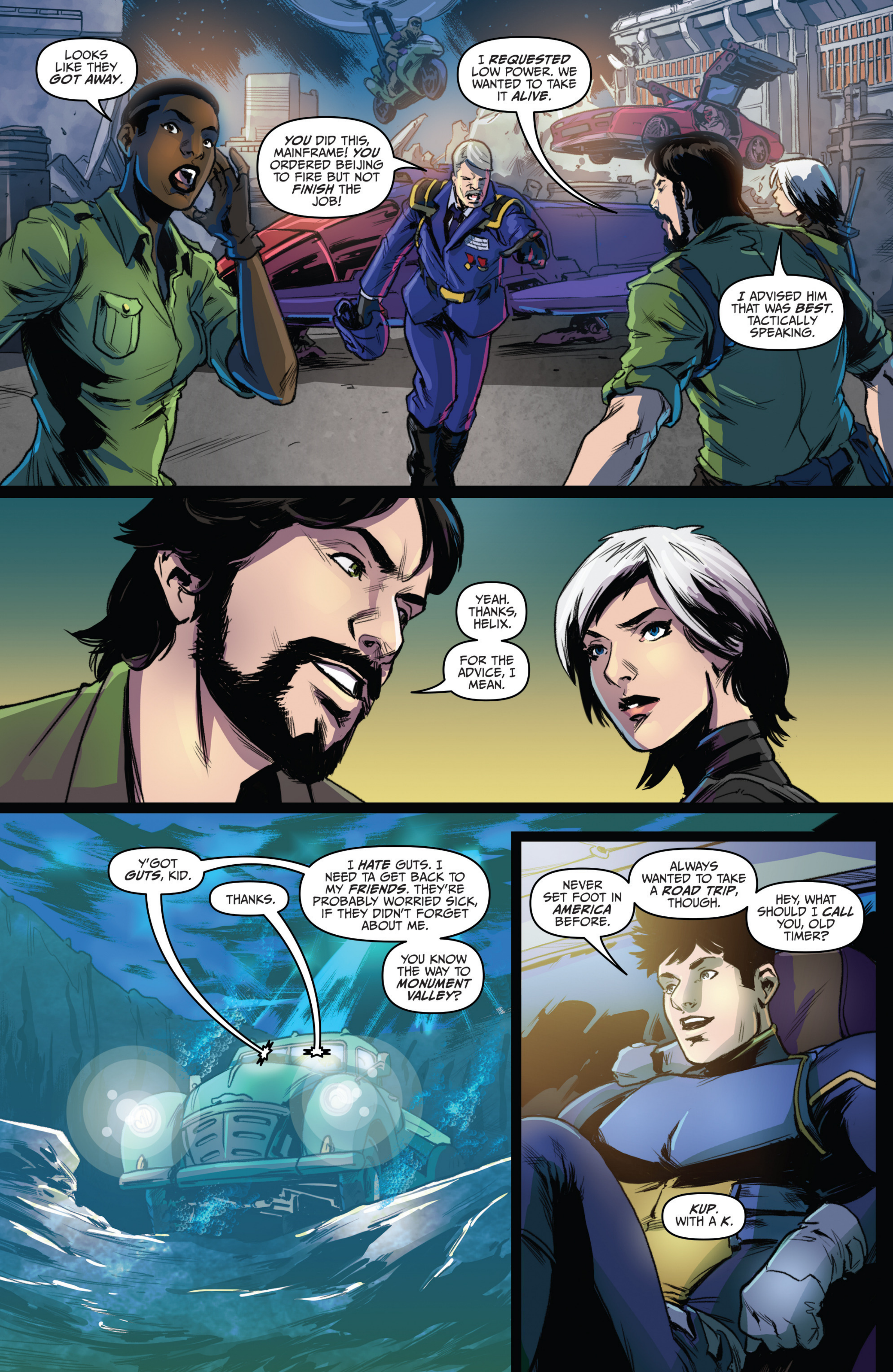

...THIS IS A *CYBERTRONAIN* ATTACK!
I DON'T THINK IT *IS!*
WHAT IS GOING *ON* HERE?
MANHEIM, WE HAVE A *SITUATION.*
*DEAL* WITH IT—

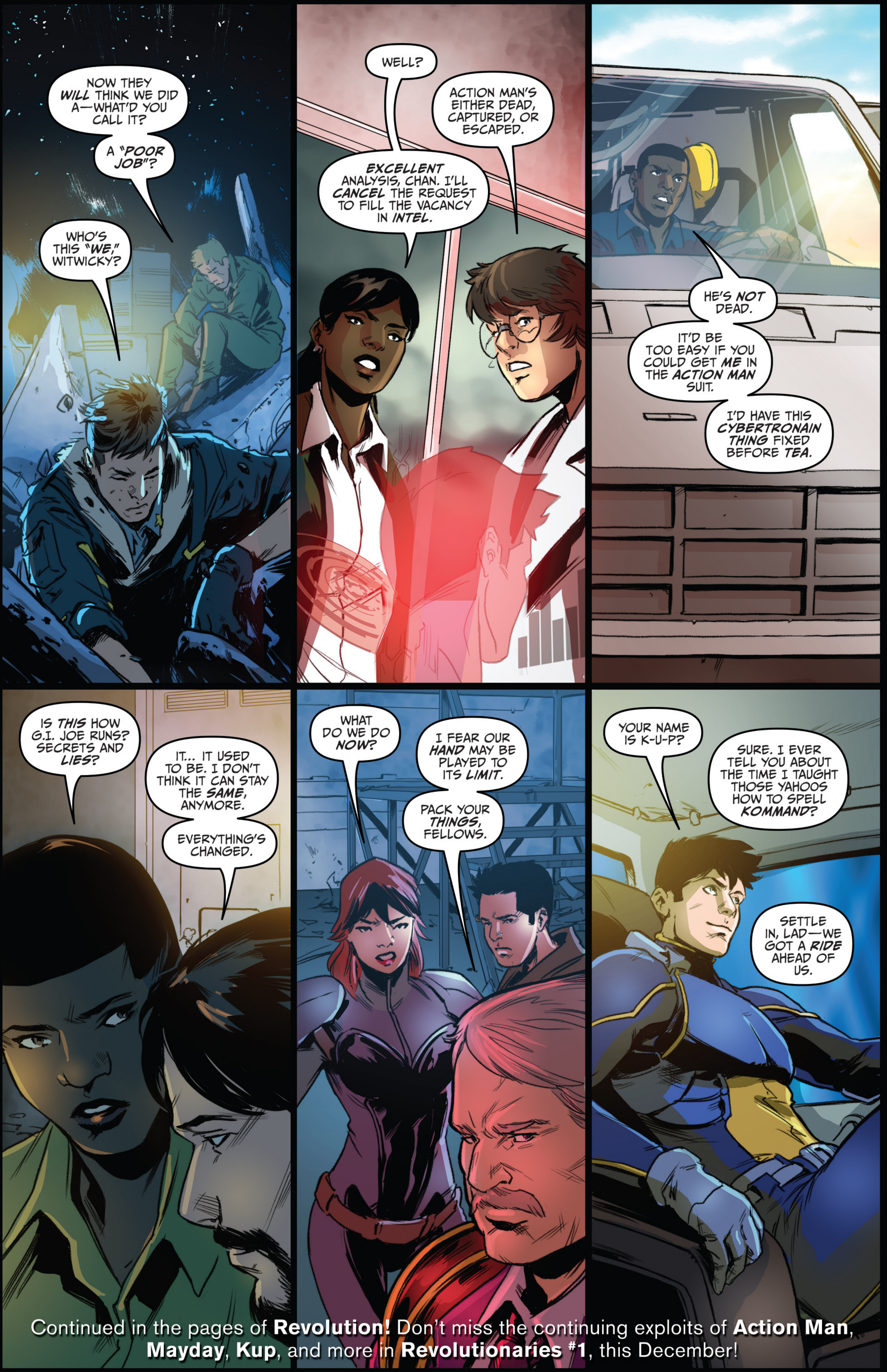

—I *HATE* HAVING TO DO THINGS TWICE.
THIS IS *AMAZING.*
CAN WE BE *BEST FRIENDS* LIKE IN THAT *MOVIE?*
KID, ARE YA NUTS?
OH, HEY—DON'T *KILL* ANYBODY.
WHAT DO I *LOOK* LIKE?!
HONESTLY? A *GIANT ROBOT KILLING MACHINE.*
AW, *SHUCKS,* KID.
THAT'S THE *NICEST THING* I'VE HEARD IN ABOUT *SIX BILLION YEARS.*
MOSTLY FOLKS MAKE *FUN* O' ME ON ACCOUNT O' MY *AGE.*
LOOK OUT!
AGGH!
YOUR TURN, MATTHEW.
*HIT HIM* WITH ALL YOU HAVE.


MILES— I—
—I GOT HIM, BUT I'M NOT—
I HAVE A DOUBT.
JUST KEEP IT FROM ESCAPING!
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
KUP—IT'S ME!
JONES!
YOU CAPTURED ME LAST TIME!
"LAST TIME"? ANYWAY, I HELPED YOU GET FREE!
FUNNY HOW YOU ALWAYS WIND UP ON THE OTHER END O' MY ESCAPES.
IS THAT TRUE?
WELL, IT IS A WEIRD COINCIDENCE.


WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!
LOOK, WE CAPTURED ONE, OKAY? SCARLETT KNOWS ABOUT IT.
I DUNNO WHO SHE, WHAT'D'YA CALL IT—
DISSEMINATED.
YEAH, THAT. DESPINIMATED IT TO.
HE'S LYING.
WHAT ARE YOU, A HUMAN POLYGRAPH?
I CAN BARELY TELL ANYTHING ABOUT ANYBODY. IT'S JUST EXTREMELY OBVIOUS.
Mains--please.
I'm on my own.
Someone is playing you.
THEY'RE KILLERS, AREN'T THEY?
THE CYBERTRONAINS...
...THEY'RE MACHINES FOR KILLING.
I'M NOT SURE, MAINFRAME.
DAMMIT.
BEIJING MASTER CONTROL—
—I NEED A VERY SPECIFIC FIRING ARRAY.
REQUEST APPROVED, U.S.-ONE.
TARGETS AUTHORIZED.


FIRING.
WHAT THE HELL?!
JUST MOVE IT, BUDDY!
*HOLY CRAP!*
GET *DOWN*, FLASH!
NO, NO—LOOK AT 'EM! THE BEAMS ARE *LOW POWER!*
THIS IS JUST A *LIGHT SHOW!*
JUMP FOR IT!
*TWICE*, THEN, IT SHALL BE...
...BUT PERHAPS WE HAVE MOVED PAST "*CAPTURE.*"


LOOKS LIKE THEY *GOT AWAY.*
*YOU* DID THIS, MAINFRAME! *YOU* ORDERED BEIJING TO FIRE BUT NOT *FINISH* THE JOB!
I *REQUESTED* LOW POWER. WE WANTED TO TAKE IT *ALIVE.*
*I* ADVISED HIM THAT WAS *BEST.* TACTICALLY SPEAKING.
YEAH. THANKS, HELIX.
FOR THE ADVICE, I MEAN.
Y'GOT *GUTS,* KID.
THANKS.
I *HATE* GUTS. I NEED TA GET BACK TO MY *FRIENDS.* THEY'RE PROBABLY WORRIED SICK, IF THEY DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT ME.
YOU KNOW THE WAY TO *MONUMENT VALLEY?*
NEVER SET FOOT IN *AMERICA* BEFORE.
ALWAYS WANTED TO TAKE A *ROAD TRIP,* THOUGH.
HEY, WHAT SHOULD I *CALL* YOU, OLD TIMER?
*KUP.* WITH A *K.*


NOW THEY *WILL* THINK WE DID A—WHAT'D YOU CALL IT?
A "*POOR JOB*"?
WHO'S THIS "*WE*," WITWICKY?
WELL?
ACTION MAN'S EITHER DEAD, CAPTURED, OR ESCAPED.
*EXCELLENT* ANALYSIS, CHAN. I'LL *CANCEL* THE REQUEST TO FILL THE VACANCY IN *INTEL*.
HE'S *NOT* DEAD.
IT'D BE TOO EASY IF YOU COULD GET *ME* IN THE *ACTION MAN* SUIT.
I'D HAVE THIS *CYBERTRONAIN THING* FIXED BEFORE *TEA*.
IS *THIS* HOW G.I. JOE RUNS? SECRETS AND *LIES*?
IT... IT USED TO BE. I DON'T THINK IT CAN STAY THE *SAME*, ANYMORE.
EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.
WHAT DO WE DO *NOW*?
I FEAR OUR *HAND* MAY BE PLAYED TO ITS *LIMIT*.
PACK YOUR *THINGS*, FELLOWS.
YOUR NAME IS K-U-P?
SURE. I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I TAUGHT THOSE YAHOOS HOW TO SPELL *KOMMAND*?
SETTLE IN, LAD—WE GOT A *RIDE* AHEAD OF US.

Continued in the pages of **Revolution!** Don't miss the continuing exploits of **Action Man**, **Mayday**, **Kup**, and more in **Revolutionaries #1**, this December!

Roberts | Roche | Milne | Lafuente

# REVOLUTION

## TRANSFORMERS: MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

OPEN
BURGER
TIME
DINER

IDW
ISSUE
1

# REVOLUTION
# TRANSFORMERS
## MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

AUTHENTIC TRANSFORMERS

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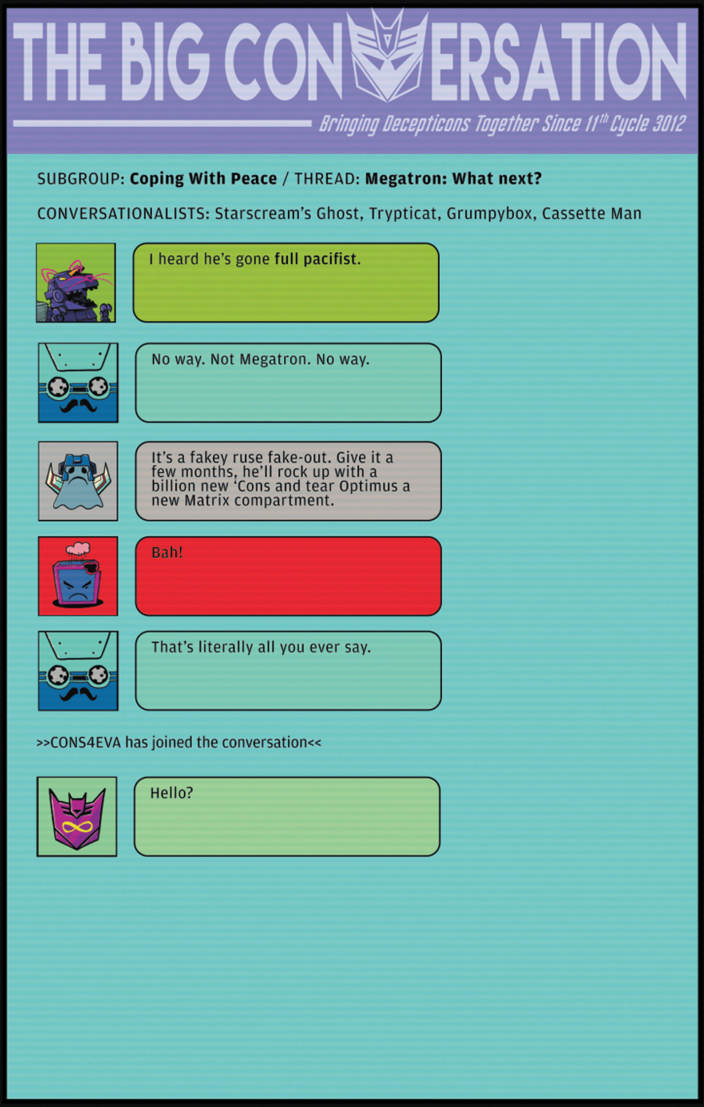
Five years ago, Rodimus and a collection of traumatized, lovelorn and sarcastic Autobots found a map inside the Matrix of Leadership, hopped aboard the Lost Light, and set off on a quest to find the mythical Knights of Cybertron.

It's... not going well. As of right now, Rodimus and his crew have misplaced their map and lost their ship to a mutinous escapologist—oh, and they're kind of dead!

But, to be fair, this isn't their story—this story's about The Scavengers. A group of the six worst Decepticons around. After finding and helping the Autobot Grimlock—while also getting into a long line of ridiculous misadventures—the Scavengers have a new goal: to help out other Decepticons in need!

And might there be any Decepticons in need... on EARTH?

## FOUR WEEKS AGO



THE BIG CONVERSATION

*Bringing Decepticons Together Since 11th Cycle 3012*

SUBGROUP: **Coping With Peace** / THREAD: **Megatron: What next?**

CONVERSATIONALISTS: Starscream's Ghost, Trypticat, Grumpybox, Cassette Man

I heard he's gone **full pacifist.**

No way. Not Megatron. No way.

It's a fakey ruse fake-out. Give it a few months, he'll rock up with a billion new 'Cons and tear Optimus a new Matrix compartment.

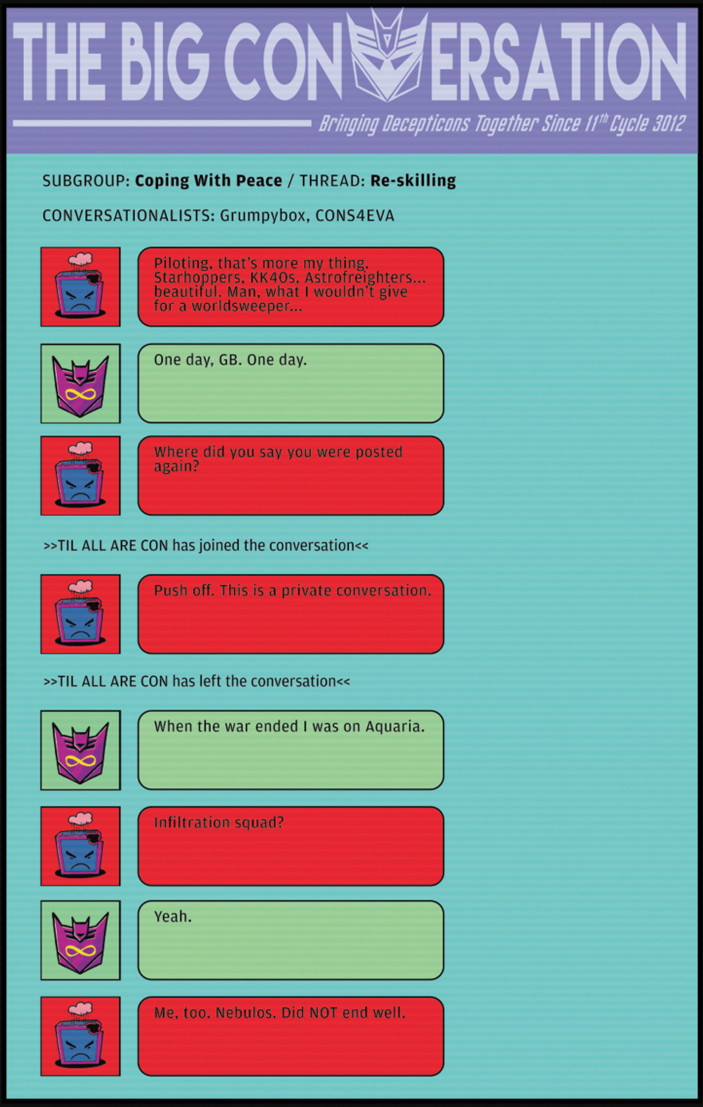
Bah!

That's literally all you ever say.

>>CONS4EVA has joined the conversation<<

Hello?

## THREE WEEKS AGO



THE BIG CONVERSATION

*Bringing Decepticons Together Since 11th Cycle 3012*

SUBGROUP: **Coping With Peace** / THREAD: **Re-skilling**

CONVERSATIONALISTS: Grumpybox, CONS4EVA

Piloting, that's more my thing. Starhoppers, KK40s, Astrofreighters... beautiful. Man, what I wouldn't give for a worldsweeper...

One day, GB. One day.

Where did you say you were posted again?

>>TIL ALL ARE CON has joined the conversation<<

Push off. This is a private conversation.

>>TIL ALL ARE CON has left the conversation<<

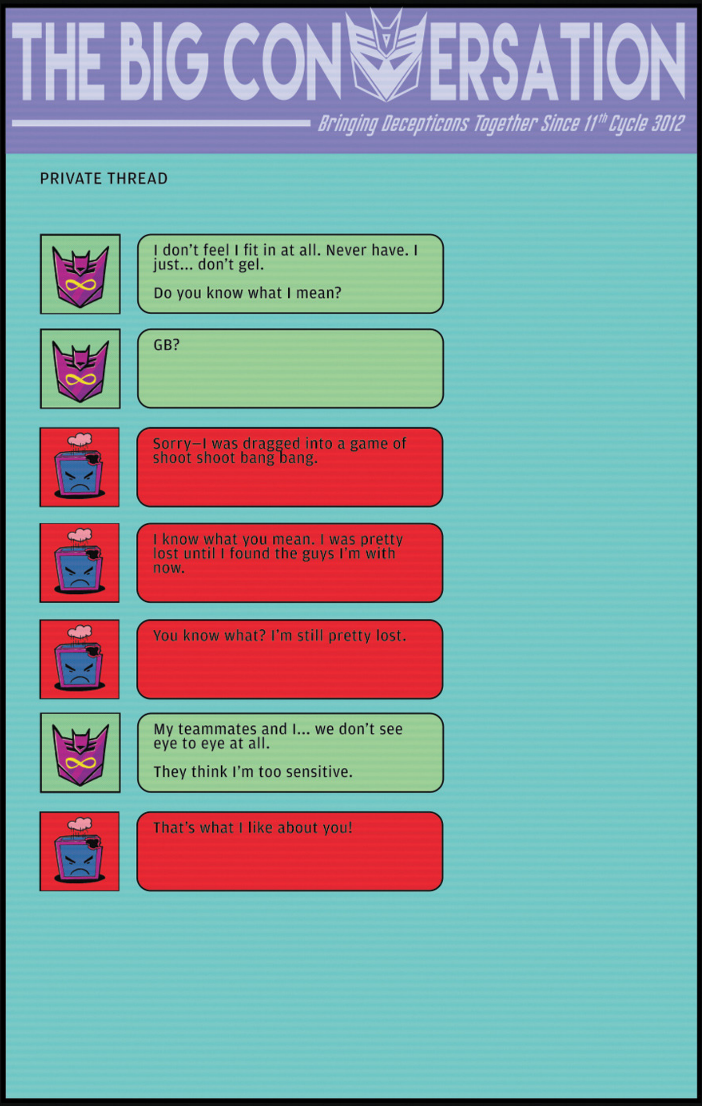
When the war ended I was on Aquaria.

Infiltration squad?

Yeah.

Me, too. Nebulos. Did NOT end well.

## TWO WEEKS AGO



THE BIG CONVERSATION

*Bringing Decepticons Together Since 11th Cycle 3012*

PRIVATE THREAD

I don't feel I fit in at all. Never have. I just... don't gel.

Do you know what I mean?

GB?

Sorry—I was dragged into a game of shoot shoot bang bang.

I know what you mean. I was pretty lost until I found the guys I'm with now.

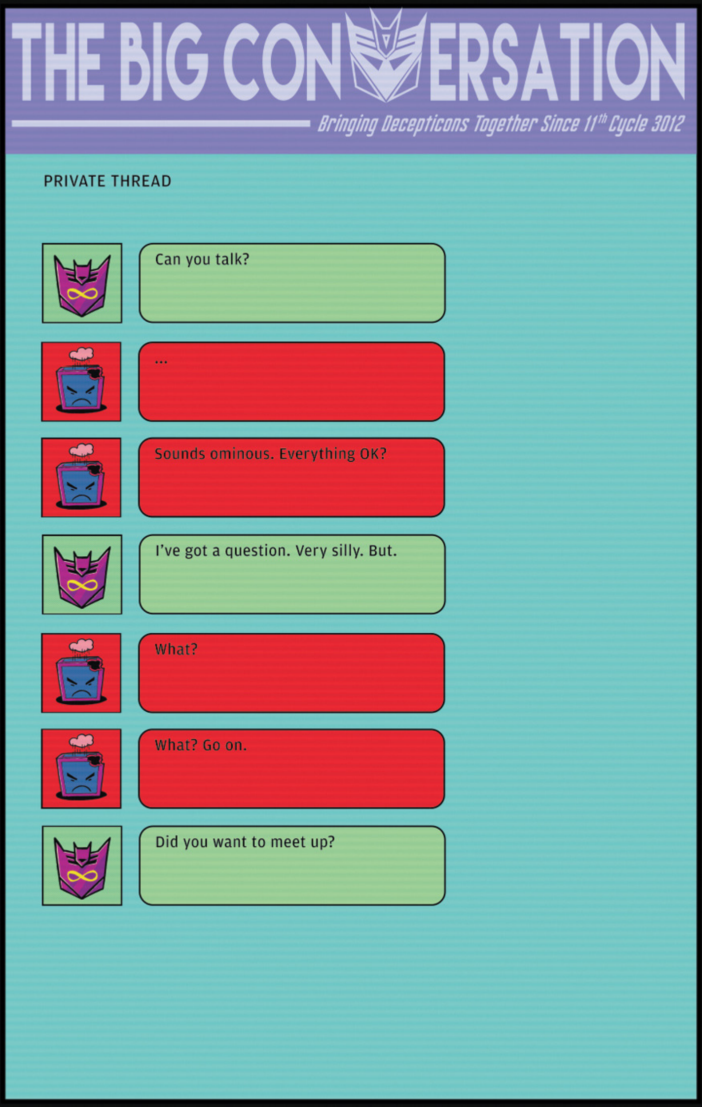
You know what? I'm still pretty lost.

My teammates and I... we don't see eye to eye at all.

They think I'm too sensitive.

That's what I like about you!

## LAST WEEK



THE BIG CONVERSATION

*Bringing Decepticons Together Since 11th Cycle 3012*

PRIVATE THREAD

Can you talk?

...

Sounds ominous. Everything OK?

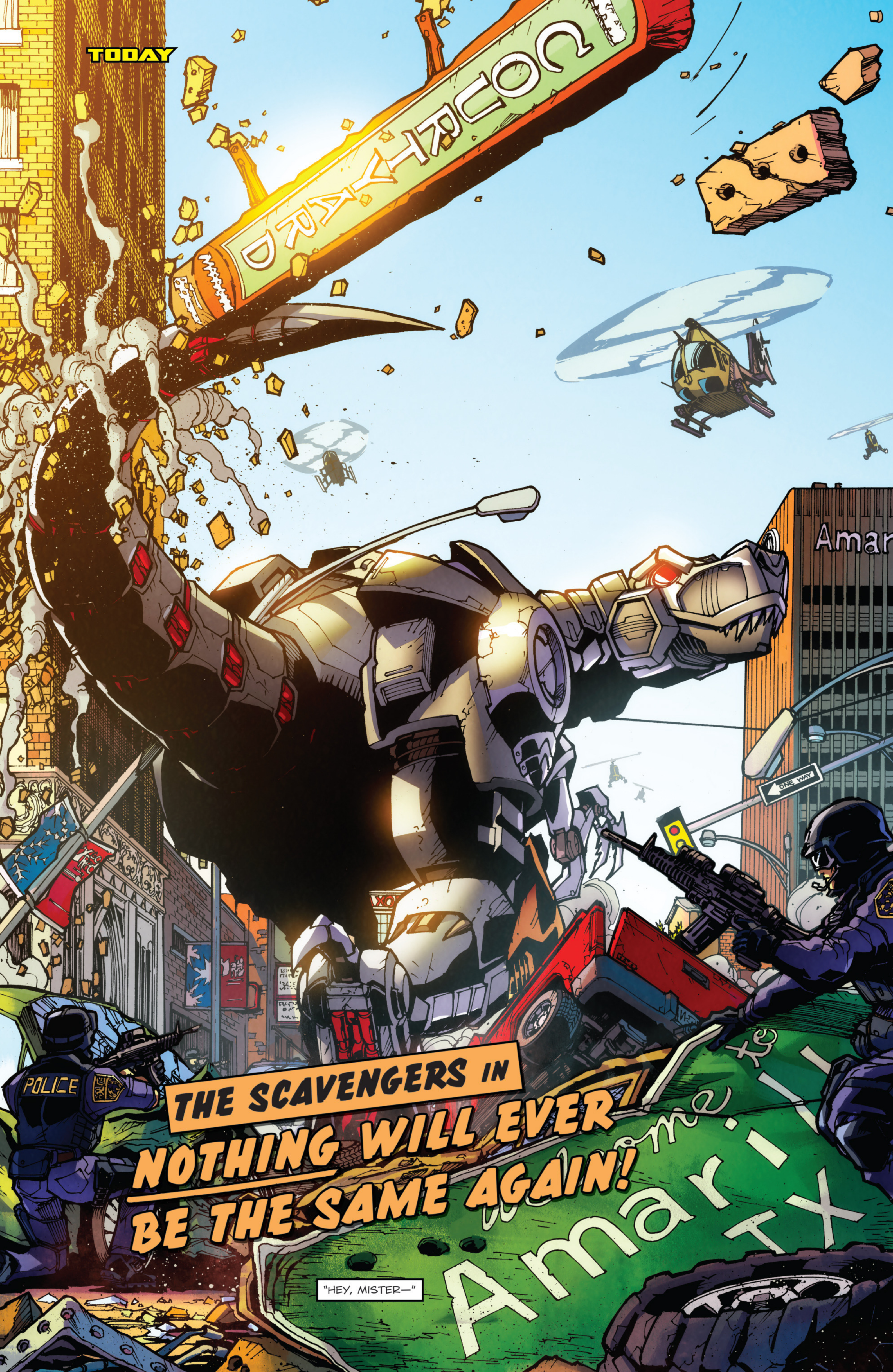
I've got a question. Very silly. But.

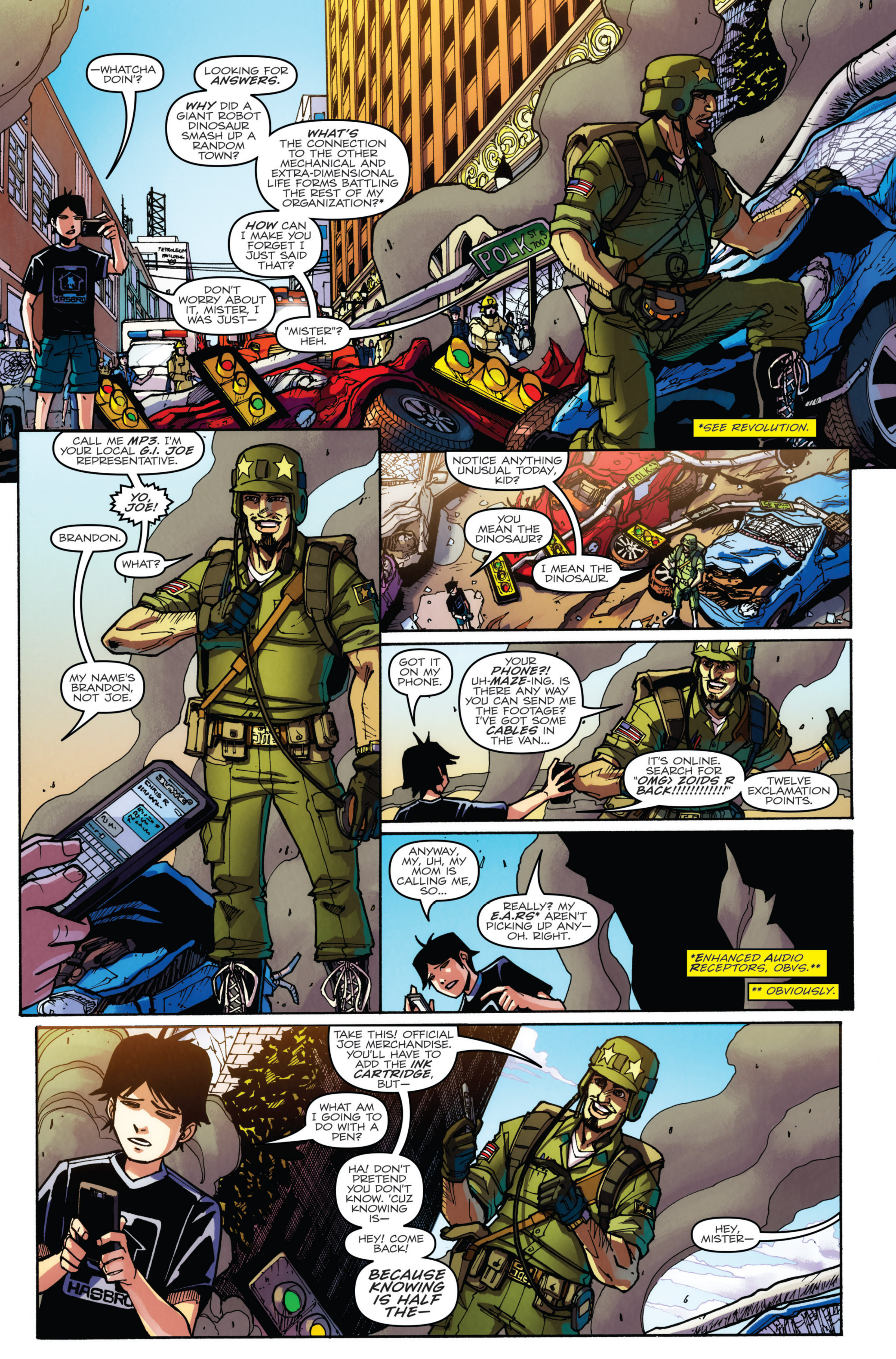
What?

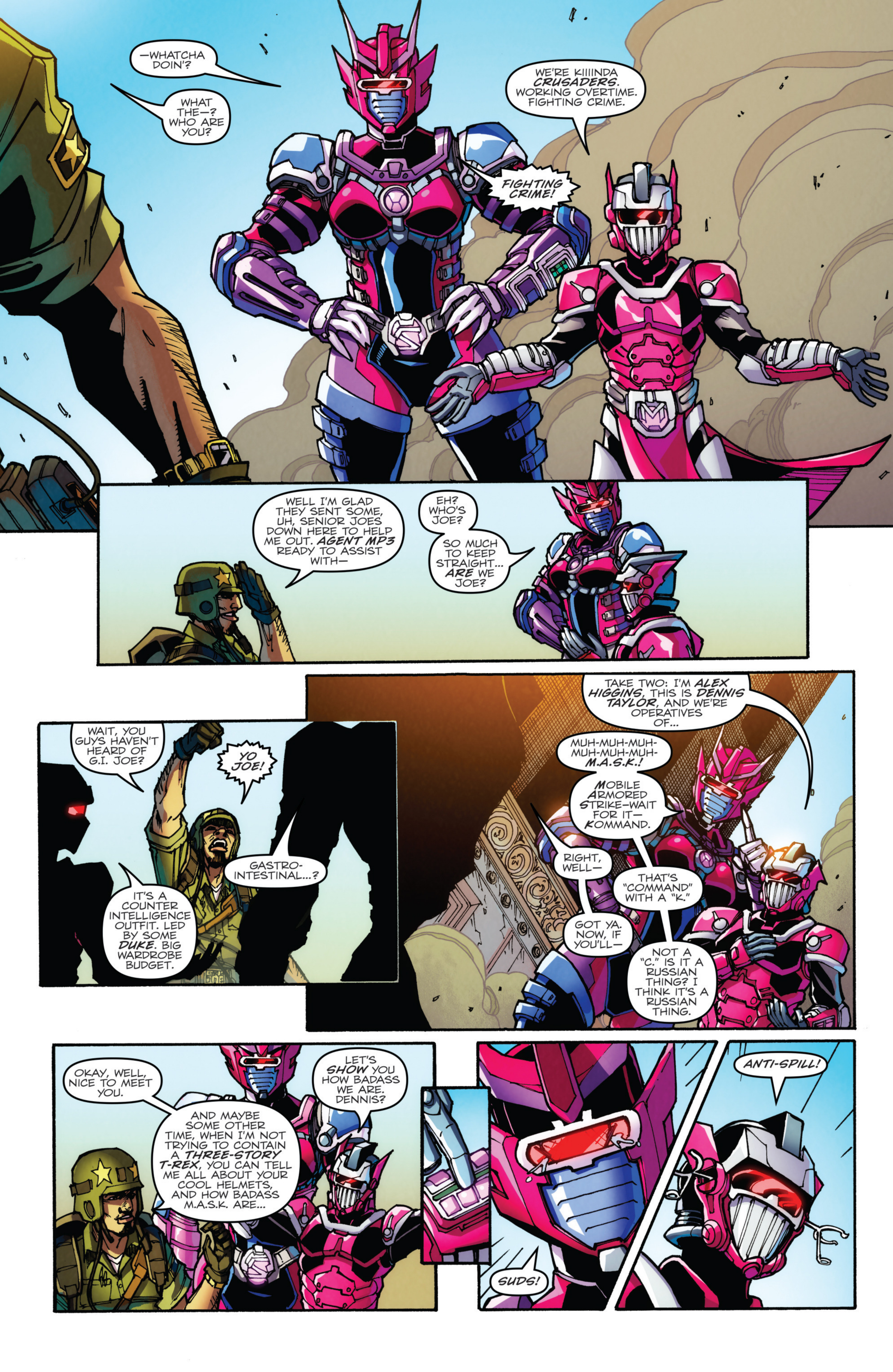
What? Go on.

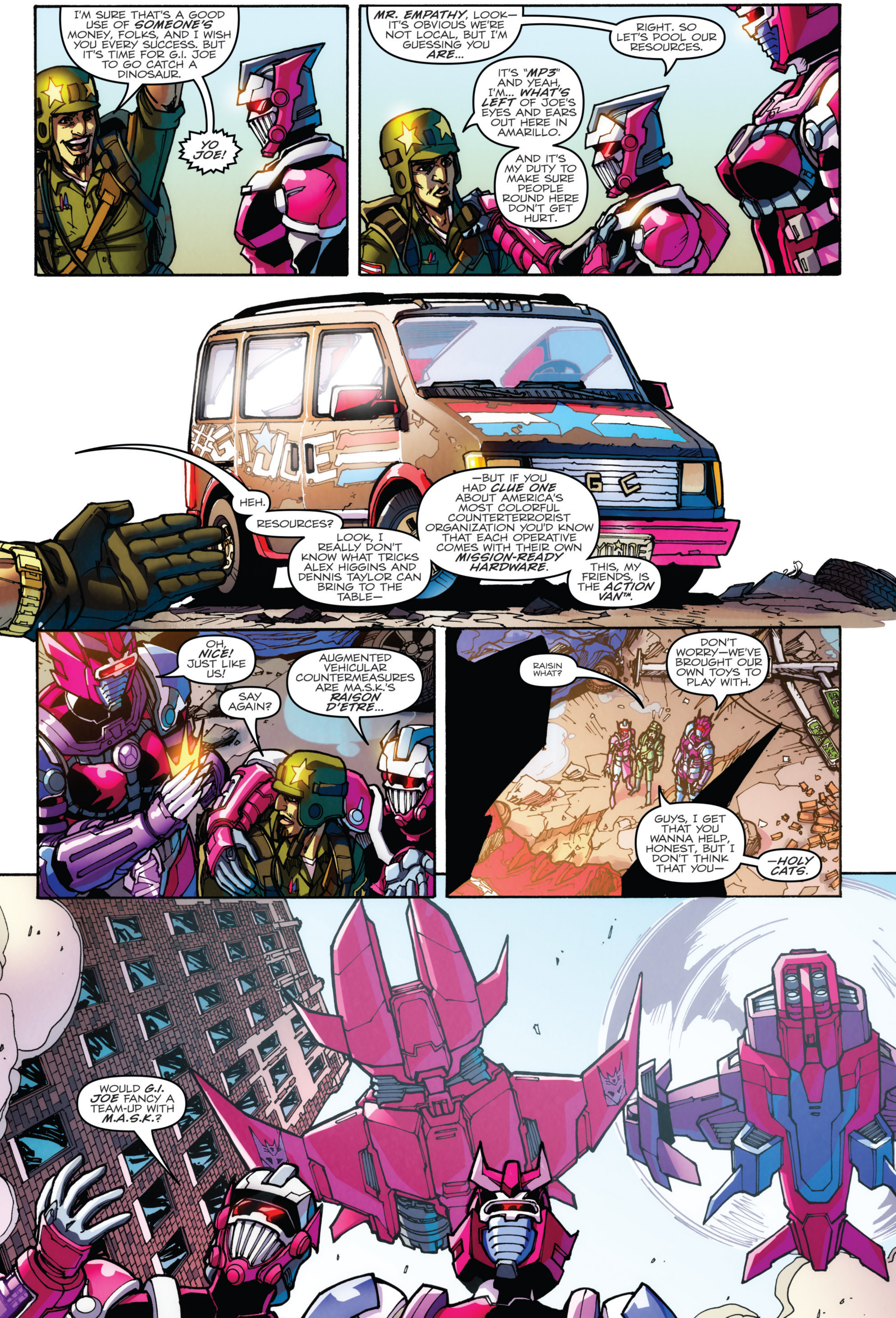
Did you want to meet up?

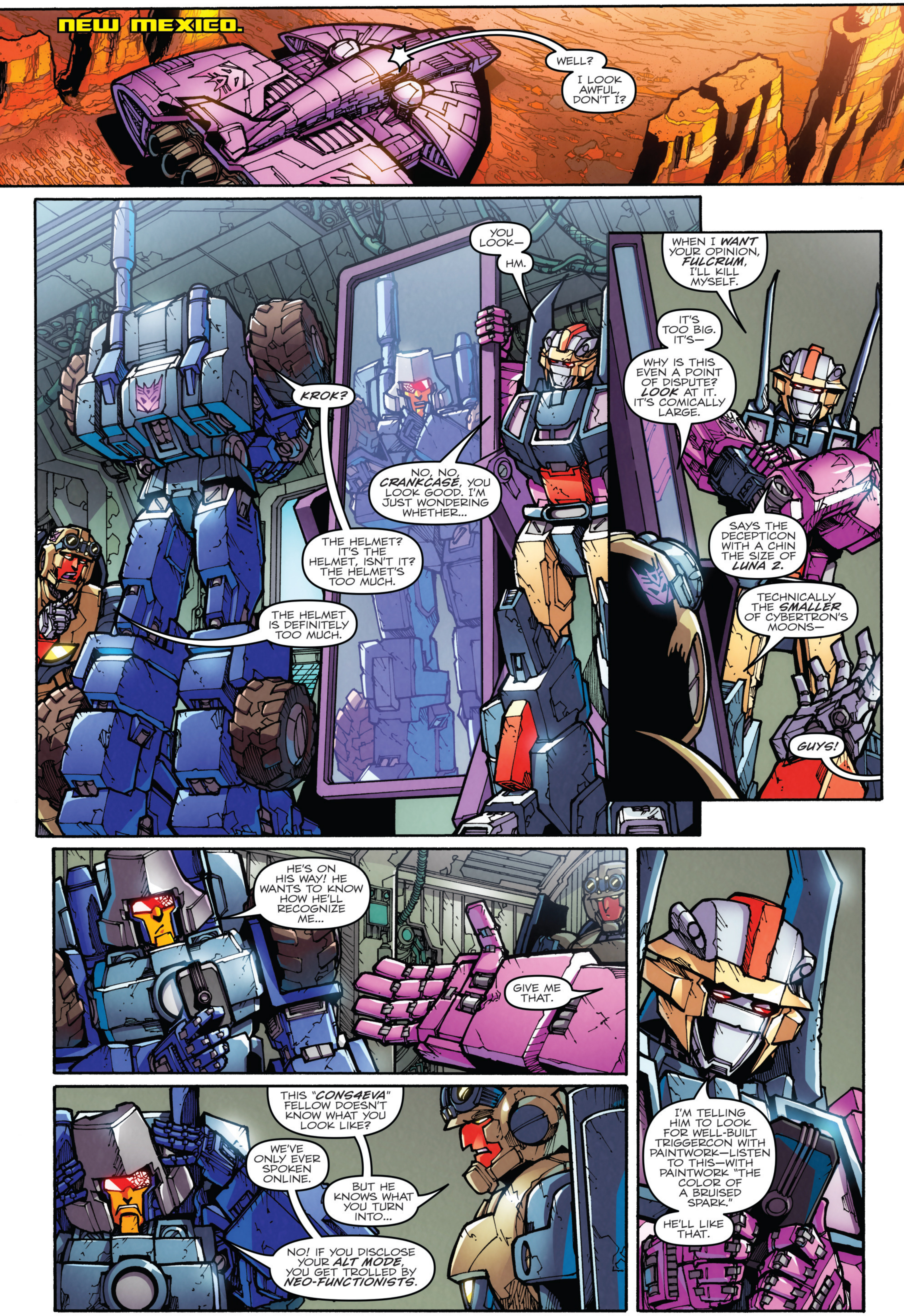
Icon Art by Nick Roche and Josh Burcham

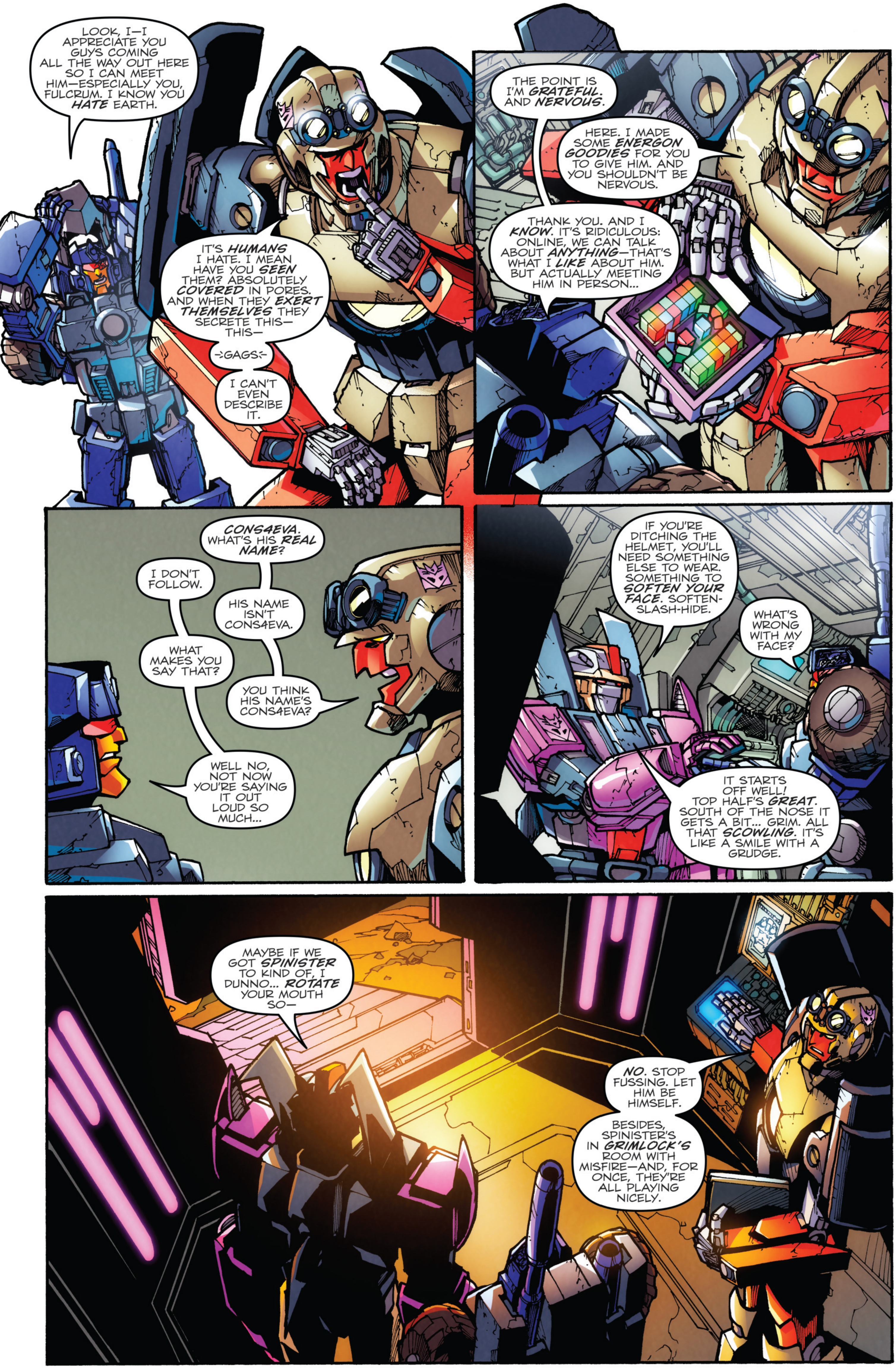

TODAY
COURTYARD
Amar
ONE WAY
POLICE
THE SCAVENGERS IN
NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!
Welcome to Amarillo TX
"HEY, MISTER—"

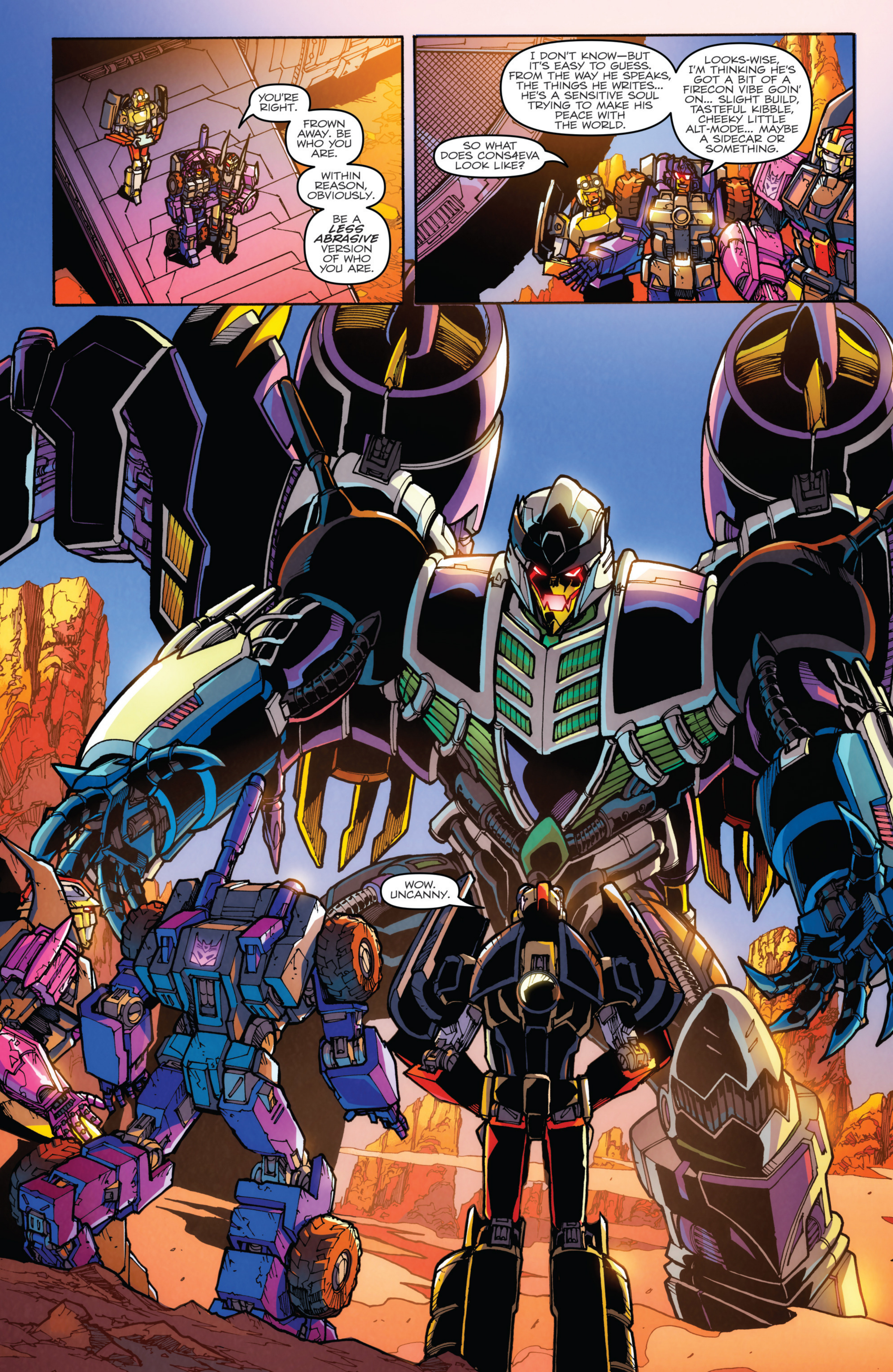

—WHATCHA DOIN'?
LOOKING FOR **ANSWERS.**
**WHY** DID A GIANT ROBOT DINOSAUR SMASH UP A RANDOM TOWN?
**WHAT'S** THE CONNECTION TO THE OTHER MECHANICAL AND EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL LIFE FORMS BATTLING THE REST OF MY ORGANIZATION?*
**HOW** CAN I MAKE YOU FORGET I JUST SAID THAT?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MISTER, I WAS JUST—
"MISTER"? HEH.
POLK ST 700
PETROLEUM BUILDING
HASBRO
*SEE REVOLUTION.
CALL ME **MP3.** I'M YOUR LOCAL **G.I. JOE** REPRESENTATIVE.
**YO, JOE!**
BRANDON.
WHAT?
MY NAME'S BRANDON, NOT JOE.
NOTICE ANYTHING UNUSUAL TODAY, KID?
YOU MEAN THE DINOSAUR?
I MEAN THE DINOSAUR.
GOT IT ON MY PHONE.
YOUR **PHONE?!** UH-**MAZE**-ING. IS THERE ANY WAY YOU CAN SEND ME THE FOOTAGE? I'VE GOT SOME **CABLES** IN THE VAN...
IT'S ONLINE. SEARCH FOR "**OMG> ZOIDS R BACK!!!!!!!!!!!!**"
TWELVE EXCLAMATION POINTS.
ANYWAY, MY, UH, MY MOM IS CALLING ME, SO...
REALLY? MY **E.A.RS*** AREN'T PICKING UP ANY— OH. RIGHT.
*ENHANCED AUDIO RECEPTORS, OBVS.**
** OBVIOUSLY.
TAKE THIS! OFFICIAL JOE MERCHANDISE. YOU'LL HAVE TO ADD THE **INK CARTRIDGE**, BUT—
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH A PEN?
HA! DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW. 'CUZ KNOWING IS—
HEY, MISTER—
HEY! COME BACK!
**BECAUSE KNOWING IS HALF THE—**
HASBRO

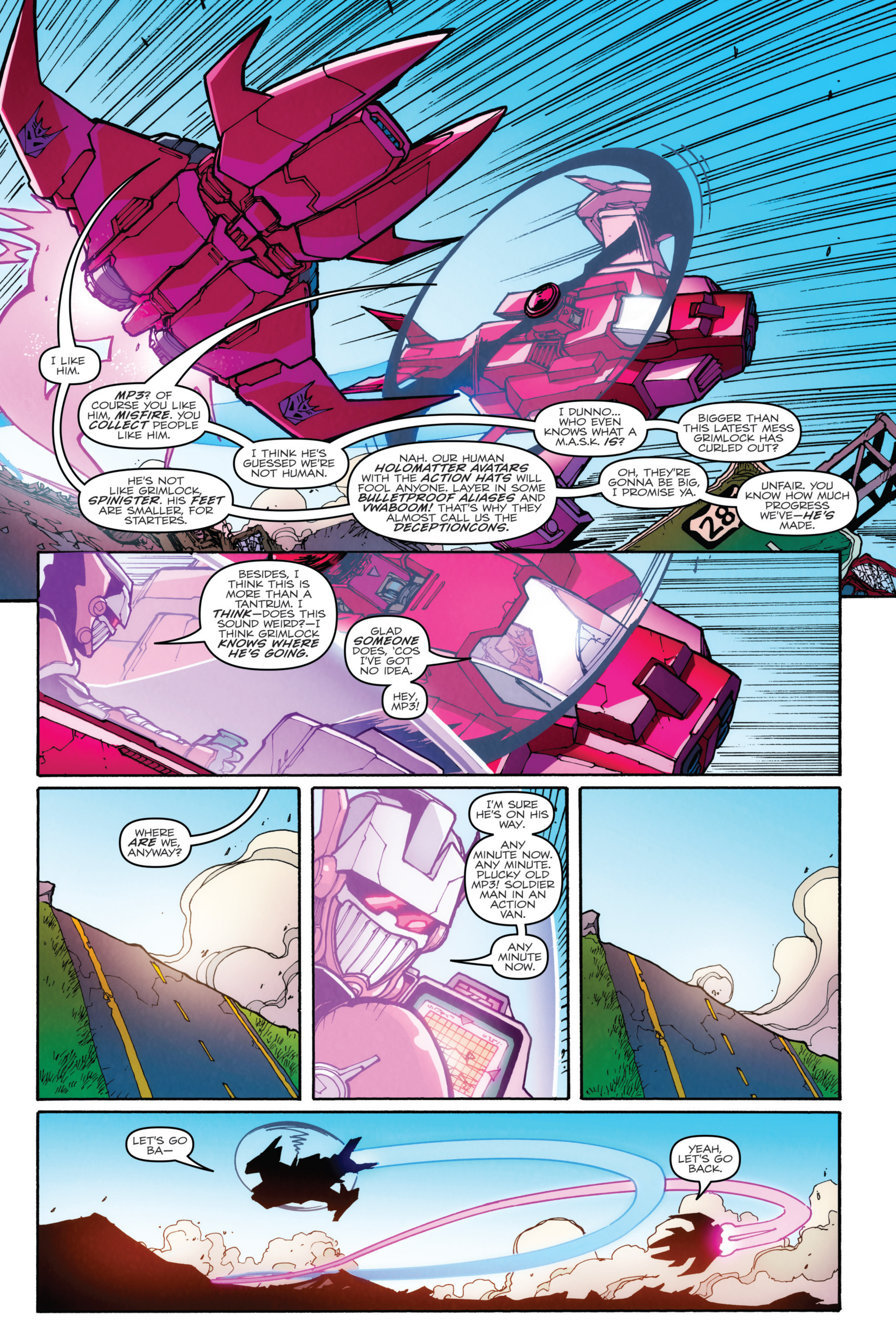

—WHATCHA DOIN'?
WHAT THE—? WHO ARE YOU?
WE'RE KIIIINDA CRUSADERS. WORKING OVERTIME. FIGHTING CRIME.
FIGHTING CRIME!
WELL I'M GLAD THEY SENT SOME, UH, SENIOR JOES DOWN HERE TO HELP ME OUT. AGENT MP3 READY TO ASSIST WITH—
EH? WHO'S JOE?
SO MUCH TO KEEP STRAIGHT... ARE WE JOE?
WAIT, YOU GUYS HAVEN'T HEARD OF G.I. JOE?
YO JOE!
GASTRO-INTESTINAL...?
IT'S A COUNTER INTELLIGENCE OUTFIT. LED BY SOME DUKE. BIG WARDROBE BUDGET.
TAKE TWO: I'M ALEX HIGGINS, THIS IS DENNIS TAYLOR, AND WE'RE OPERATIVES OF...
MUH-MUH-MUH-MUH-MUH-MUH-M.A.S.K.!
MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE—WAIT FOR IT—KOMMAND.
RIGHT, WELL—
THAT'S "COMMAND" WITH A "K."
GOT YA. NOW, IF YOU'LL—
NOT A "C." IS IT A RUSSIAN THING? I THINK IT'S A RUSSIAN THING.
OKAY, WELL, NICE TO MEET YOU.
AND MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME, WHEN I'M NOT TRYING TO CONTAIN A THREE-STORY T-REX, YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR COOL HELMETS, AND HOW BADASS M.A.S.K. ARE...
LET'S SHOW YOU HOW BADASS WE ARE. DENNIS?
SUDS!
ANTI-SPILL!

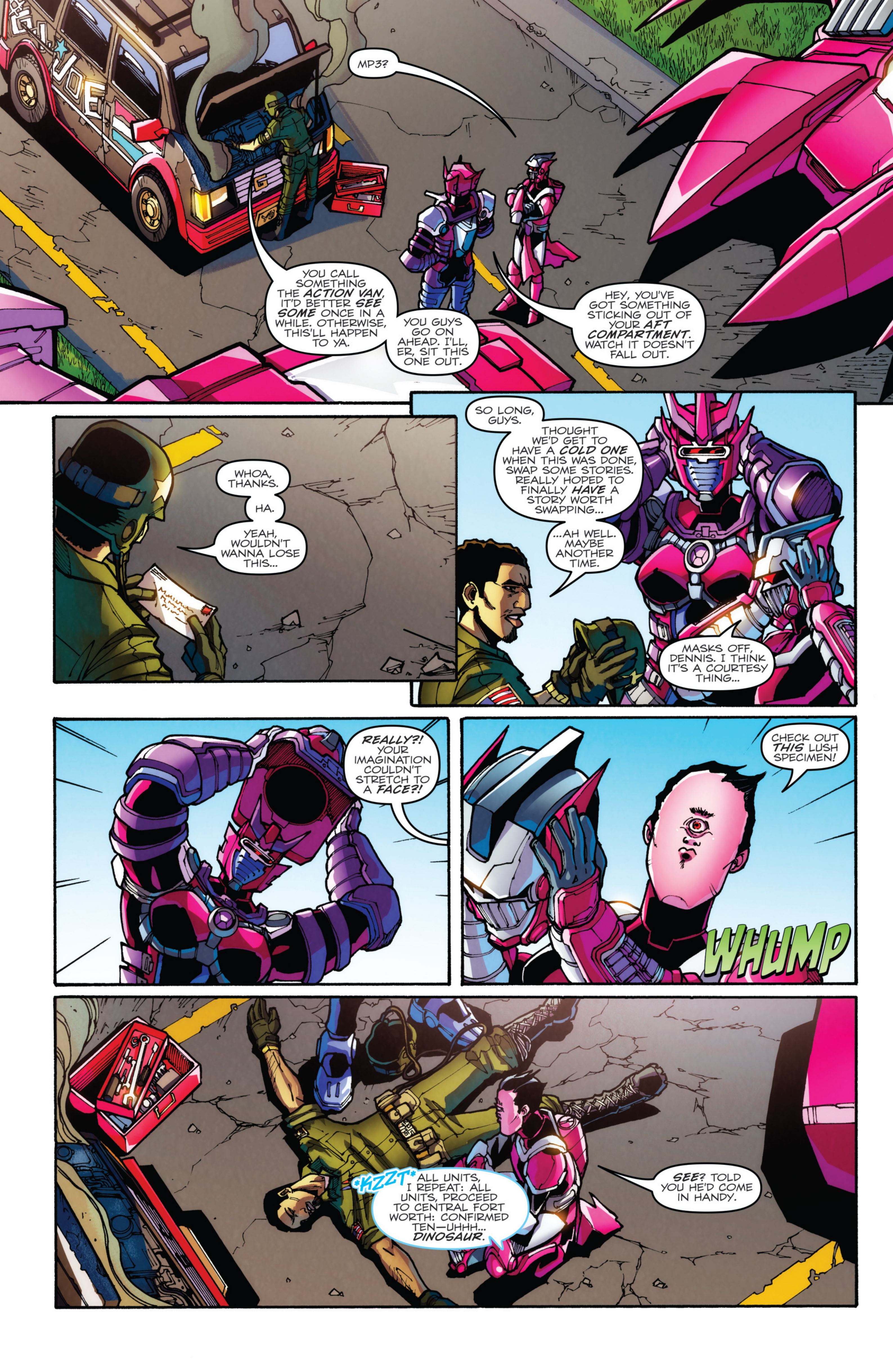

I'M SURE THAT'S A GOOD USE OF SOMEONE'S MONEY, FOLKS, AND I WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS. BUT IT'S TIME FOR G.I. JOE TO GO CATCH A DINOSAUR.
YO JOE!
MR. EMPATHY, LOOK—IT'S OBVIOUS WE'RE NOT LOCAL, BUT I'M GUESSING YOU ARE...
RIGHT. SO LET'S POOL OUR RESOURCES.
IT'S "MP3" AND YEAH, I'M... WHAT'S LEFT OF JOE'S EYES AND EARS OUT HERE IN AMARILLO.
AND IT'S MY DUTY TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE ROUND HERE DON'T GET HURT.
#G.I.JOE
G C
YO JOE
HEH.
RESOURCES?
LOOK, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TRICKS ALEX HIGGINS AND DENNIS TAYLOR CAN BRING TO THE TABLE—
—BUT IF YOU HAD CLUE ONE ABOUT AMERICA'S MOST COLORFUL COUNTERTERRORIST ORGANIZATION YOU'D KNOW THAT EACH OPERATIVE COMES WITH THEIR OWN MISSION-READY HARDWARE.
THIS, MY FRIENDS, IS THE ACTION VAN™.
OH, NICE! JUST LIKE US!
SAY AGAIN?
AUGMENTED VEHICULAR COUNTERMEASURES ARE MA.S.K.'S RAISON D'ETRE...
RAISIN WHAT?
DON'T WORRY—WE'VE BROUGHT OUR OWN TOYS TO PLAY WITH.
GUYS, I GET THAT YOU WANNA HELP, HONEST, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT YOU—
—HOLY CATS.
WOULD G.I. JOE FANCY A TEAM-UP WITH M.A.S.K.?

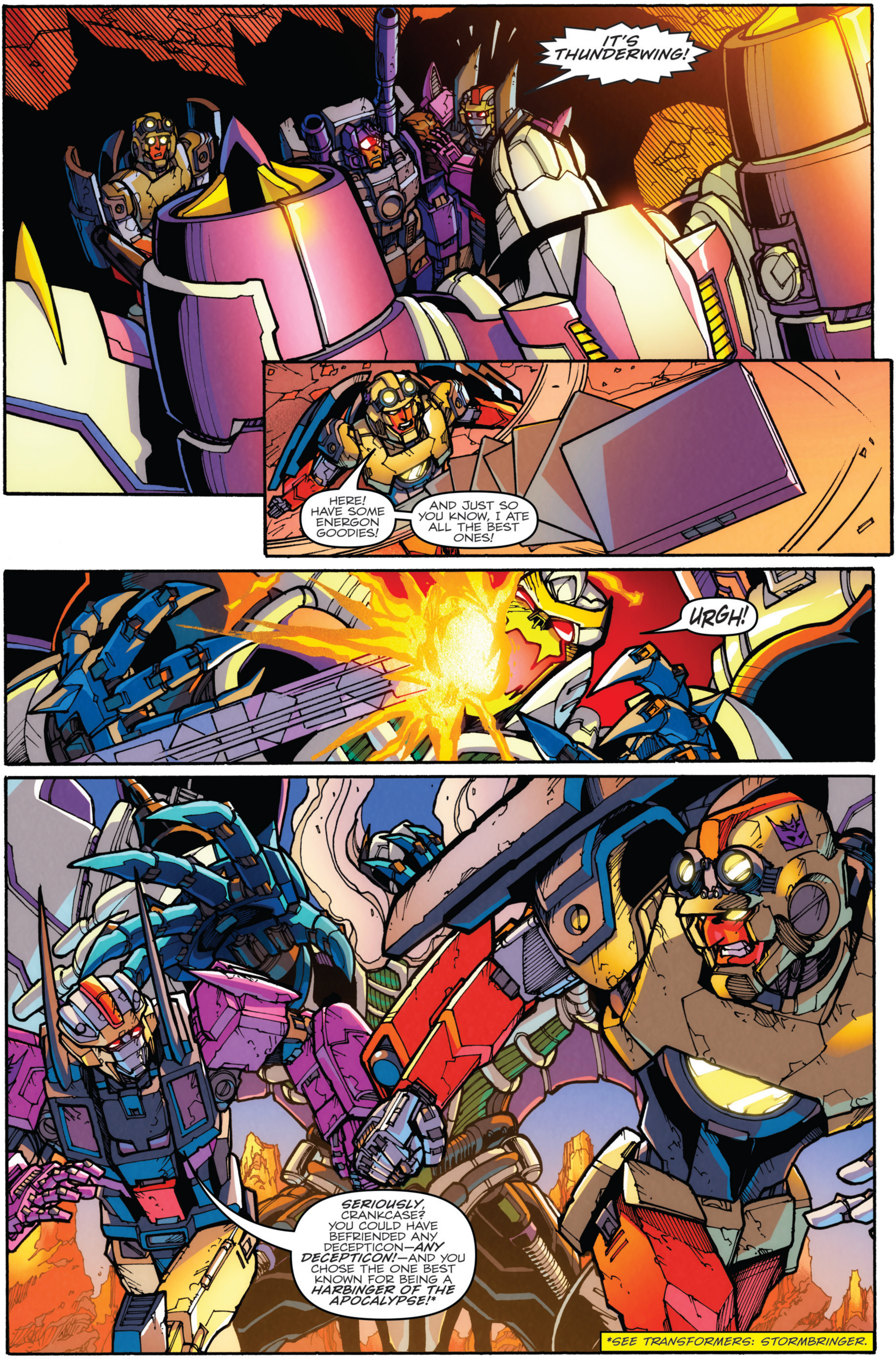

NEW MEXICO.
WELL? I LOOK AWFUL, DON'T I?
KROK?
YOU LOOK— HM.
NO, NO, CRANKCASE, YOU LOOK GOOD. I'M JUST WONDERING WHETHER...
THE HELMET? IT'S THE HELMET, ISN'T IT? THE HELMET'S TOO MUCH.
THE HELMET IS DEFINITELY TOO MUCH.
WHEN I WANT YOUR OPINION, FULCRUM, I'LL KILL MYSELF.
IT'S TOO BIG. IT'S— WHY IS THIS EVEN A POINT OF DISPUTE? LOOK AT IT. IT'S COMICALLY LARGE.
SAYS THE DECEPTICON WITH A CHIN THE SIZE OF LUNA 2.
TECHNICALLY THE SMALLER OF CYBERTRON'S MOONS—
GUYS!
HE'S ON HIS WAY! HE WANTS TO KNOW HOW HE'LL RECOGNIZE ME...
GIVE ME THAT.
THIS "CONS4EVA" FELLOW DOESN'T KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE?
WE'VE ONLY EVER SPOKEN ONLINE.
BUT HE KNOWS WHAT YOU TURN INTO...
NO! IF YOU DISCLOSE YOUR ALT MODE, YOU GET TROLLED BY NEO-FUNCTIONISTS.
I'M TELLING HIM TO LOOK FOR WELL-BUILT TRIGGERCON WITH PAINTWORK—LISTEN TO THIS—WITH PAINTWORK "THE COLOR OF A BRUISED SPARK."
HE'LL LIKE THAT.

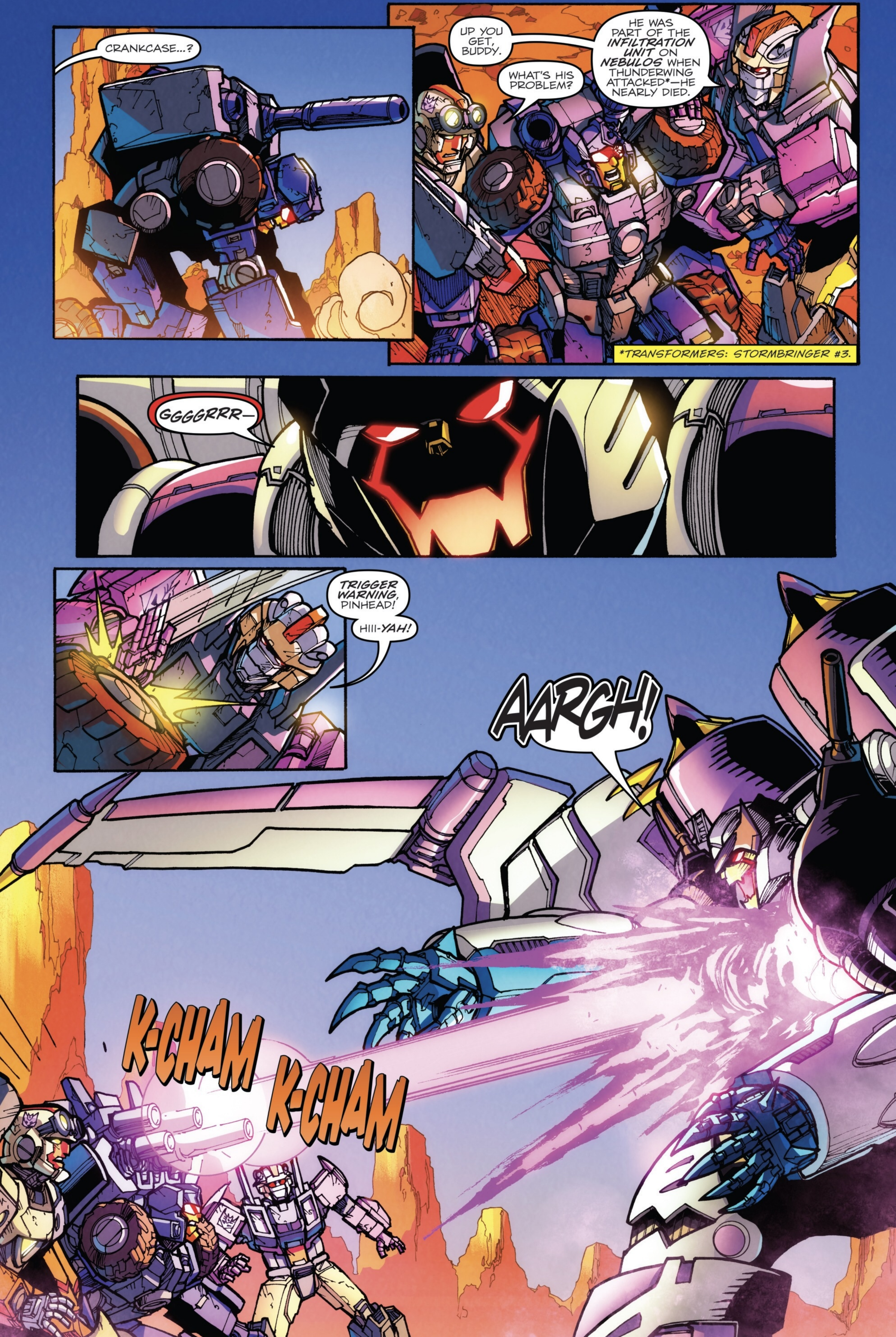

LOOK, I—I APPRECIATE YOU GUYS COMING ALL THE WAY OUT HERE SO I CAN MEET HIM—ESPECIALLY YOU, FULCRUM. I KNOW YOU HATE EARTH.
IT'S HUMANS I HATE. I MEAN HAVE YOU SEEN THEM? ABSOLUTELY COVERED IN PORES. AND WHEN THEY EXERT THEMSELVES THEY SECRETE THIS— THIS—
-GAGS-
I CAN'T EVEN DESCRIBE IT.
THE POINT IS I'M GRATEFUL. AND NERVOUS.
HERE. I MADE SOME ENERGON GOODIES FOR YOU TO GIVE HIM. AND YOU SHOULDN'T BE NERVOUS.
THANK YOU. AND I KNOW. IT'S RIDICULOUS: ONLINE, WE CAN TALK ABOUT ANYTHING—THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT HIM. BUT ACTUALLY MEETING HIM IN PERSON...
CONS4EVA. WHAT'S HIS REAL NAME?
I DON'T FOLLOW.
HIS NAME ISN'T CONS4EVA.
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?
YOU THINK HIS NAME'S CONS4EVA?
WELL NO, NOT NOW YOU'RE SAYING IT OUT LOUD SO MUCH...
IF YOU'RE DITCHING THE HELMET, YOU'LL NEED SOMETHING ELSE TO WEAR. SOMETHING TO SOFTEN YOUR FACE. SOFTEN-SLASH-HIDE.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY FACE?
IT STARTS OFF WELL! TOP HALF'S GREAT. SOUTH OF THE NOSE IT GETS A BIT... GRIM. ALL THAT SCOWLING. IT'S LIKE A SMILE WITH A GRUDGE.
MAYBE IF WE GOT SPINISTER TO KIND OF, I DUNNO... ROTATE YOUR MOUTH SO—
NO. STOP FUSSING. LET HIM BE HIMSELF.
BESIDES, SPINISTER'S IN GRIMLOCK'S ROOM WITH MISFIRE—AND, FOR ONCE, THEY'RE ALL PLAYING NICELY.

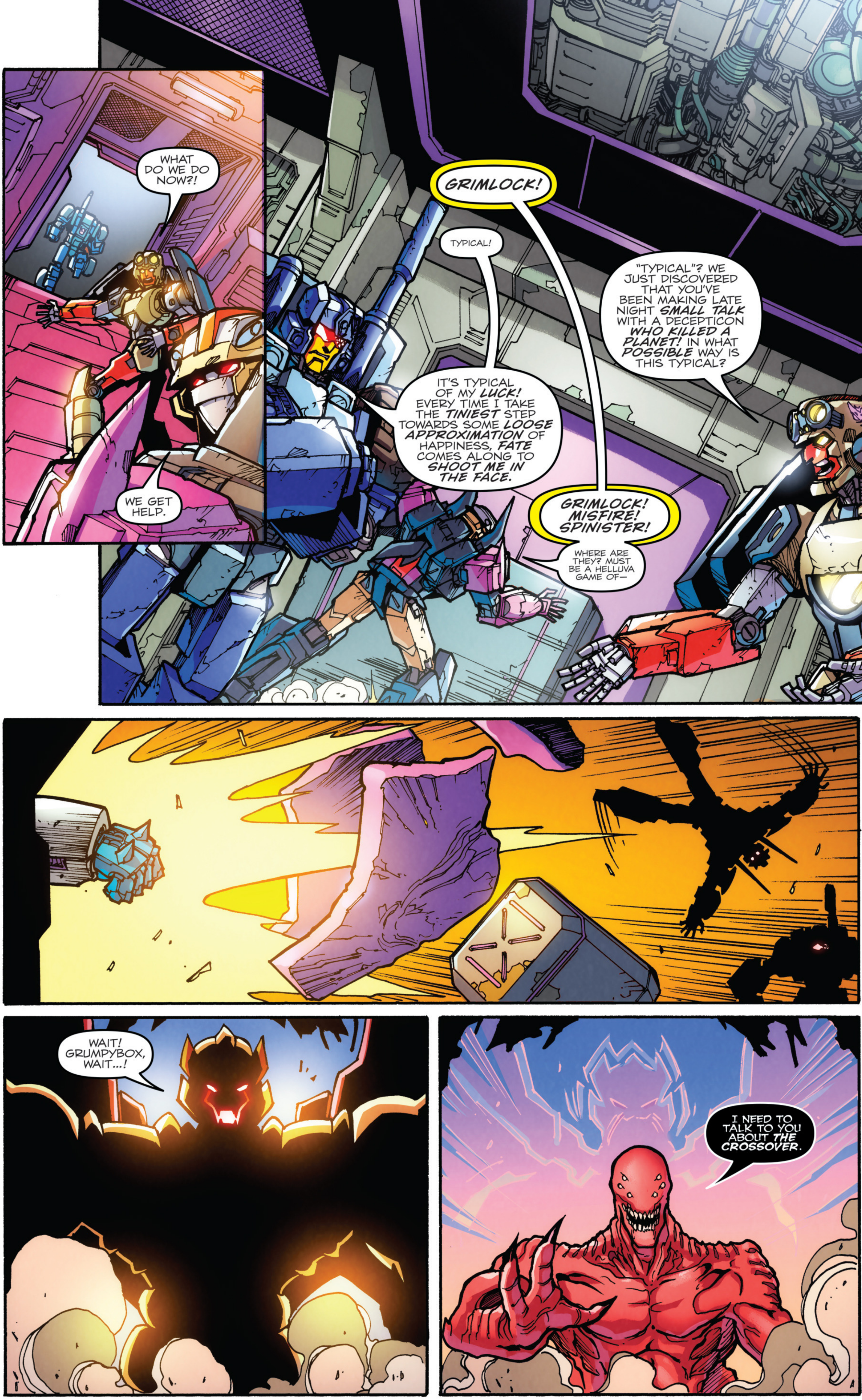

YOU'RE RIGHT.
FROWN AWAY. BE WHO YOU ARE.
WITHIN REASON, OBVIOUSLY.
BE A *LESS ABRASIVE* VERSION OF WHO YOU ARE.
SO WHAT DOES CONS4EVA LOOK LIKE?
I DON'T KNOW—BUT IT'S EASY TO GUESS. FROM THE WAY HE SPEAKS, THE THINGS HE WRITES... HE'S A SENSITIVE SOUL TRYING TO MAKE HIS PEACE WITH THE WORLD.
LOOKS-WISE, I'M THINKING HE'S GOT A BIT OF A FIRECON VIBE GOIN' ON... SLIGHT BUILD, TASTEFUL KIBBLE, CHEEKY LITTLE ALT-MODE... MAYBE A SIDECAR OR SOMETHING.
WOW. UNCANNY.

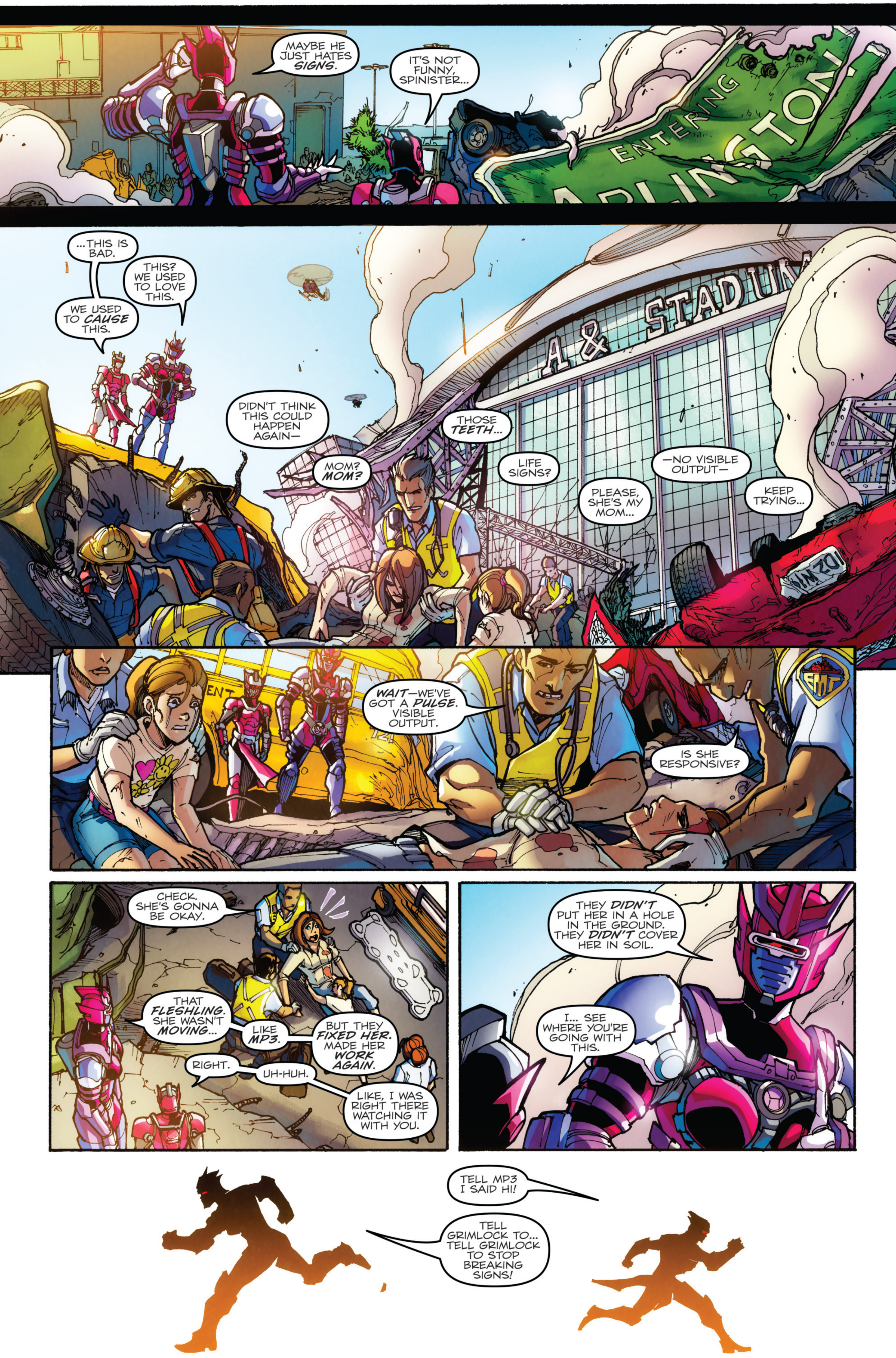

I LIKE HIM.
MP3? OF COURSE YOU LIKE HIM, MISFIRE. YOU COLLECT PEOPLE LIKE HIM.
HE'S NOT LIKE GRIMLOCK, SPINISTER. HIS FEET ARE SMALLER, FOR STARTERS.
I THINK HE'S GUESSED WE'RE NOT HUMAN.
NAH. OUR HUMAN HOLOMATTER AVATARS WITH THE ACTION HATS WILL FOOL ANYONE. LAYER IN SOME BULLETPROOF ALIASES AND VWABOOM! THAT'S WHY THEY ALMOST CALL US THE DECEPTIONCONS.
I DUNNO... WHO EVEN KNOWS WHAT A M.A.S.K. IS?
OH, THEY'RE GONNA BE BIG, I PROMISE YA.
BIGGER THAN THIS LATEST MESS GRIMLOCK HAS CURLED OUT?
UNFAIR. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH PROGRESS WE'VE—HE'S MADE.
28
BESIDES, I THINK THIS IS MORE THAN A TANTRUM. I THINK—DOES THIS SOUND WEIRD?—I THINK GRIMLOCK KNOWS WHERE HE'S GOING.
GLAD SOMEONE DOES, 'COS I'VE GOT NO IDEA.
HEY, MP3!
WHERE ARE WE, ANYWAY?
I'M SURE HE'S ON HIS WAY.
ANY MINUTE NOW. ANY MINUTE. PLUCKY OLD MP3! SOLDIER MAN IN AN ACTION VAN.
ANY MINUTE NOW.
LET'S GO BA—
YEAH, LET'S GO BACK.

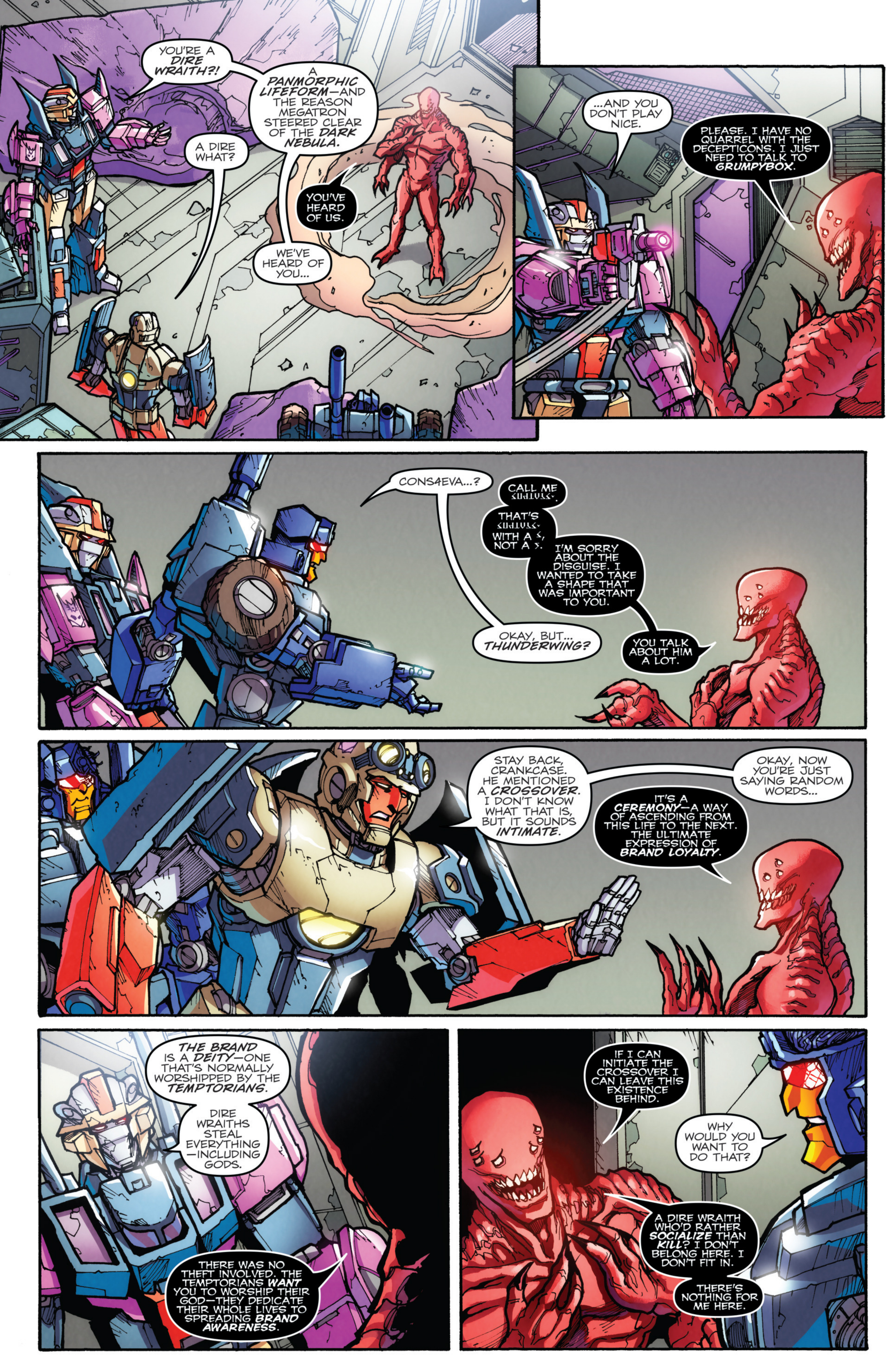

G.I. JOE
MP3?
YOU CALL SOMETHING THE **ACTION VAN**, IT'D BETTER **SEE SOME** ONCE IN A WHILE. OTHERWISE, THIS'LL HAPPEN TO YA.
YOU GUYS GO ON AHEAD. I'LL, ER, SIT THIS ONE OUT.
HEY, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING STICKING OUT OF YOUR **AFT COMPARTMENT**. WATCH IT DOESN'T FALL OUT.
WHOA, THANKS.
HA.
YEAH, WOULDN'T WANNA LOSE THIS...
SO LONG, GUYS.
THOUGHT WE'D GET TO HAVE A **COLD ONE** WHEN THIS WAS DONE, SWAP SOME STORIES. REALLY HOPED TO FINALLY **HAVE** A STORY WORTH SWAPPING...
...AH WELL. MAYBE ANOTHER TIME.
MASKS OFF, DENNIS. I THINK IT'S A COURTESY THING...
**REALLY?!** YOUR IMAGINATION COULDN'T STRETCH TO A **FACE?!**
CHECK OUT **THIS** LUSH SPECIMEN!
WHUMP
*KZZT* ALL UNITS, I REPEAT: ALL UNITS, PROCEED TO CENTRAL FORT WORTH: CONFIRMED TEN—UHHH... **DINOSAUR**.
**SEE?** TOLD YOU HE'D COME IN HANDY.

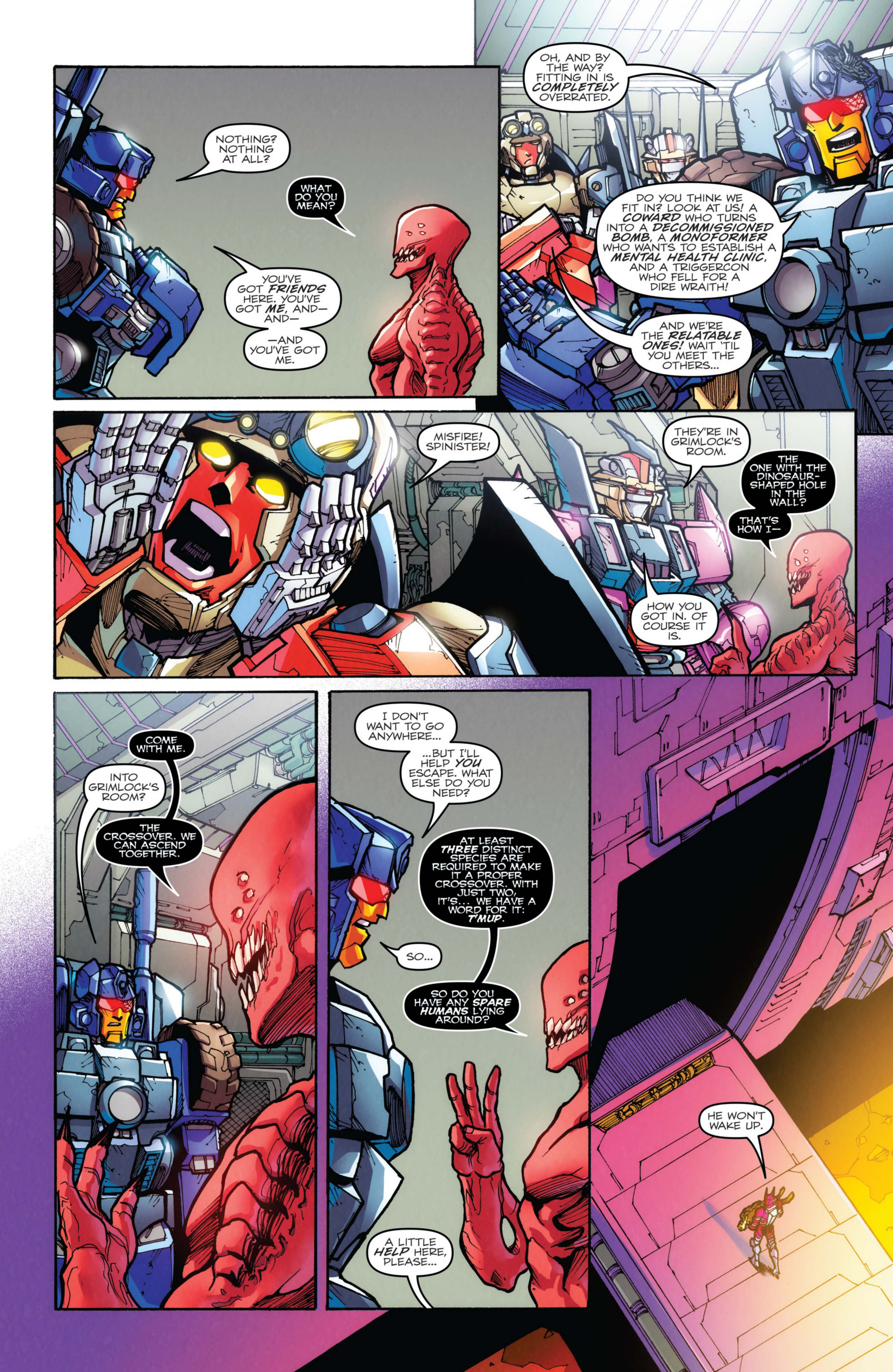

IT'S THUNDERWING!
HERE! HAVE SOME ENERGON GOODIES!
AND JUST SO YOU KNOW, I ATE ALL THE BEST ONES!
URGH!
SERIOUSLY, CRANKCASE? YOU COULD HAVE BEFRIENDED ANY DECEPTICON—ANY DECEPTICON!—AND YOU CHOSE THE ONE BEST KNOWN FOR BEING A HARBINGER OF THE APOCALYPSE!*
*SEE TRANSFORMERS: STORMBRINGER.

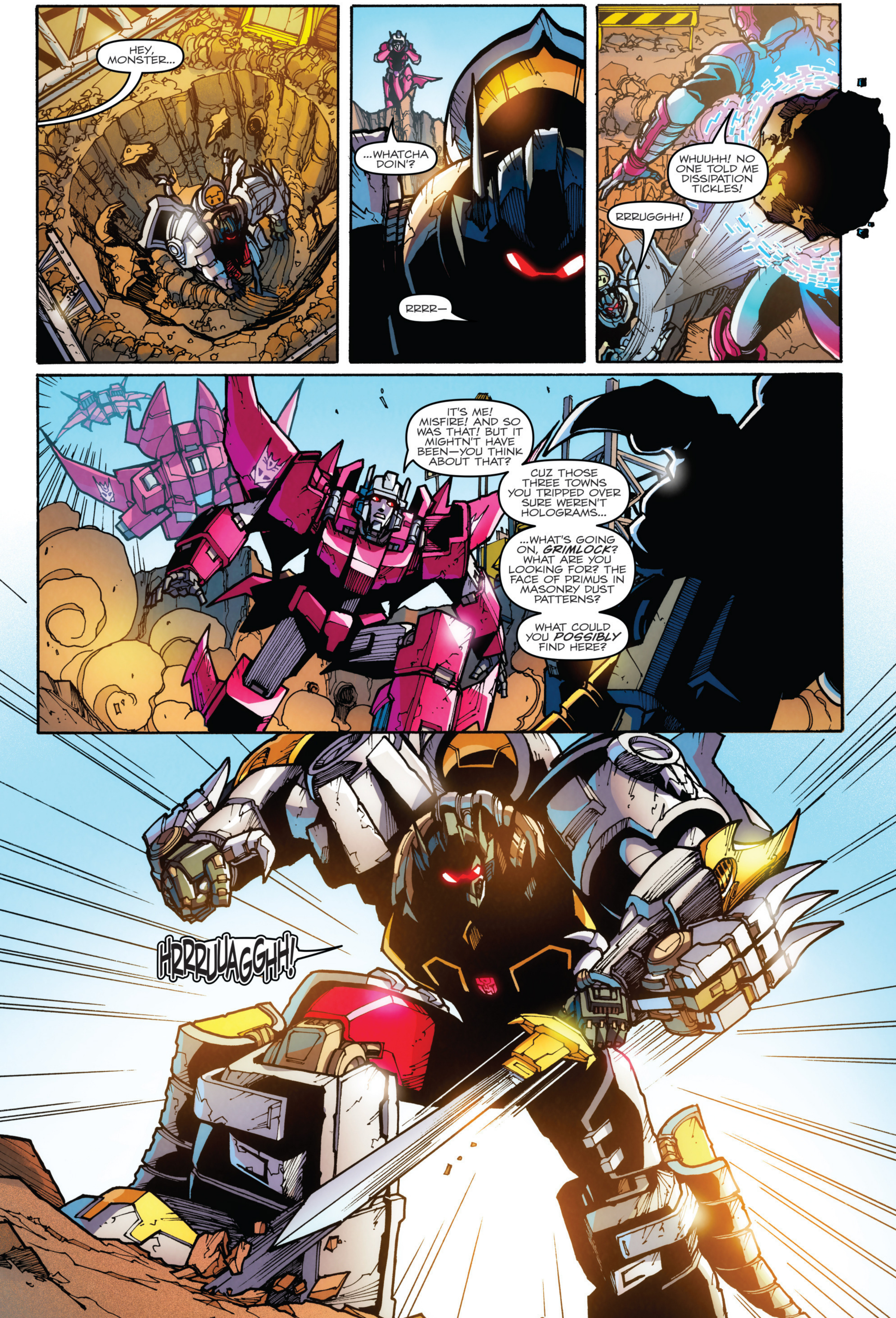

CRANKCASE...?
UP YOU GET, BUDDY.
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?
HE WAS PART OF THE *INFILTRATION UNIT* ON *NEBULOS* WHEN THUNDERWING ATTACKED*—HE NEARLY DIED.
*TRANSFORMERS: STORMBRINGER #3.
GGGGRRR—
*TRIGGER WARNING,* PINHEAD!
HIII-*YAH!*
AARGH!
K-CHAM
K-CHAM

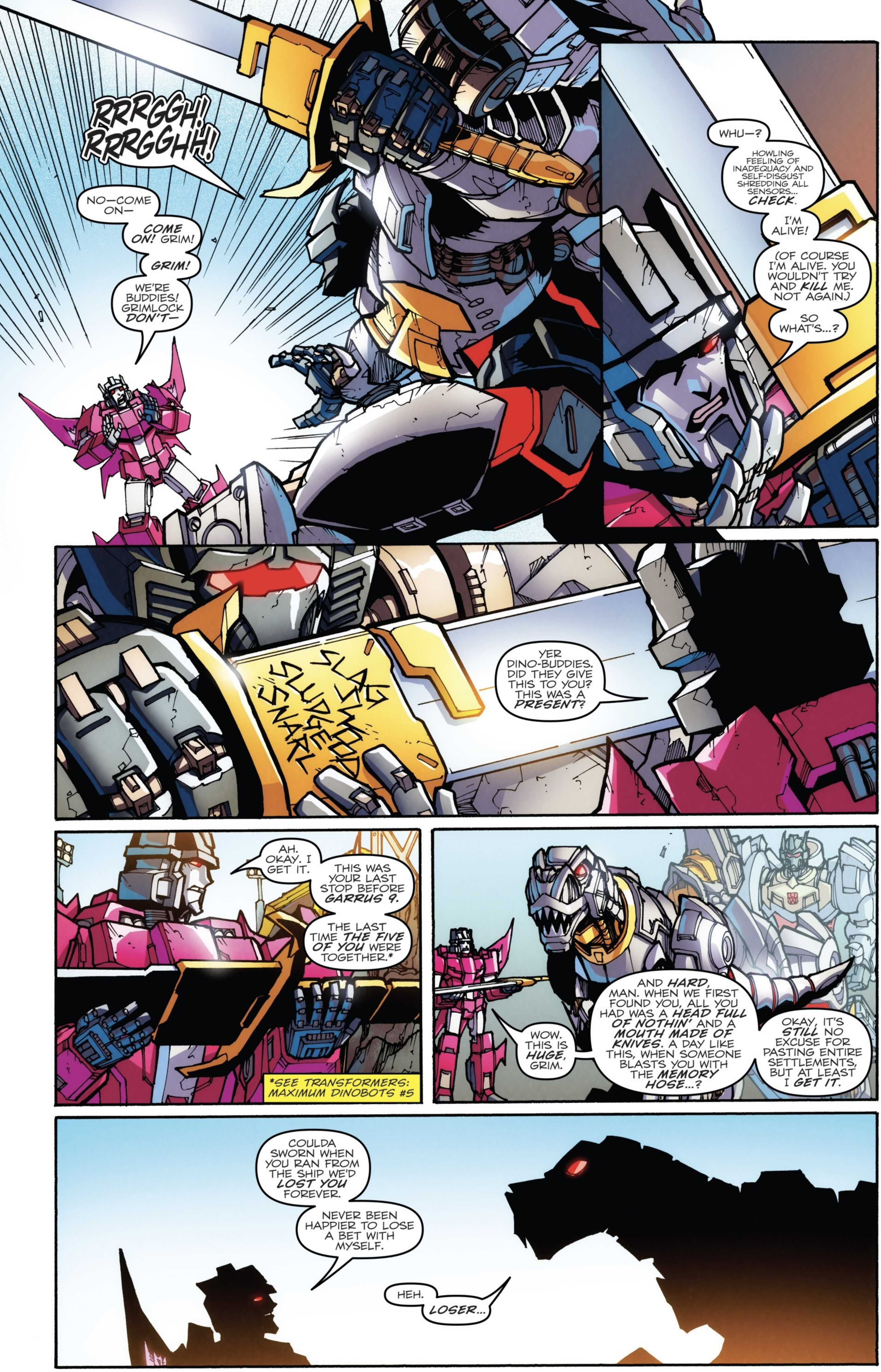

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?!
WE GET HELP.
GRIMLOCK!
TYPICAL!
IT'S TYPICAL OF MY LUCK! EVERY TIME I TAKE THE TINIEST STEP TOWARDS SOME LOOSE APPROXIMATION OF HAPPINESS, FATE COMES ALONG TO SHOOT ME IN THE FACE.
"TYPICAL"? WE JUST DISCOVERED THAT YOU'VE BEEN MAKING LATE NIGHT SMALL TALK WITH A DECEPTICON WHO KILLED A PLANET! IN WHAT POSSIBLE WAY IS THIS TYPICAL?
GRIMLOCK! MISFIRE! SPINISTER!
WHERE ARE THEY? MUST BE A HELLUVA GAME OF—
WAIT! GRUMPYBOX, WAIT...!
I NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE CROSSOVER.

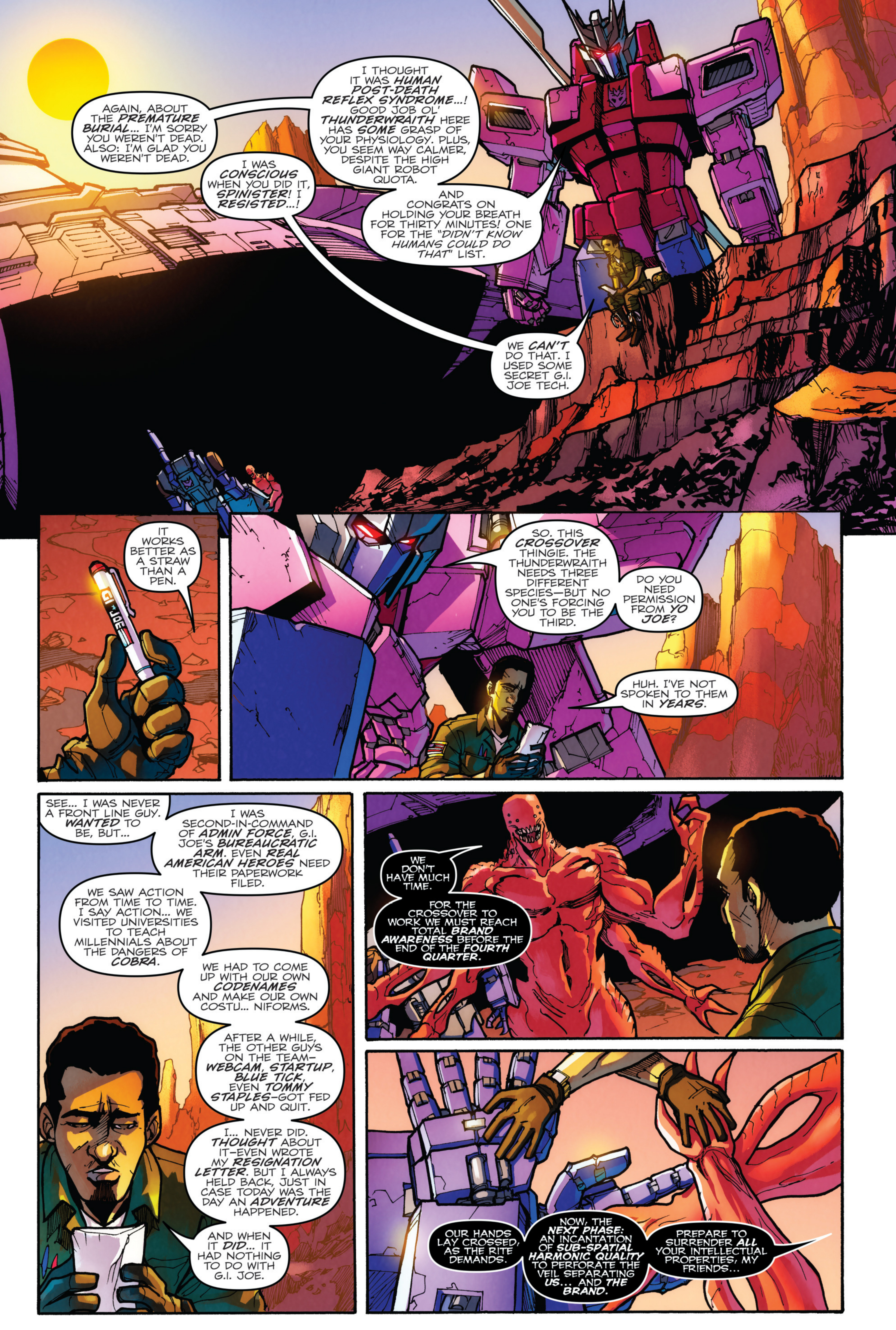

MAYBE HE JUST HATES *SIGNS*.
IT'S NOT FUNNY, SPINISTER...
ENTERING ARLINGTON!
...THIS IS BAD.
THIS? WE USED TO LOVE THIS.
WE USED TO *CAUSE* THIS.
A& STADIU
DIDN'T THINK THIS COULD HAPPEN AGAIN—
THOSE *TEETH*...
MOM? *MOM?*
LIFE SIGNS?
—NO VISIBLE OUTPUT—
PLEASE, SHE'S MY MOM...
KEEP TRYING...
*WAIT*—WE'VE GOT A *PULSE*. VISIBLE OUTPUT.
IS SHE RESPONSIVE?
CHECK. SHE'S GONNA BE OKAY.
THAT *FLESHLING*. SHE WASN'T *MOVING*...
LIKE *MP3*.
BUT THEY *FIXED HER*. MADE HER *WORK AGAIN*.
RIGHT.
UH-HUH.
LIKE, I WAS RIGHT THERE WATCHING IT WITH YOU.
THEY *DIDN'T* PUT HER IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND. THEY *DIDN'T* COVER HER IN SOIL.
I... SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING WITH THIS.
TELL MP3 I SAID HI!
TELL GRIMLOCK TO... TELL GRIMLOCK TO STOP BREAKING SIGNS!

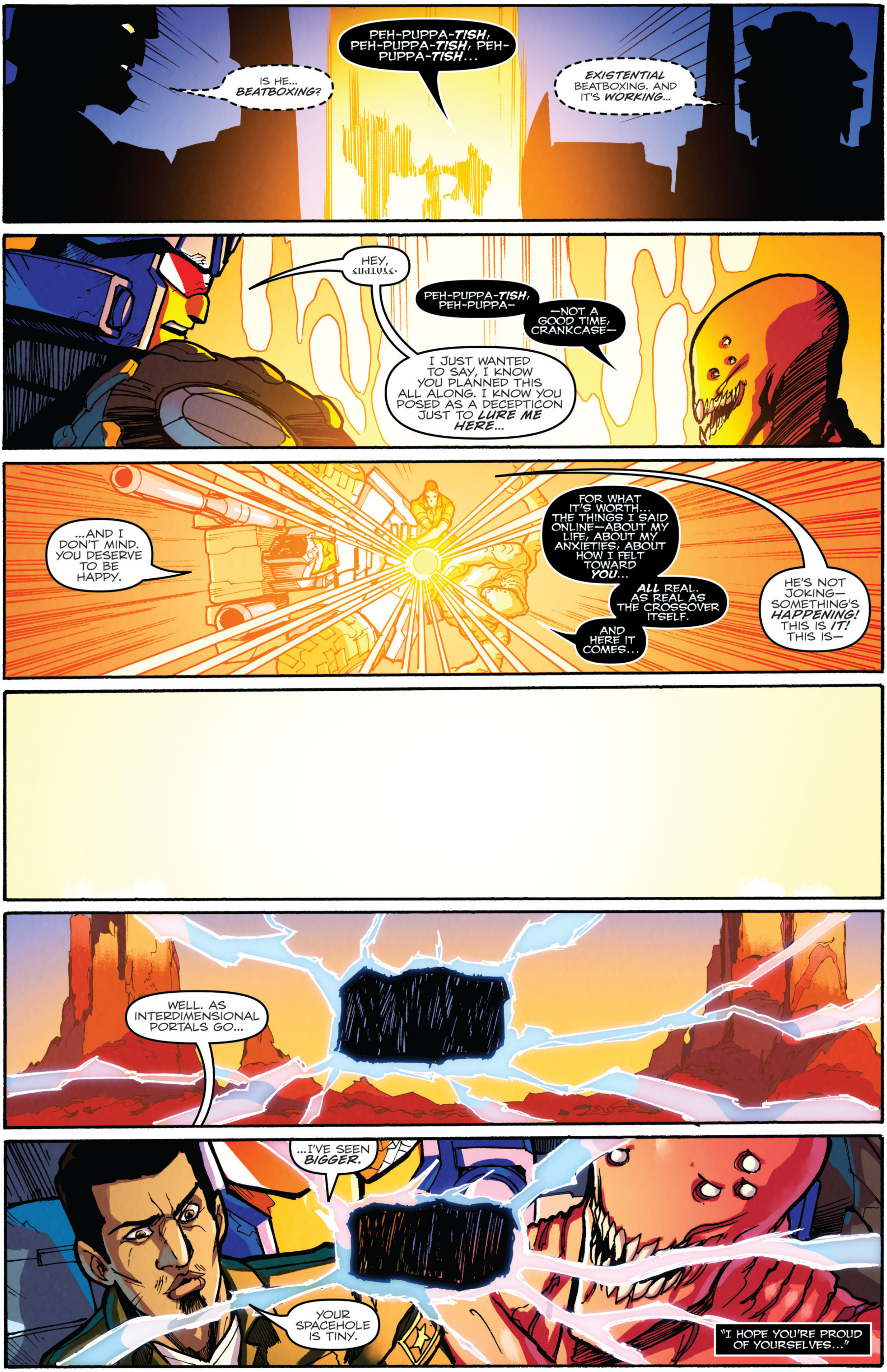

YOU'RE A *DIRE WRAITH?!*
A DIRE WHAT?
A *PANMORPHIC LIFEFORM*—AND THE REASON MEGATRON STEERED CLEAR OF THE *DARK NEBULA*.
YOU'VE HEARD OF US.
WE'VE HEARD OF YOU...
...AND YOU DON'T PLAY NICE.
PLEASE. I HAVE NO QUARREL WITH THE DECEPTICONS. I JUST NEED TO TALK TO *GRUMPYBOX*.
CONS4EVA...?
CALL ME
THAT'S WITH A, NOT A
I'M SORRY ABOUT THE DISGUISE. I WANTED TO TAKE A SHAPE THAT WAS IMPORTANT TO YOU.
OKAY, BUT... *THUNDERWING?*
YOU TALK ABOUT HIM A LOT.
STAY BACK, CRANKCASE. HE MENTIONED A *CROSSOVER*. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS, BUT IT SOUNDS *INTIMATE*.
OKAY, NOW YOU'RE JUST SAYING RANDOM WORDS...
IT'S A *CEREMONY*—A WAY OF ASCENDING FROM THIS LIFE TO THE NEXT. THE ULTIMATE EXPRESSION OF *BRAND LOYALTY*.
*THE BRAND* IS A *DEITY*—ONE THAT'S NORMALLY WORSHIPPED BY THE *TEMPTORIANS*.
DIRE WRAITHS STEAL EVERYTHING—INCLUDING GODS.
THERE WAS NO THEFT INVOLVED. THE TEMPTORIANS *WANT* YOU TO WORSHIP THEIR GOD—THEY DEDICATE THEIR WHOLE LIVES TO SPREADING *BRAND AWARENESS*.
IF I CAN INITIATE THE CROSSOVER I CAN LEAVE THIS EXISTENCE BEHIND.
WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THAT?
A DIRE WRAITH WHO'D RATHER *SOCIALIZE* THAN *KILL*? I DON'T BELONG HERE. I DON'T FIT IN.
THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME HERE.

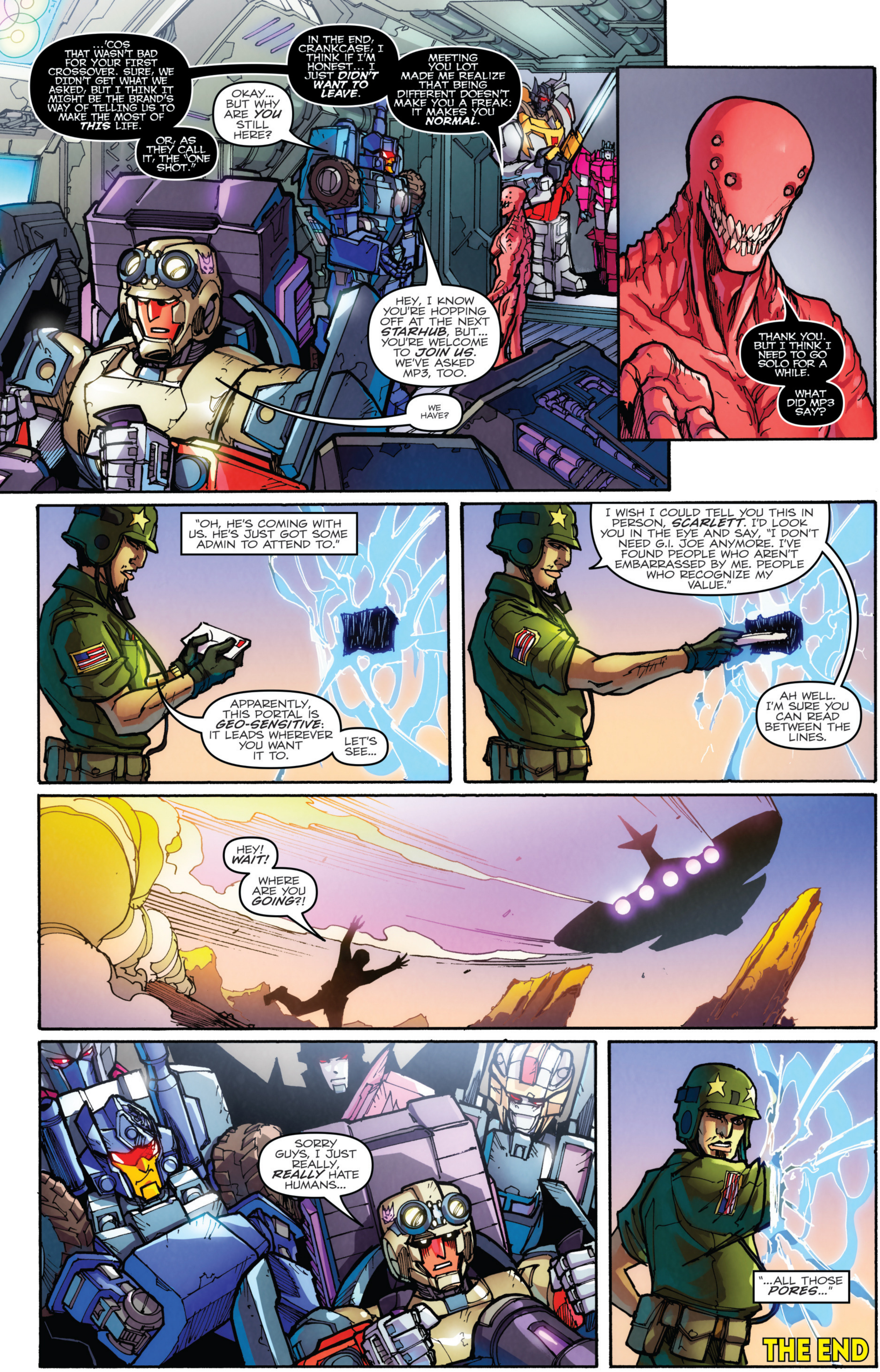

NOTHING? NOTHING AT ALL?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU'VE GOT **FRIENDS** HERE. YOU'VE GOT **ME**, AND— AND—
—AND YOU'VE GOT ME.
OH, AND BY THE WAY? FITTING IN IS **COMPLETELY** OVERRATED.
DO YOU THINK WE FIT IN? LOOK AT US! A **COWARD** WHO TURNS INTO A **DECOMMISSIONED BOMB**, A **MONOFORMER** WHO WANTS TO ESTABLISH A **MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC**, AND A TRIGGERCON WHO FELL FOR A DIRE WRAITH!
AND WE'RE THE **RELATABLE ONES!** WAIT 'TIL YOU MEET THE OTHERS...
MISFIRE! SPINISTER!
THEY'RE IN GRIMLOCK'S ROOM.
THE ONE WITH THE DINOSAUR-SHAPED HOLE IN THE WALL?
THAT'S HOW I—
HOW YOU GOT IN. OF COURSE IT IS.
COME WITH ME.
INTO GRIMLOCK'S ROOM?
THE CROSSOVER. WE CAN ASCEND TOGETHER.
I DON'T WANT TO GO ANYWHERE...
...BUT I'LL HELP **YOU** ESCAPE. WHAT ELSE DO YOU NEED?
AT LEAST **THREE** DISTINCT SPECIES ARE REQUIRED TO MAKE IT A PROPER CROSSOVER. WITH JUST TWO, IT'S... WE HAVE A WORD FOR IT: **T'MUP**.
SO...
SO DO YOU HAVE ANY **SPARE HUMANS** LYING AROUND?
A LITTLE **HELP** HERE, PLEASE...
HE WON'T WAKE UP.


HEY, MONSTER...
...WHATCHA DOIN'?
RRRR—
WHUUHH! NO ONE TOLD ME DISSIPATION TICKLES!
RRRUGGHH!
IT'S ME! MISFIRE! AND SO WAS THAT! BUT IT MIGHTN'T HAVE BEEN—YOU THINK ABOUT THAT?
CUZ THOSE THREE TOWNS YOU TRIPPED OVER SURE WEREN'T HOLOGRAMS...
...WHAT'S GOING ON, GRIMLOCK? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR? THE FACE OF PRIMUS IN MASONRY DUST PATTERNS?
WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY FIND HERE?
HRRRUUAGGHH!


RRRGGH! RRRGGHH!
NO—COME ON—
COME ON! GRIM!
GRIM!
WE'RE BUDDIES! GRIMLOCK DON'T—
WHU—?
HOWLING FEELING OF INADEQUACY AND SELF-DISGUST SHREDDING ALL SENSORS... CHECK.
I'M ALIVE!
(OF COURSE I'M ALIVE. YOU WOULDN'T TRY AND KILL ME. NOT AGAIN.)
SO WHAT'S...?
SLAG SWOOP SLUDGE SNARL
YER DINO-BUDDIES. DID THEY GIVE THIS TO YOU? THIS WAS A PRESENT?
AH. OKAY. I GET IT.
THIS WAS YOUR LAST STOP BEFORE GARRUS 9.
THE LAST TIME THE FIVE OF YOU WERE TOGETHER.*
*SEE TRANSFORMERS: MAXIMUM DINOBOTS #5
WOW. THIS IS HUGE, GRIM.
AND HARD, MAN. WHEN WE FIRST FOUND YOU, ALL YOU HAD WAS A HEAD FULL OF NOTHIN' AND A MOUTH MADE OF KNIVES. A DAY LIKE THIS, WHEN SOMEONE BLASTS YOU WITH THE MEMORY HOSE...?
OKAY, IT'S STILL NO EXCUSE FOR PASTING ENTIRE SETTLEMENTS, BUT AT LEAST I GET IT.
COULDA SWORN WHEN YOU RAN FROM THE SHIP WE'D LOST YOU FOREVER.
NEVER BEEN HAPPIER TO LOSE A BET WITH MYSELF.
HEH.
LOSER...


AGAIN, ABOUT THE PREMATURE BURIAL... I'M SORRY YOU WEREN'T DEAD. ALSO: I'M GLAD YOU WEREN'T DEAD.
I THOUGHT IT WAS HUMAN POST-DEATH REFLEX SYNDROME...! GOOD JOB OL' THUNDERWRAITH HERE HAS SOME GRASP OF YOUR PHYSIOLOGY. PLUS, YOU SEEM WAY CALMER, DESPITE THE HIGH GIANT ROBOT QUOTA.
I WAS CONSCIOUS WHEN YOU DID IT, SPINISTER! I RESISTED...!
AND CONGRATS ON HOLDING YOUR BREATH FOR THIRTY MINUTES! ONE FOR THE "DIDN'T KNOW HUMANS COULD DO THAT" LIST.
WE CAN'T DO THAT. I USED SOME SECRET G.I. JOE TECH.
IT WORKS BETTER AS A STRAW THAN A PEN.
G.I. JOE
SO. THIS CROSSOVER THINGIE. THE THUNDERWRAITH NEEDS THREE DIFFERENT SPECIES—BUT NO ONE'S FORCING YOU TO BE THE THIRD.
DO YOU NEED PERMISSION FROM YO JOE?
HUH. I'VE NOT SPOKEN TO THEM IN YEARS.
SEE... I WAS NEVER A FRONT LINE GUY. WANTED TO BE, BUT...
I WAS SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF ADMIN FORCE, G.I. JOE'S BUREAUCRATIC ARM. EVEN REAL AMERICAN HEROES NEED THEIR PAPERWORK FILED.
WE SAW ACTION FROM TIME TO TIME. I SAY ACTION... WE VISITED UNIVERSITIES TO TEACH MILLENNIALS ABOUT THE DANGERS OF COBRA.
WE HAD TO COME UP WITH OUR OWN CODENAMES AND MAKE OUR OWN COSTU... NIFORMS.
AFTER A WHILE, THE OTHER GUYS ON THE TEAM—WEBCAM, STARTUP, BLUE TICK, EVEN TOMMY STAPLES—GOT FED UP AND QUIT.
I... NEVER DID. THOUGHT ABOUT IT—EVEN WROTE MY RESIGNATION LETTER. BUT I ALWAYS HELD BACK, JUST IN CASE TODAY WAS THE DAY AN ADVENTURE HAPPENED.
AND WHEN IT DID... IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH G.I. JOE.
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
FOR THE CROSSOVER TO WORK WE MUST REACH TOTAL BRAND AWARENESS BEFORE THE END OF THE FOURTH QUARTER.
OUR HANDS LAY CROSSED, AS THE RITE DEMANDS.
NOW, THE NEXT PHASE: AN INCANTATION OF SUB-SPATIAL HARMONIC QUALITY TO PERFORATE THE VEIL SEPARATING US... AND THE BRAND.
PREPARE TO SURRENDER ALL YOUR INTELLECTUAL PROPERTIES, MY FRIENDS...


IS HE... *BEATBOXING?*
PEH-PUPPA-*TISH*, PEH-PUPPA-*TISH*, PEH-PUPPA-*TISH*...
*EXISTENTIAL* BEATBOXING. AND IT'S *WORKING*...
HEY,
PEH-PUPPA-*TISH*, PEH-PUPPA-
—NOT A GOOD TIME, CRANKCASE—
I JUST WANTED TO SAY, I KNOW YOU PLANNED THIS ALL ALONG. I KNOW YOU POSED AS A DECEPTICON JUST TO *LURE ME HERE*...
...AND I DON'T MIND. YOU DESERVE TO BE HAPPY.
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH... THE THINGS I SAID ONLINE—ABOUT MY LIFE, ABOUT MY ANXIETIES, ABOUT HOW I FELT TOWARD *YOU*...
*ALL* REAL. AS REAL AS THE CROSSOVER ITSELF.
AND HERE IT COMES...
HE'S NOT JOKING—SOMETHING'S *HAPPENING!* THIS IS *IT!* THIS IS—
WELL. AS INTERDIMENSIONAL PORTALS GO...
...I'VE SEEN *BIGGER*.
YOUR SPACEHOLE IS TINY.
"I HOPE YOU'RE PROUD OF YOURSELVES..."


...'COS THAT WASN'T BAD FOR YOUR FIRST CROSSOVER. SURE, WE DIDN'T GET WHAT WE ASKED, BUT I THINK IT MIGHT BE THE BRAND'S WAY OF TELLING US TO MAKE THE MOST OF *THIS* LIFE.
OR, AS THEY CALL IT, THE "ONE SHOT."
OKAY... BUT WHY ARE *YOU* STILL HERE?
IN THE END, CRANKCASE, I THINK IF I'M HONEST... I JUST *DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE*.
MEETING YOU LOT MADE ME REALIZE THAT BEING DIFFERENT DOESN'T MAKE YOU A FREAK: IT MAKES YOU *NORMAL*.
HEY, I KNOW YOU'RE HOPPING OFF AT THE NEXT *STARHUB*, BUT... YOU'RE WELCOME TO *JOIN US*. WE'VE ASKED MP3, TOO.
WE HAVE?
THANK YOU. BUT I THINK I NEED TO GO SOLO FOR A WHILE.
WHAT DID MP3 SAY?
"OH, HE'S COMING WITH US. HE'S JUST GOT SOME ADMIN TO ATTEND TO."
APPARENTLY, THIS PORTAL IS *GEO-SENSITIVE*: IT LEADS WHEREVER YOU WANT IT TO.
LET'S SEE...
I WISH I COULD TELL YOU THIS IN PERSON, *SCARLETT*. I'D LOOK YOU IN THE EYE AND SAY, "I DON'T NEED G.I. JOE ANYMORE. I'VE FOUND PEOPLE WHO AREN'T EMBARRASSED BY ME. PEOPLE WHO RECOGNIZE MY VALUE."
AH WELL. I'M SURE YOU CAN READ BETWEEN THE LINES.
HEY! *WAIT!*
WHERE ARE YOU *GOING*?!
SORRY GUYS, I JUST REALLY, *REALLY* HATE HUMANS...
"...ALL THOSE *PORES*..."
THE END

# THE SHOT HEARD ’ROUND THE GALAXY!

After years of doing very little, Krok, Crankcase, Fulcrum, Spinister, and Misfire think they can wriggle out of anything—but not even they can avoid a heavily-promoted multi-franchise crossover. It’s the Scavengers Versus Your Childhood in a story that exposes all other art for the sham it is. What will the universe’s worst DECEPTICONS make of the world’s greatest crossover?

The
REVOLUTION
is here—
take a stand!

BUNN | BARBER | OSSIO | CHENG

# REVOLUTION

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ISSUE
5

# REVOLUTION

## CHAPTER FIVE: VALLEY FORGE

**WRITTEN BY:**
**JOHN BARBER & CULLEN BUNN**

**ART BY:**
**FICO OSSIO**

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**SEBASTIAN CHENG**

**LETTERS BY:**
**TOM B. LONG**

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**DAVID HEDGECOCK**

**CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER:**
**CHRIS RYALL**

**PUBLISHER:**
**TED ADAMS**

### *G.I. JOE*

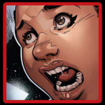
SCARLETT

MAINFRAME

SNAKE EYES

ROADBLOCK

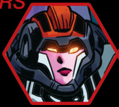
AGENT HELIX


MAYDAY

### *ACTION MAN*

ACTION MAN

### *TRANSFORMERS*


AILERON

KUP

OPTIMUS PRIME

SOUNDWAVE

WINDBLADE

ARCEE

JAZZ

VICTORION

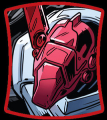
### *ROM*

ROM

### *MICRONAUTS*

OZIRON RAEL

PHENOLO-PHI


ACROYEAR

LARISSA

MICROTRON

BIOTRON

BARON KARZA
(WRAITH HYBRID)

### *M.A.S.K.: MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND*

MILES MAYHEM

MATT TRAKKER

Special thanks to Hasbro's Derryl Depriest, David Erwin, Grant Gie, Ed Lane, Ben Montano, Mark Weber, Beth Artale, Josh Feldman and Michael Kelly

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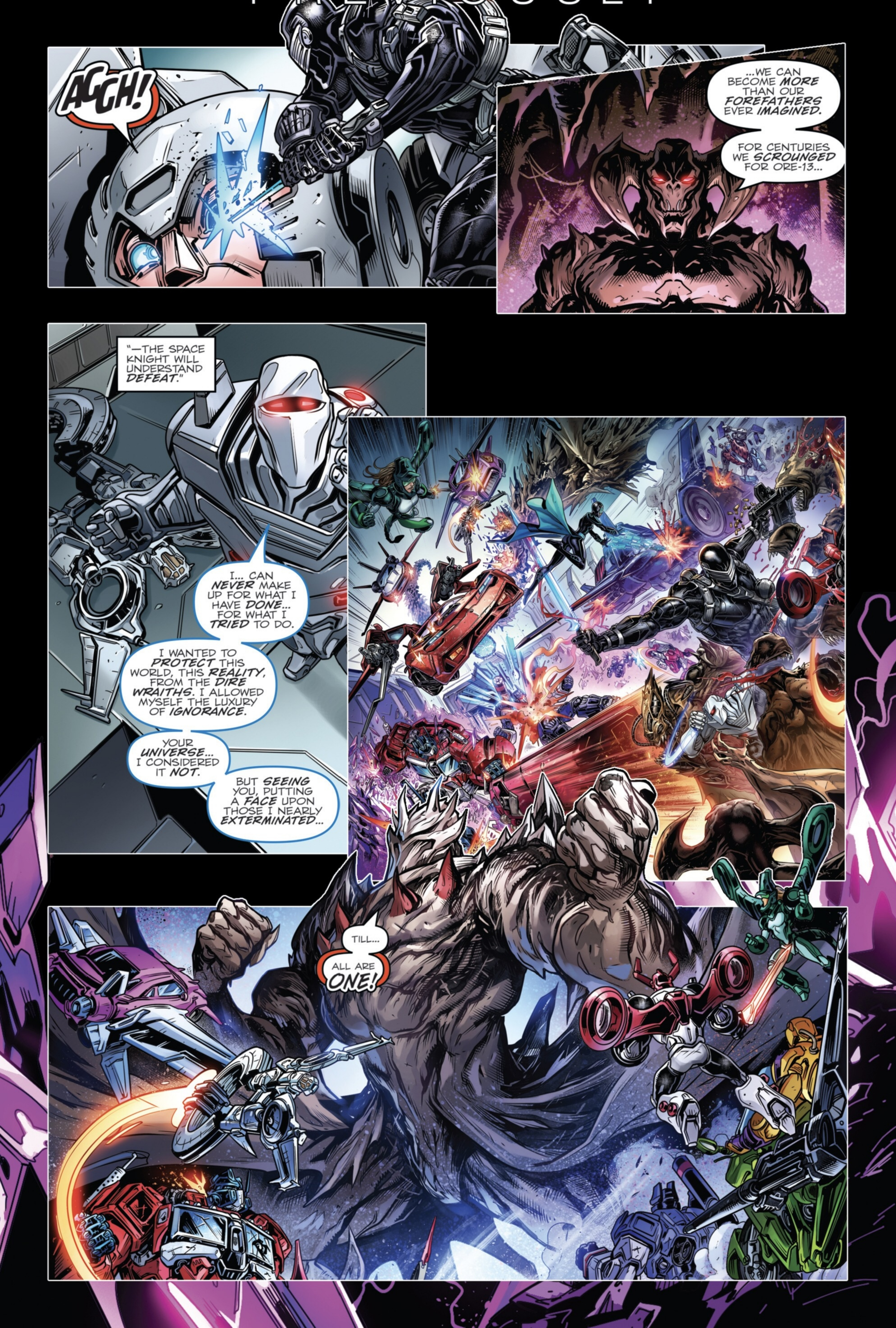
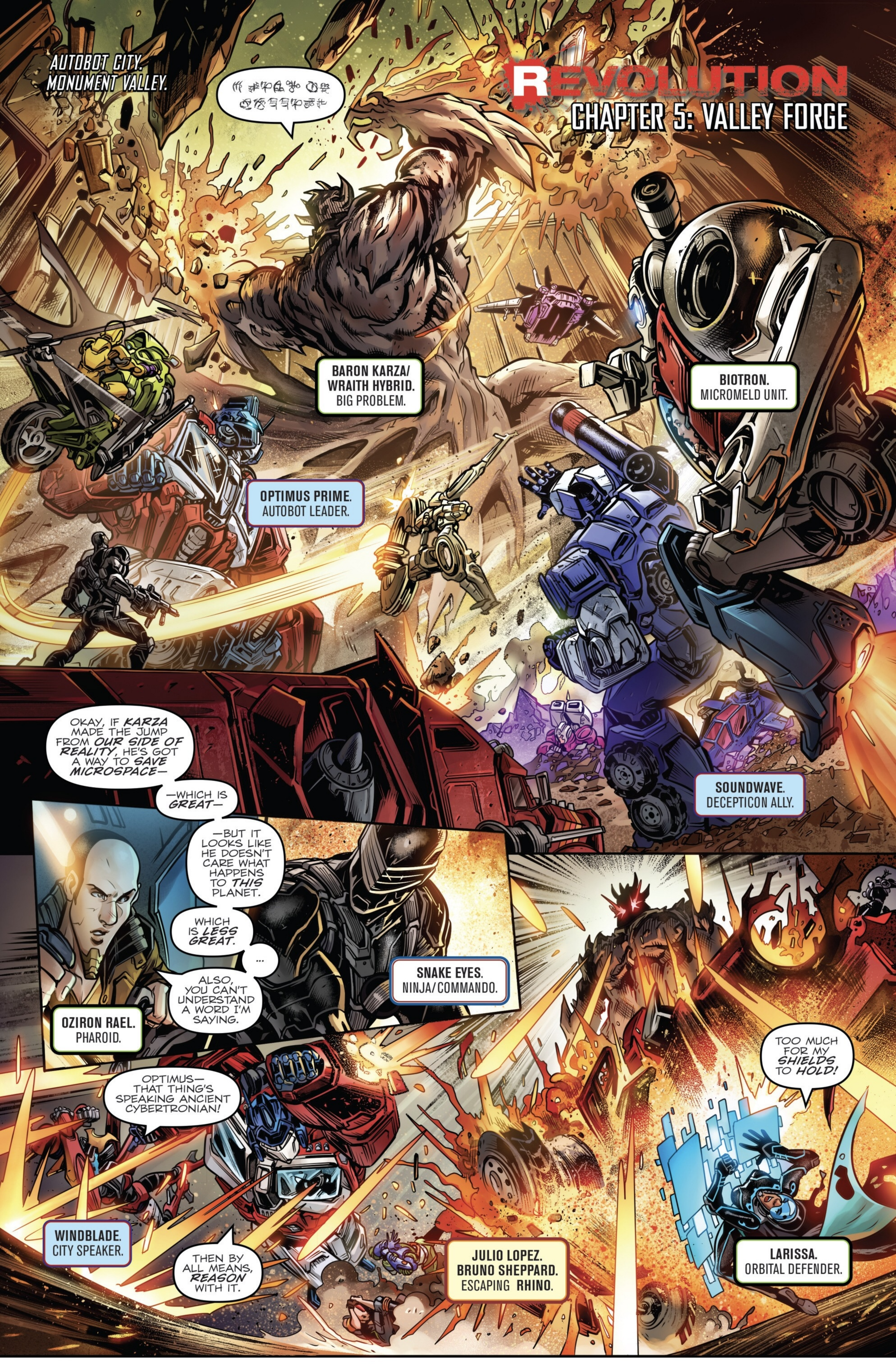
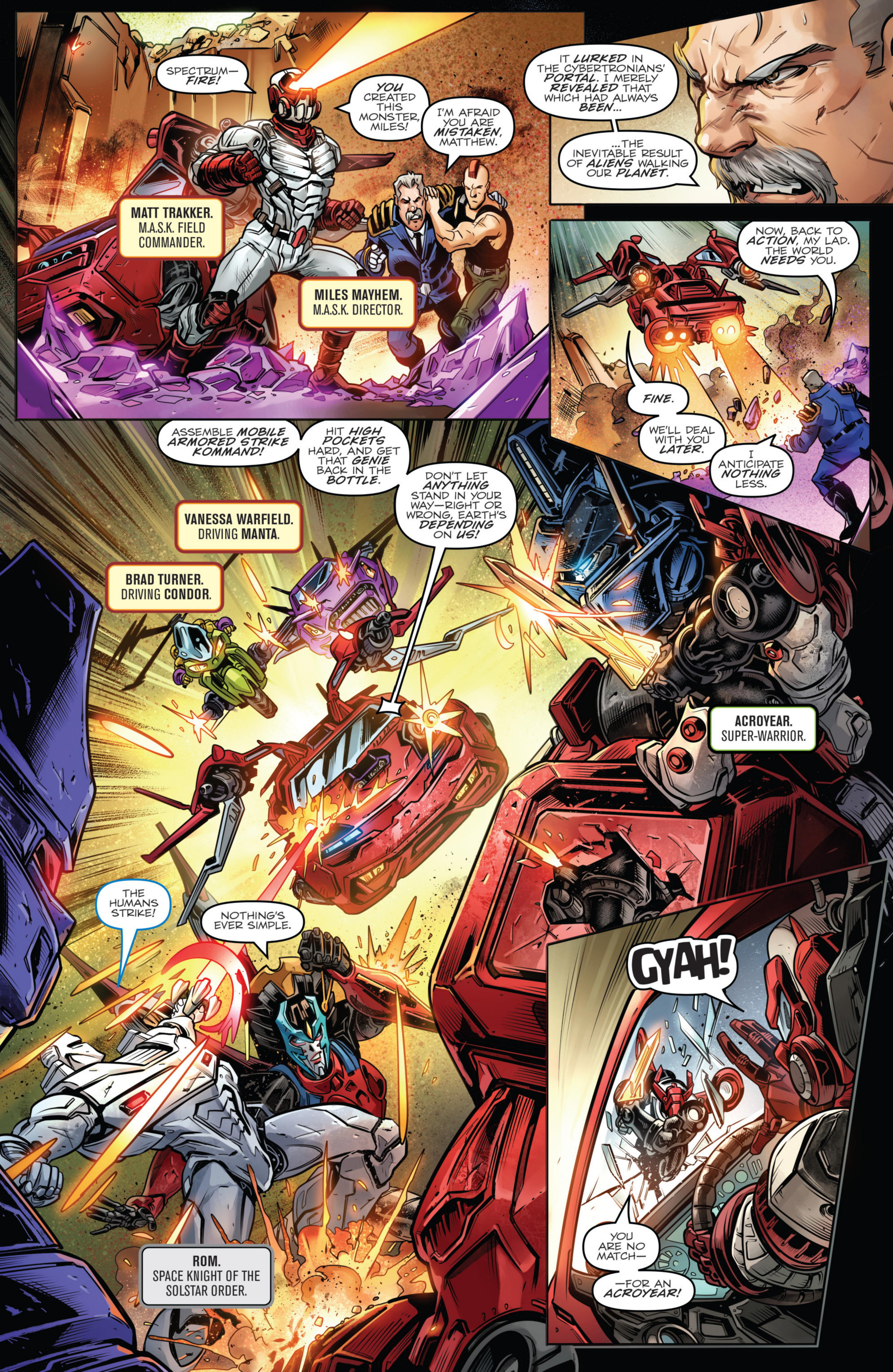
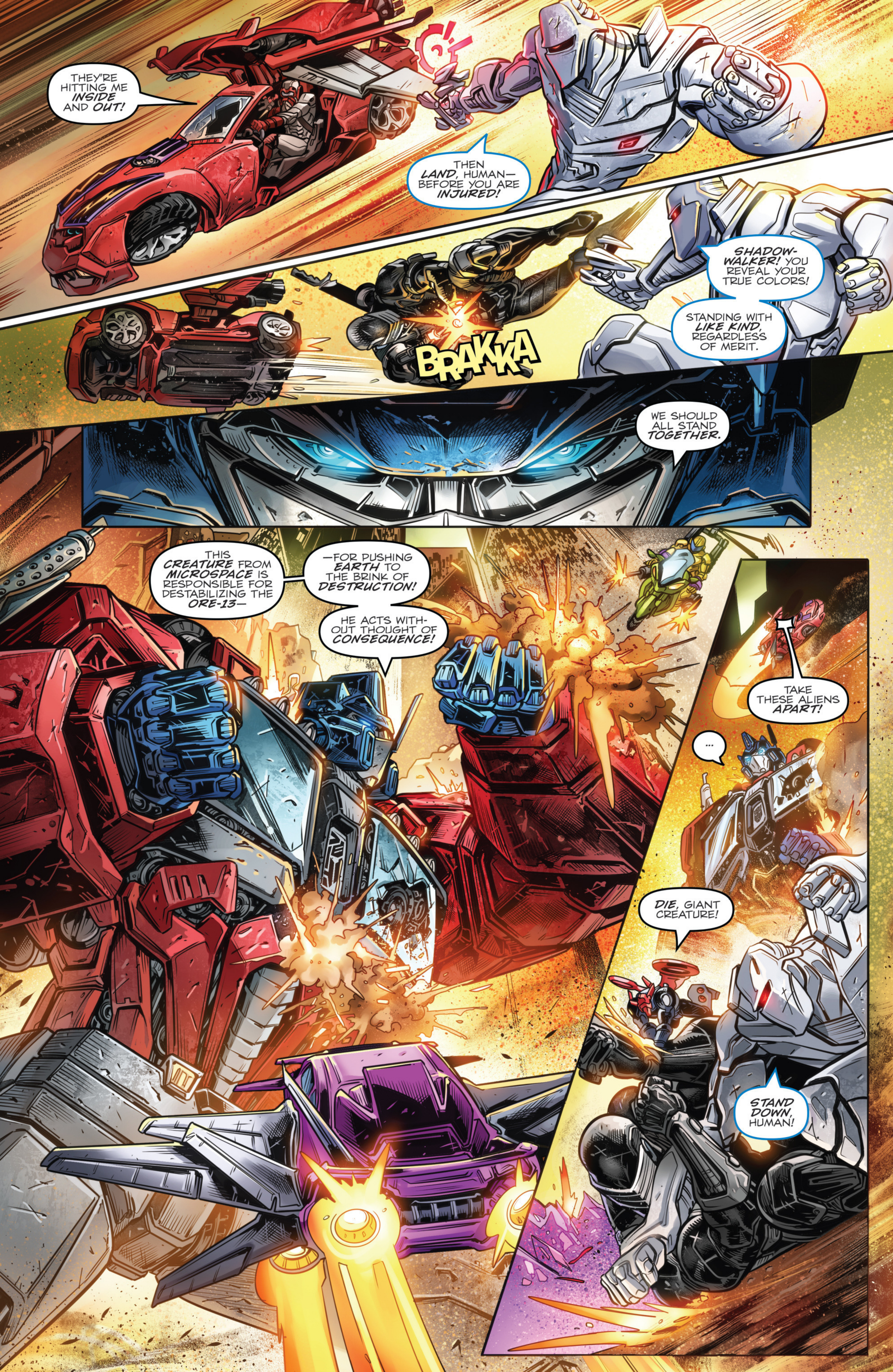
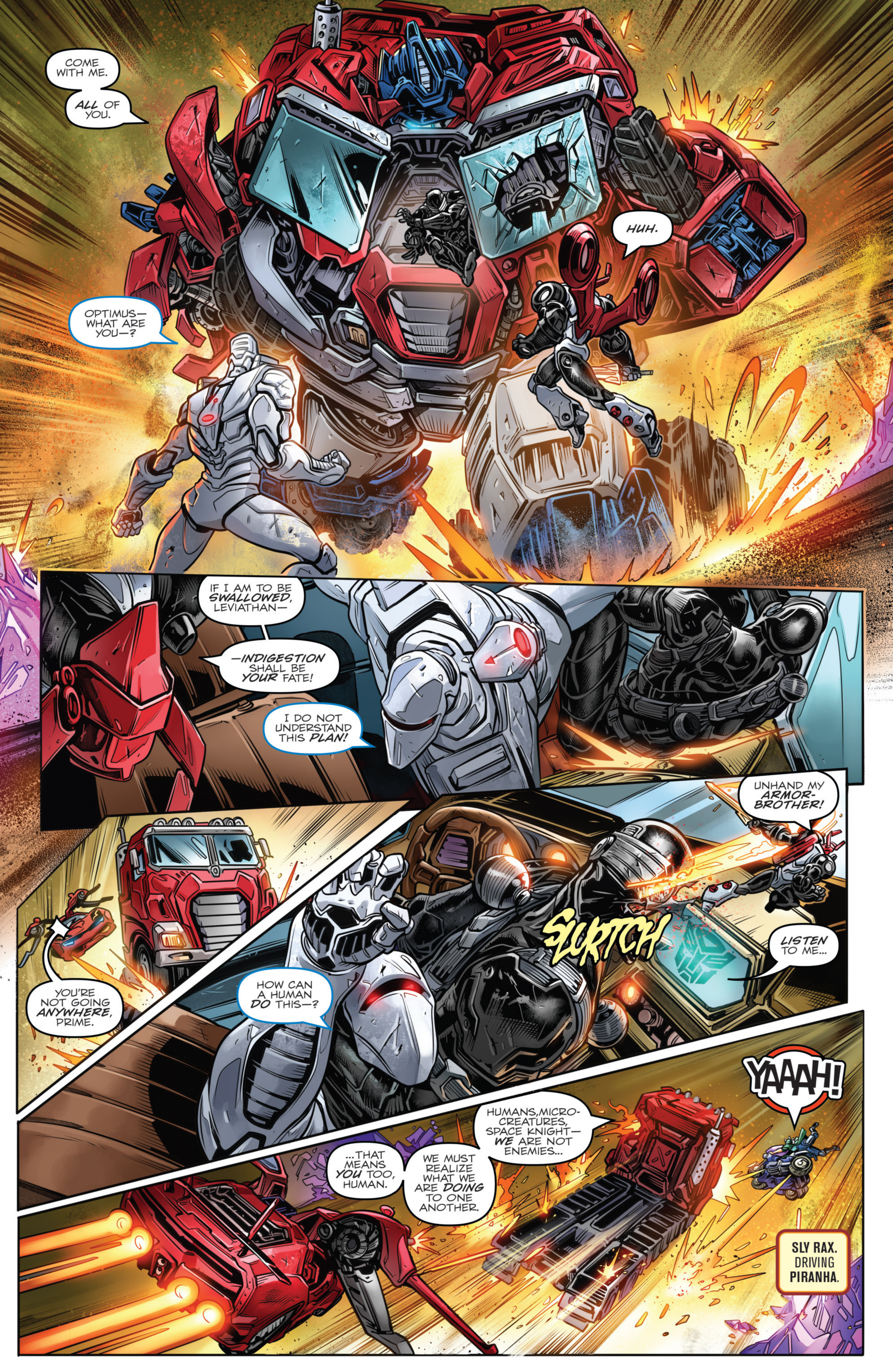
# PREVIOUSLY

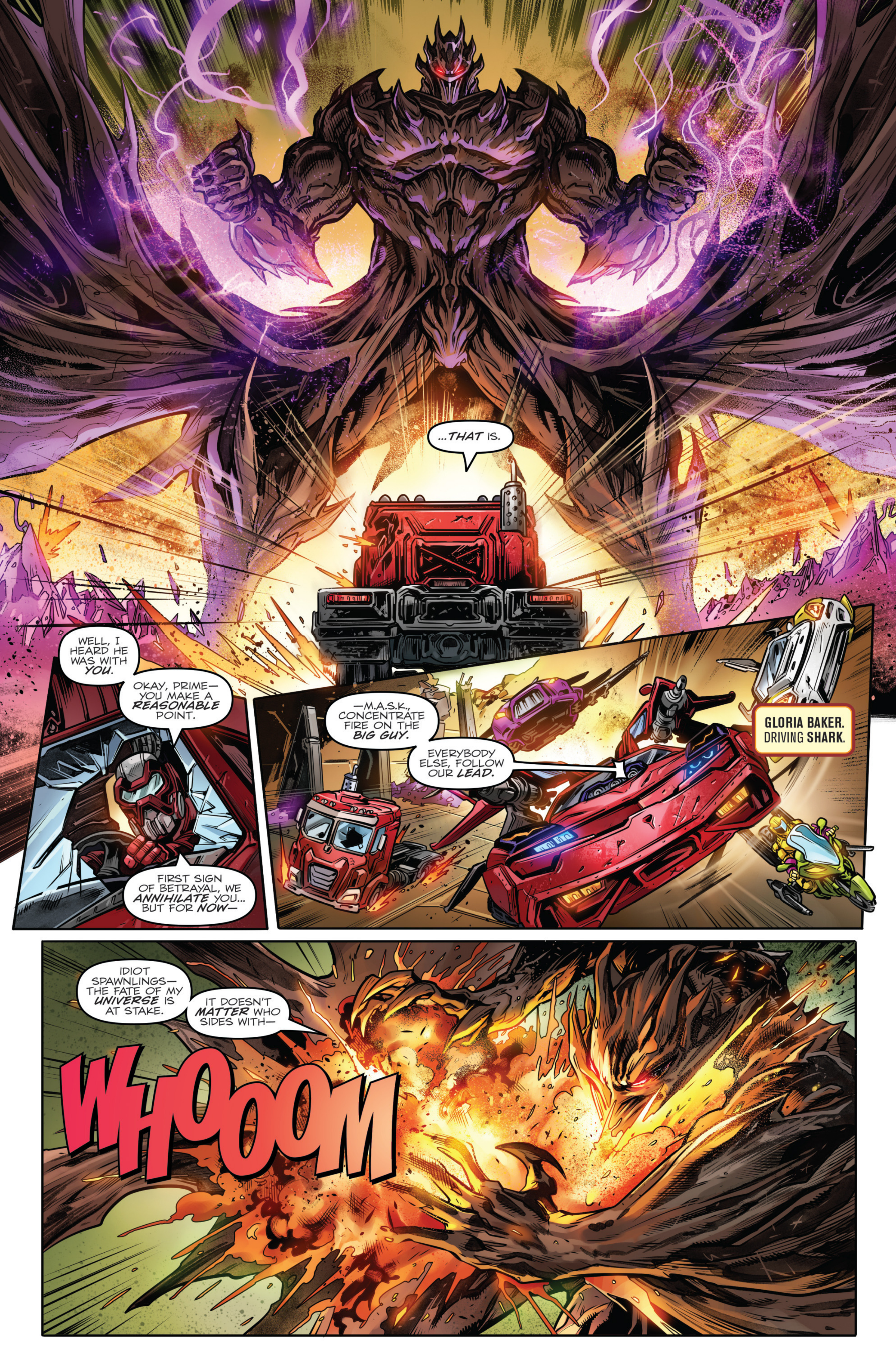

AGGH!
...WE CAN BECOME MORE THAN OUR FOREFATHERS EVER IMAGINED.
FOR CENTURIES WE SCROUNGED FOR ORE-13...
"—THE SPACE KNIGHT WILL UNDERSTAND DEFEAT."
I... CAN NEVER MAKE UP FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE... FOR WHAT I TRIED TO DO.
I WANTED TO PROTECT THIS WORLD, THIS REALITY, FROM THE DIRE WRAITHS. I ALLOWED MYSELF THE LUXURY OF IGNORANCE.
YOUR UNIVERSE... I CONSIDERED IT NOT.
BUT SEEING YOU, PUTTING A FACE UPON THOSE I NEARLY EXTERMINATED...
TILL...
ALL ARE ONE!

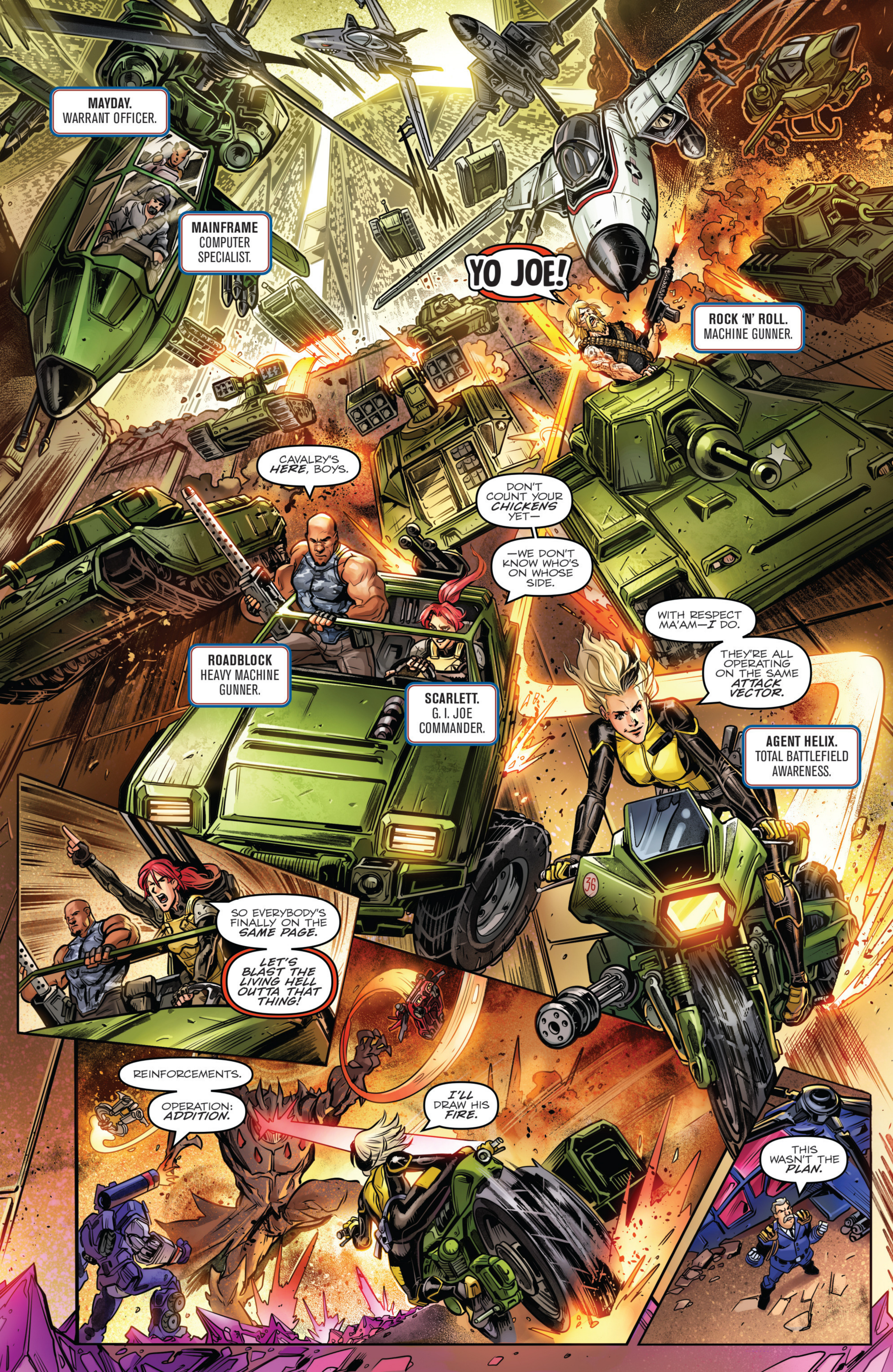

AUTOBOT CITY. MONUMENT VALLEY.
REVOLUTION
CHAPTER 5: VALLEY FORGE
BARON KARZA/ WRAITH HYBRID. BIG PROBLEM.
BIOTRON. MICROMELD UNIT.
OPTIMUS PRIME. AUTOBOT LEADER.
OKAY, IF KARZA MADE THE JUMP FROM OUR SIDE OF REALITY, HE'S GOT A WAY TO SAVE MICROSPACE—
—WHICH IS GREAT—
—BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE DOESN'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS PLANET.
WHICH IS LESS GREAT.
...
ALSO, YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD I'M SAYING.
SOUNDWAVE. DECEPTICON ALLY.
SNAKE EYES. NINJA/COMMANDO.
OZIRON RAEL. PHAROID.
OPTIMUS— THAT THING'S SPEAKING ANCIENT CYBERTRONIAN!
TOO MUCH FOR MY SHIELDS TO HOLD!
WINDBLADE. CITY SPEAKER.
THEN BY ALL MEANS, REASON WITH IT.
JULIO LOPEZ. BRUNO SHEPPARD. ESCAPING RHINO.
LARISSA. ORBITAL DEFENDER.

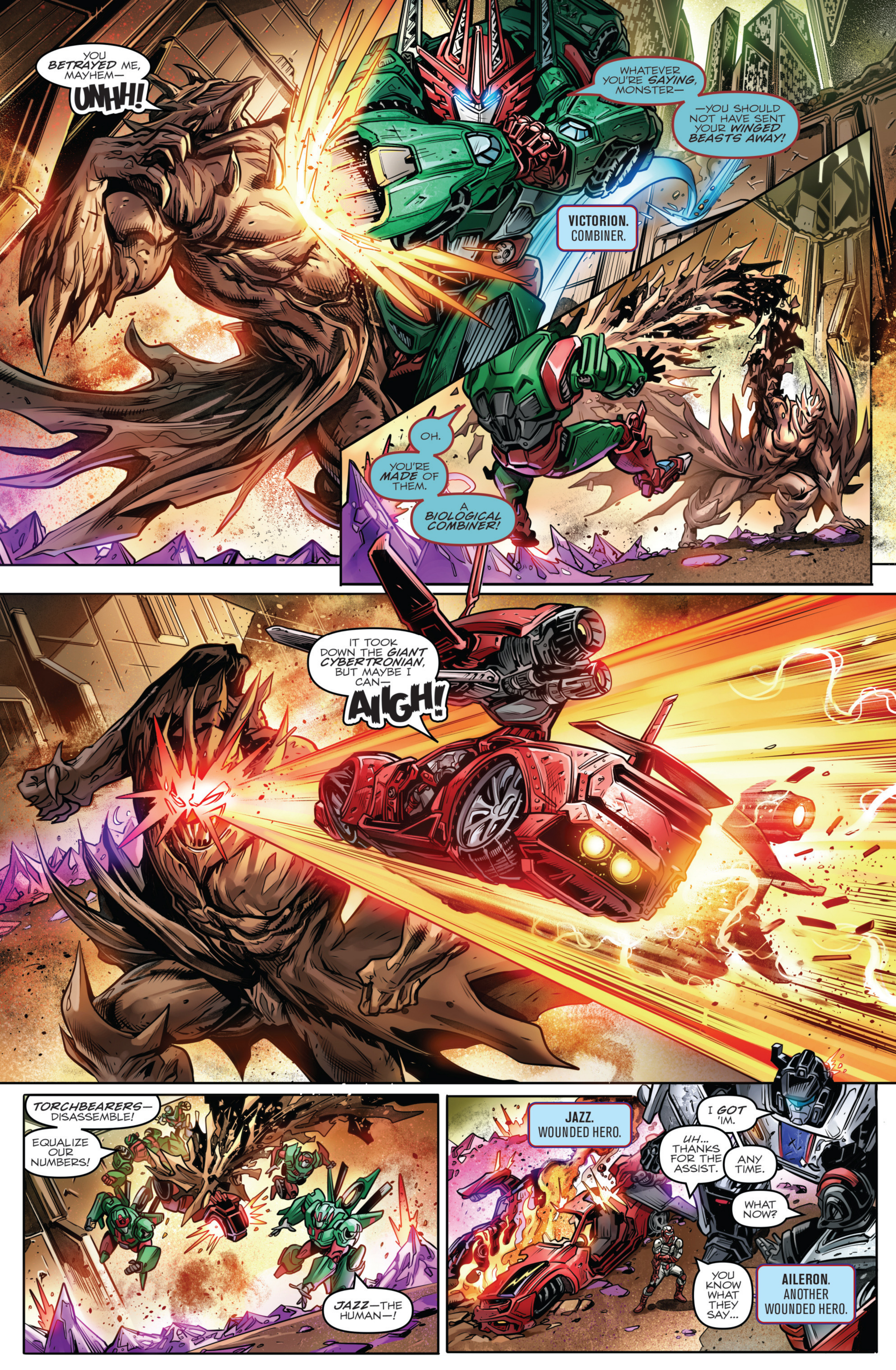

SPECTRUM—FIRE!
YOU CREATED THIS MONSTER, MILES!
I'M AFRAID YOU ARE MISTAKEN, MATTHEW.
MATT TRAKKER. M.A.S.K. FIELD COMMANDER.
MILES MAYHEM. M.A.S.K. DIRECTOR.
IT LURKED IN THE CYBERTRONIANS' PORTAL. I MERELY REVEALED THAT WHICH HAD ALWAYS BEEN...
...THE INEVITABLE RESULT OF ALIENS WALKING OUR PLANET.
NOW, BACK TO ACTION, MY LAD. THE WORLD NEEDS YOU.
FINE.
WE'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER.
I ANTICIPATE NOTHING LESS.
ASSEMBLE MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND!
HIT HIGH POCKETS HARD, AND GET THAT GENIE BACK IN THE BOTTLE.
DON'T LET ANYTHING STAND IN YOUR WAY—RIGHT OR WRONG, EARTH'S DEPENDING ON US!
VANESSA WARFIELD. DRIVING MANTA.
BRAD TURNER. DRIVING CONDOR.
ACROYEAR. SUPER-WARRIOR.
THE HUMANS STRIKE!
NOTHING'S EVER SIMPLE.
ROM. SPACE KNIGHT OF THE SOLSTAR ORDER.
GYAH!
YOU ARE NO MATCH—
—FOR AN ACROYEAR!

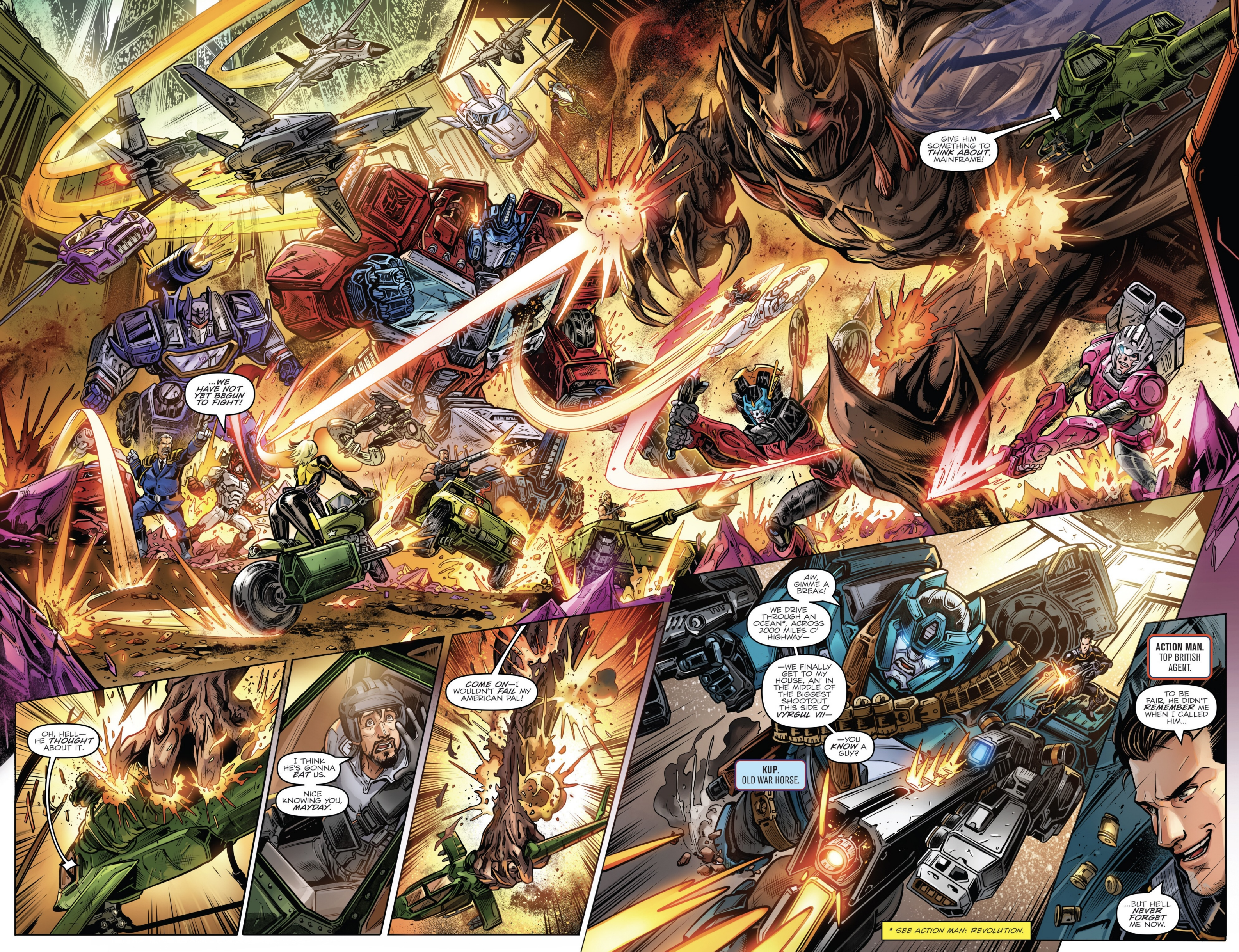

THEY'RE HITTING ME INSIDE AND OUT!
THEN LAND, HUMAN— BEFORE YOU ARE INJURED!
SHADOW-WALKER! YOU REVEAL YOUR TRUE COLORS!
STANDING WITH LIKE KIND, REGARDLESS OF MERIT.
BRAKKA
WE SHOULD ALL STAND TOGETHER.
THIS CREATURE FROM MICROSPACE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR DESTABILIZING THE ORE-13—
—FOR PUSHING EARTH TO THE BRINK OF DESTRUCTION!
HE ACTS WITHOUT THOUGHT OF CONSEQUENCE!
TAKE THESE ALIENS APART!
...
DIE, GIANT CREATURE!
STAND DOWN, HUMAN!

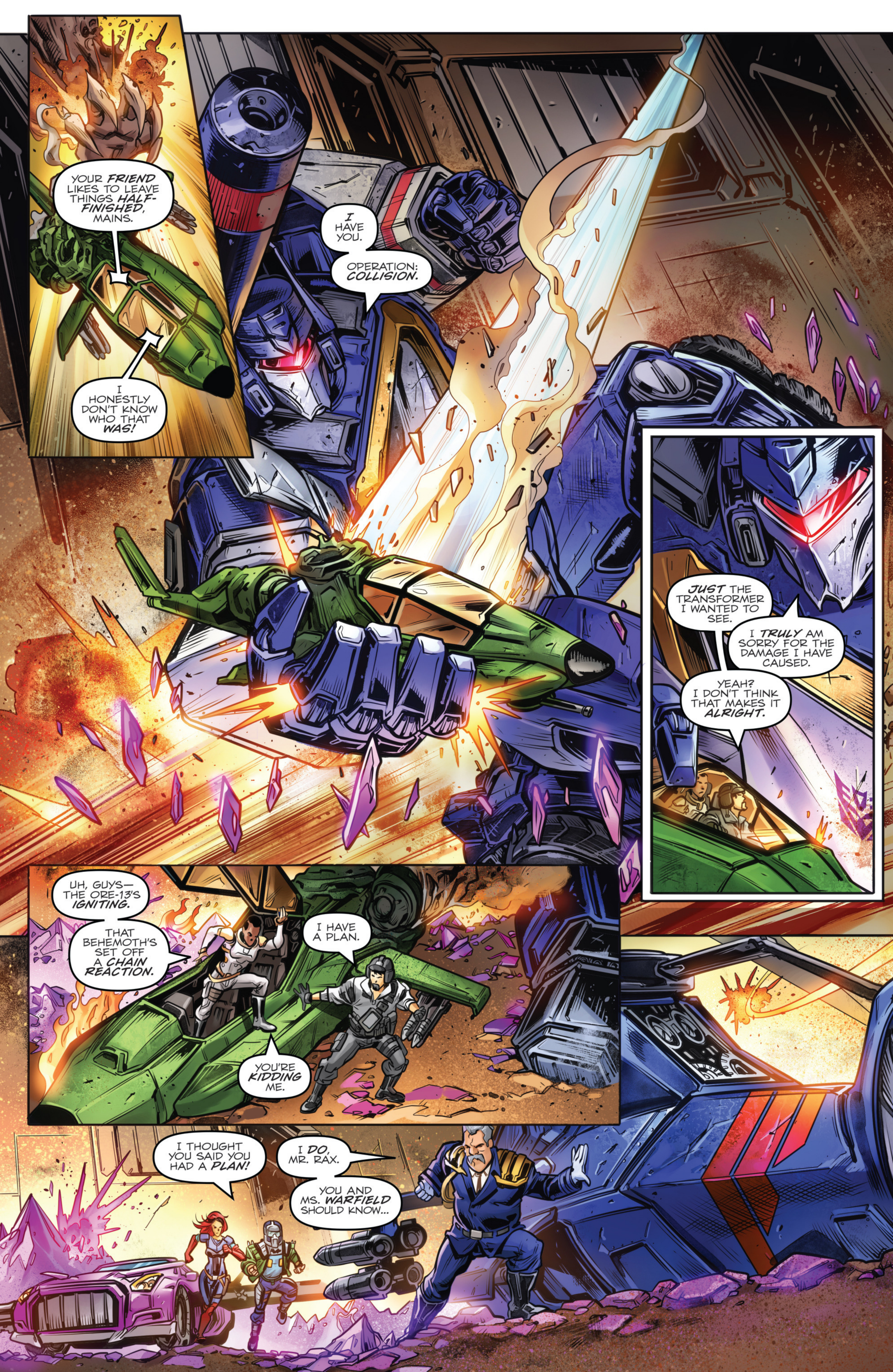

COME WITH ME. *ALL* OF YOU.
HUH.
OPTIMUS—WHAT ARE YOU—?
IF I AM TO BE *SWALLOWED*, LEVIATHAN—
—*INDIGESTION* SHALL BE *YOUR* FATE!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS *PLAN*!
UNHAND MY *ARMOR-BROTHER*!
SLURTCH
*LISTEN* TO ME...
YOU'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE*, PRIME.
HOW CAN A HUMAN *DO* THIS—?
YAAAH!
HUMANS, MICRO-CREATURES, SPACE KNIGHT—*WE* ARE NOT ENEMIES...
WE MUST REALIZE WHAT WE ARE *DOING* TO ONE ANOTHER.
...THAT MEANS *YOU* TOO, HUMAN.
**SLY RAX.** DRIVING **PIRANHA.**

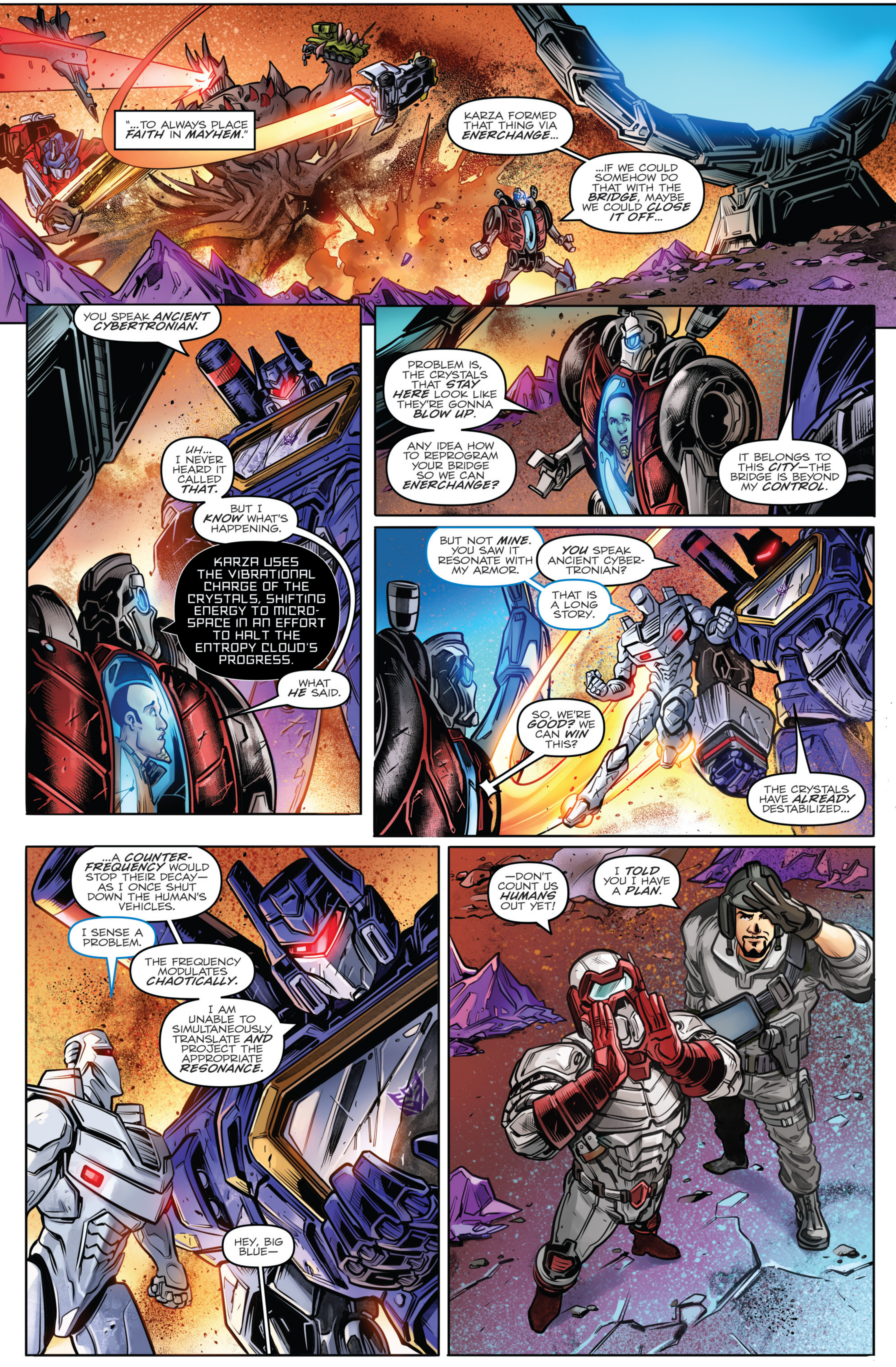

...THAT IS.
WELL, I HEARD HE WAS WITH YOU.
OKAY, PRIME— YOU MAKE A REASONABLE POINT.
FIRST SIGN OF BETRAYAL, WE ANNIHILATE YOU... BUT FOR NOW—
—M.A.S.K., CONCENTRATE FIRE ON THE BIG GUY.
EVERYBODY ELSE, FOLLOW OUR LEAD.
GLORIA BAKER. DRIVING SHARK.
IDIOT SPAWNLINGS— THE FATE OF MY UNIVERSE IS AT STAKE.
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO SIDES WITH—
WHOOOM

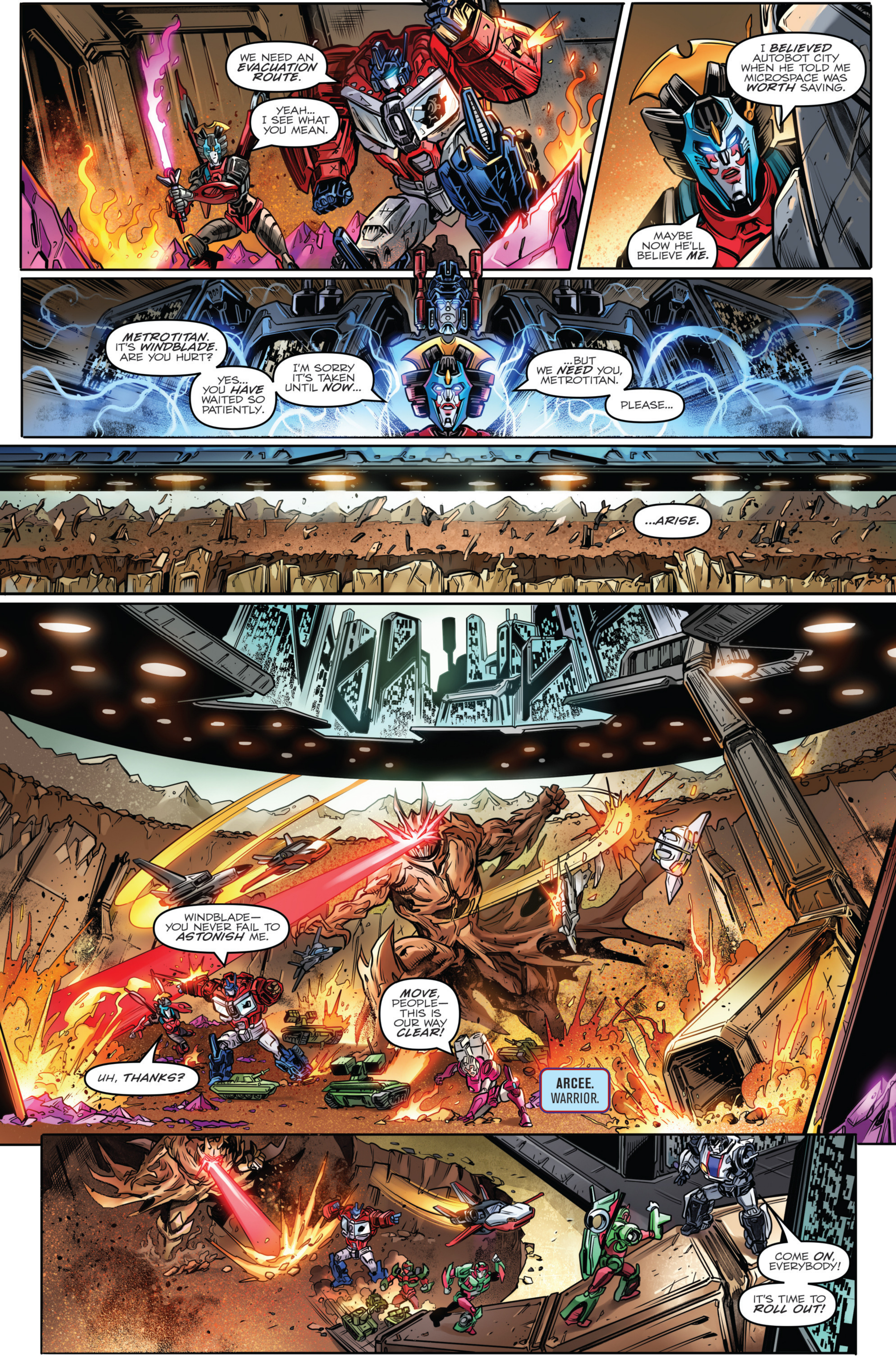

MAYDAY. WARRANT OFFICER.
MAINFRAME COMPUTER SPECIALIST.
YO JOE!
ROCK 'N' ROLL. MACHINE GUNNER.
CAVALRY'S *HERE,* BOYS.
DON'T COUNT YOUR *CHICKENS* YET—
—WE DON'T KNOW WHO'S ON WHOSE SIDE.
WITH RESPECT MA'AM—*I* DO.
THEY'RE ALL OPERATING ON THE SAME *ATTACK VECTOR.*
ROADBLOCK HEAVY MACHINE GUNNER.
SCARLETT. G. I. JOE COMMANDER.
AGENT HELIX. TOTAL BATTLEFIELD AWARENESS.
SO EVERYBODY'S FINALLY ON THE *SAME PAGE.*
*LET'S BLAST THE LIVING HELL OUTTA THAT THING!*
REINFORCEMENTS.
OPERATION: *ADDITION.*
*I'LL* DRAW HIS *FIRE.*
THIS WASN'T THE *PLAN.*

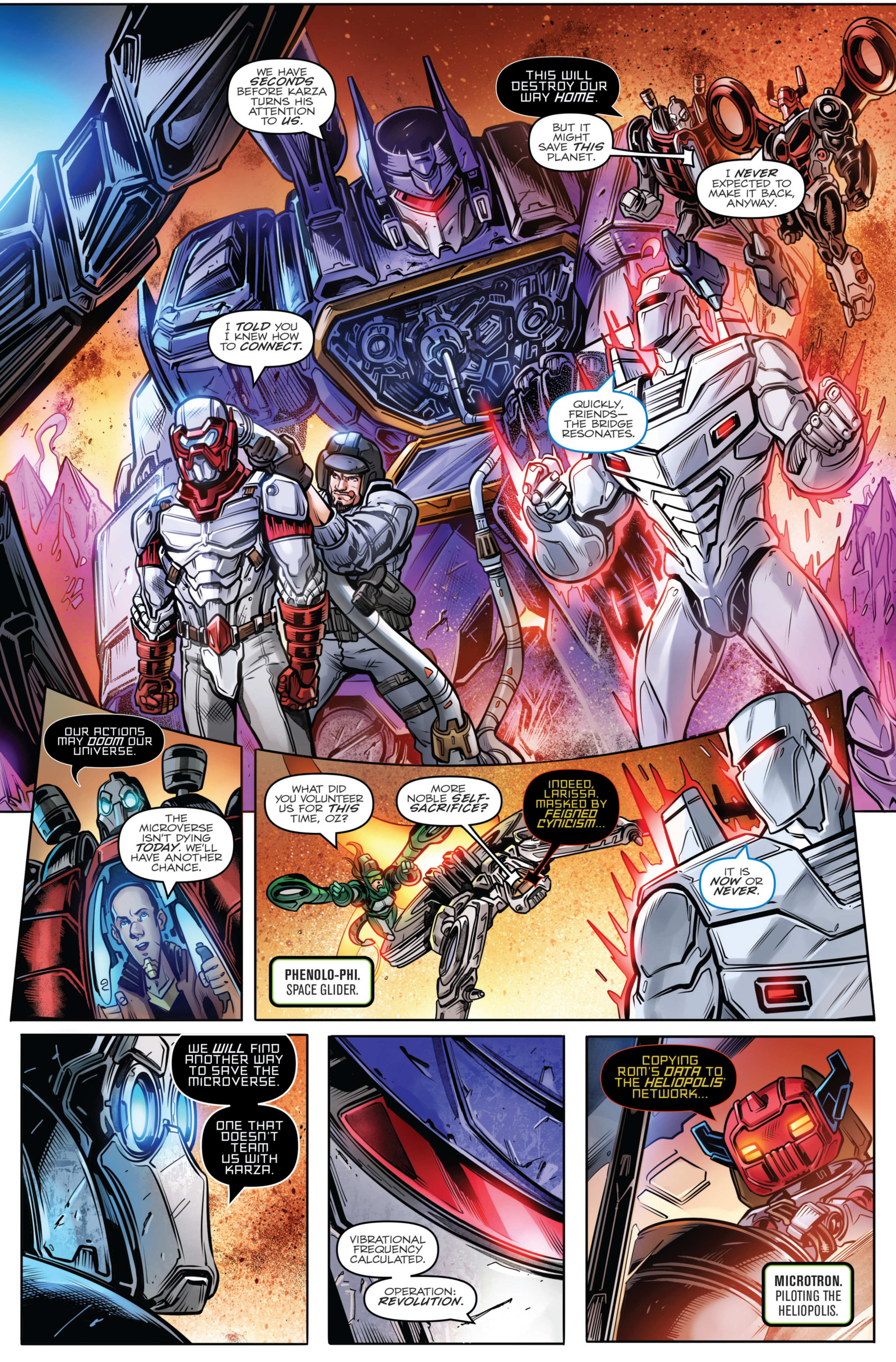

YOU *BETRAYED* ME, MAYHEM—
UNHH!
WHATEVER YOU'RE *SAYING*, MONSTER—
—YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE SENT YOUR *WINGED BEASTS* AWAY!
**VICTORION.** COMBINER.
OH.
YOU'RE *MADE* OF THEM.
A *BIOLOGICAL COMBINER!*
IT TOOK DOWN THE *GIANT CYBERTRONIAN*, BUT MAYBE I CAN—
AIGH!
*TORCHBEARERS*— DISASSEMBLE!
EQUALIZE OUR NUMBERS!
*JAZZ*—THE HUMAN—!
**JAZZ.** WOUNDED HERO.
I *GOT* 'IM.
*UH*... THANKS FOR THE ASSIST.
ANY TIME.
WHAT NOW?
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...
**AILERON.** ANOTHER WOUNDED HERO.

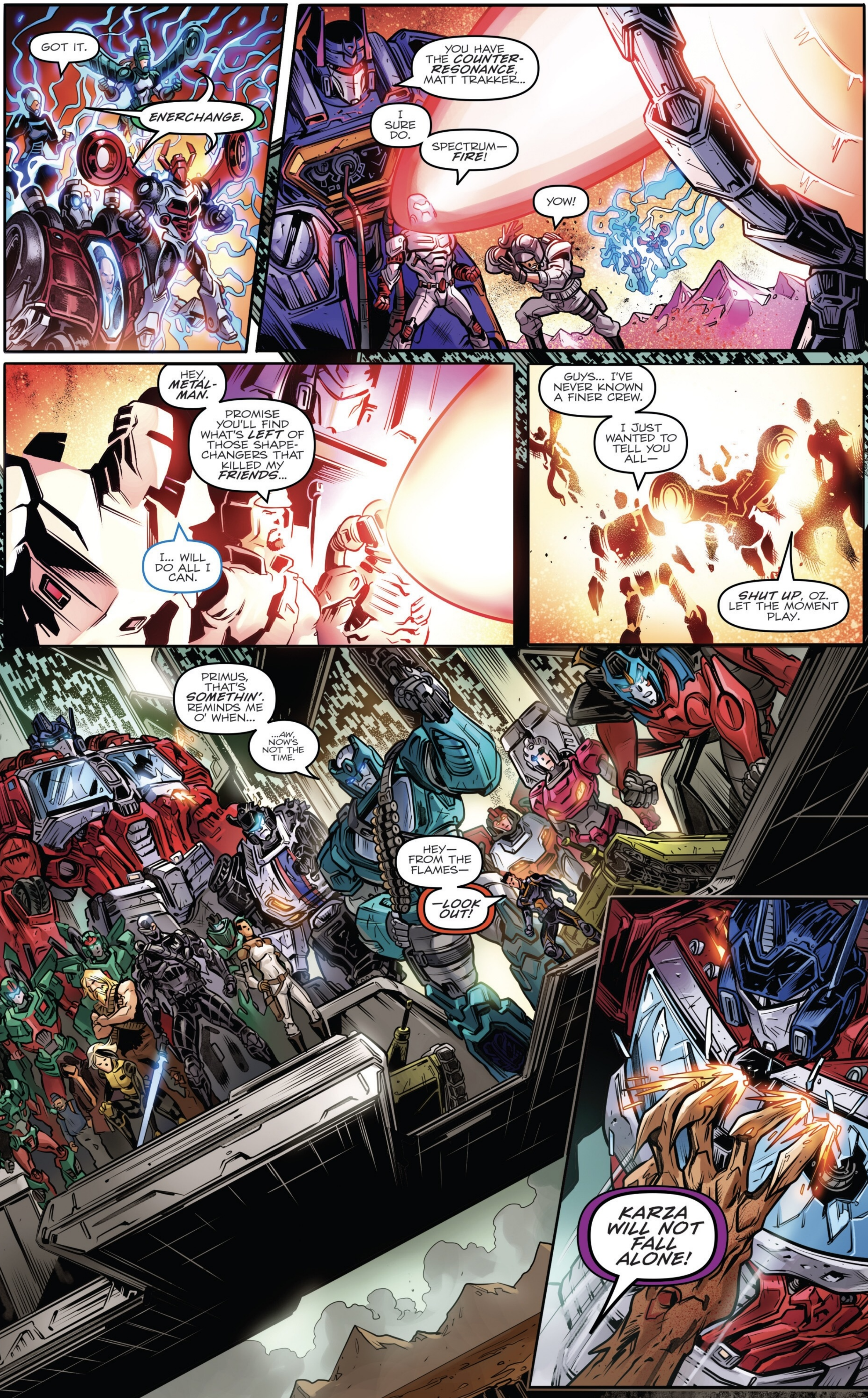

...WE HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT!
GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, MAINFRAME!
OH, HELL— HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
I THINK HE'S GONNA EAT US.
NICE KNOWING YOU, MAYDAY.
COME ON—I WOULDN'T FAIL MY AMERICAN PAL!
AW, GIMME A BREAK!
WE DRIVE THROUGH AN OCEAN*, ACROSS 2000 MILES O' HIGHWAY—
—WE FINALLY GET TO MY HOUSE, AN' IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIGGEST SHOOTOUT THIS SIDE O' VYRGUL VII—
—YOU KNOW A GUY?
KUP. OLD WAR HORSE.
ACTION MAN. TOP BRITISH AGENT.
TO BE FAIR, HE DIDN'T REMEMBER ME WHEN I CALLED HIM...
...BUT HE'LL NEVER FORGET ME NOW.
* SEE ACTION MAN: REVOLUTION.

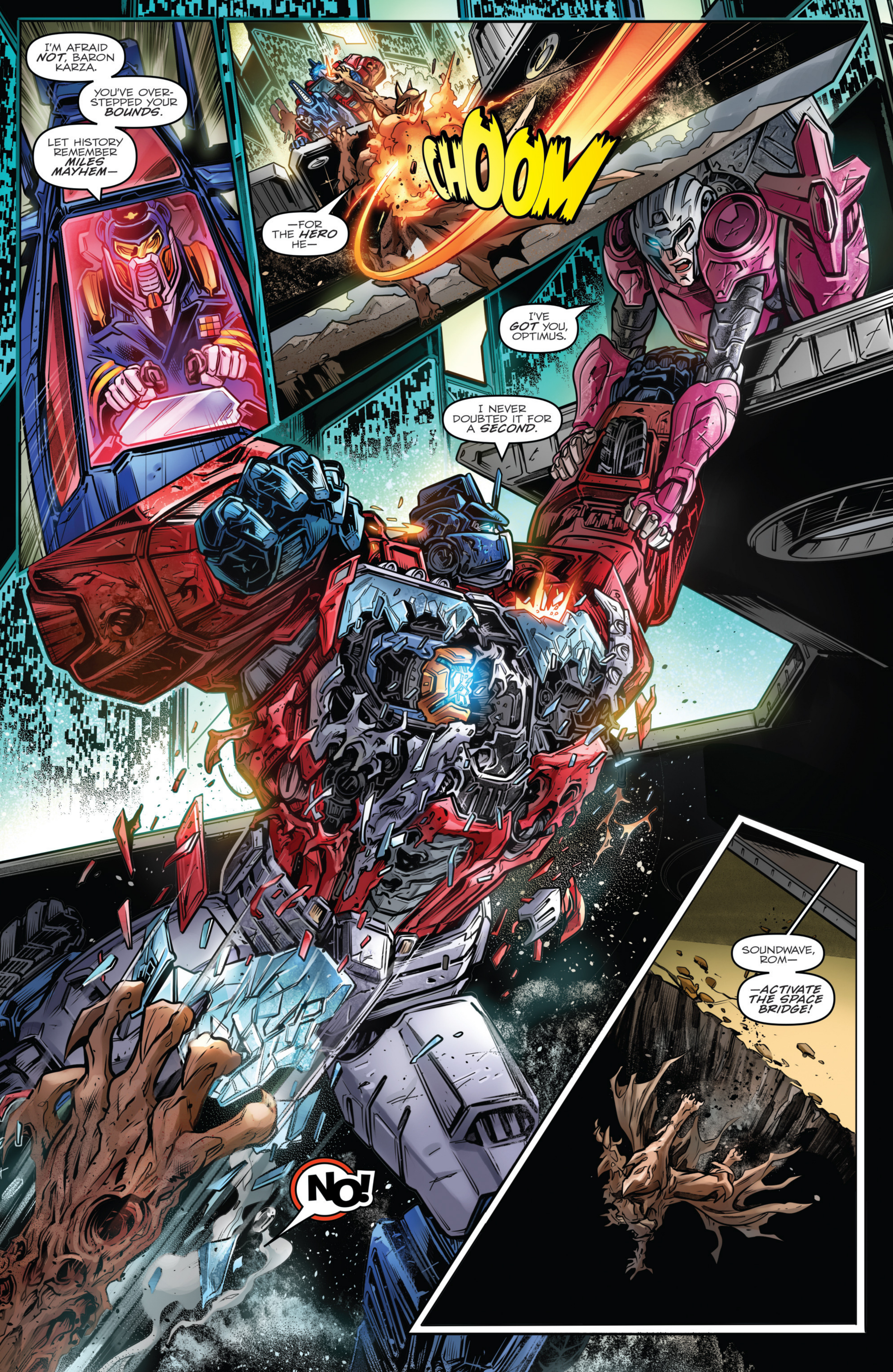

YOUR FRIEND LIKES TO LEAVE THINGS HALF-FINISHED, MAINS.
I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW WHO THAT WAS!
I HAVE YOU.
OPERATION: COLLISION.
JUST THE TRANSFORMER I WANTED TO SEE.
I TRULY AM SORRY FOR THE DAMAGE I HAVE CAUSED.
YEAH? I DON'T THINK THAT MAKES IT ALRIGHT.
UH, GUYS— THE ORE-13'S IGNITING.
THAT BEHEMOTH'S SET OFF A CHAIN REACTION.
I HAVE A PLAN.
YOU'RE KIDDING ME.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD A PLAN!
I DO, MR. RAX.
YOU AND MS. WARFIELD SHOULD KNOW...

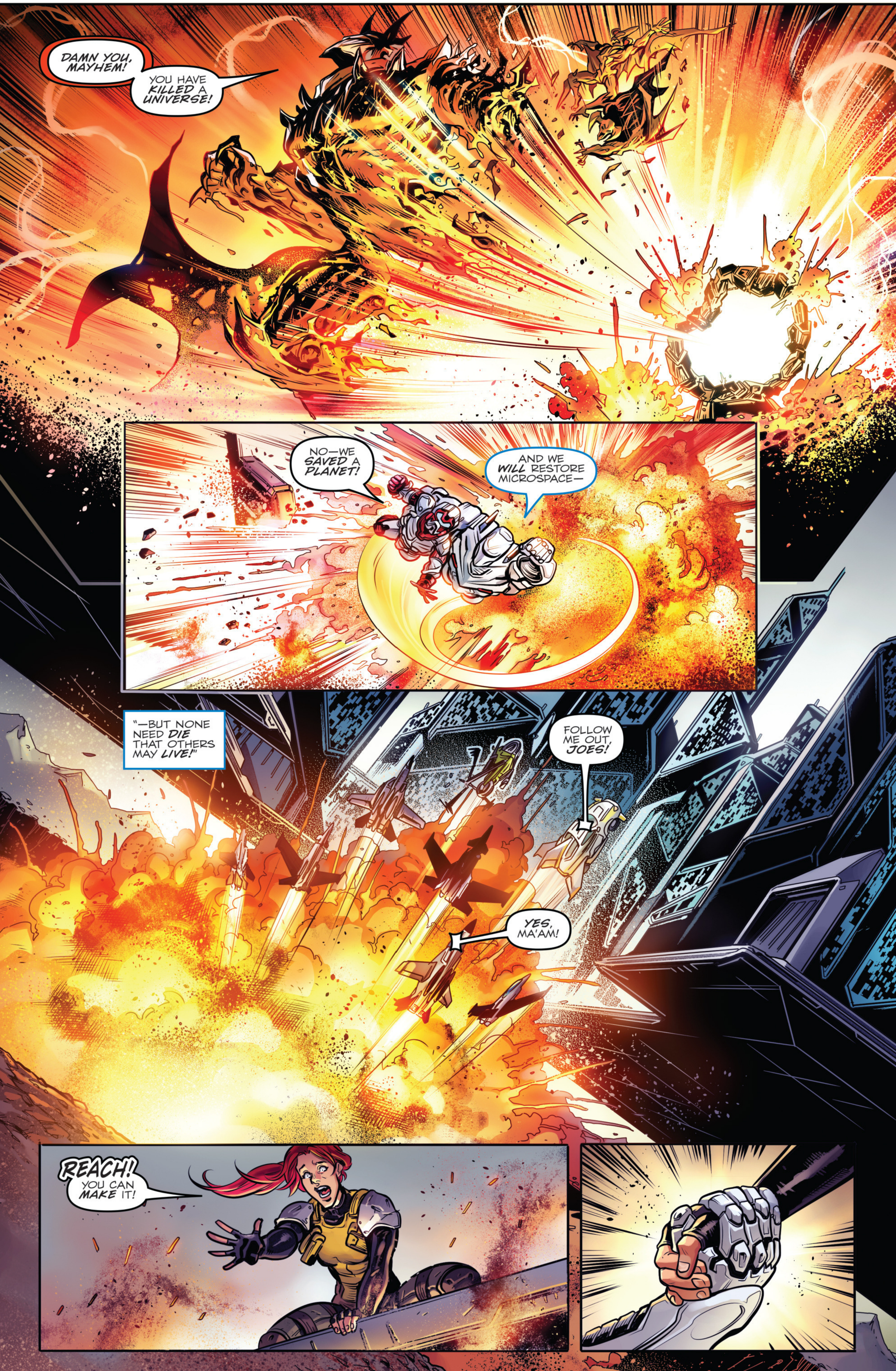

"...TO ALWAYS PLACE *FAITH* IN *MAYHEM*."
KARZA FORMED THAT THING VIA *ENERCHANGE*...
...IF WE COULD SOMEHOW DO THAT WITH THE *BRIDGE*, MAYBE WE COULD *CLOSE IT OFF*...
YOU SPEAK *ANCIENT CYBERTRONIAN*.
*UH*... I NEVER HEARD IT CALLED *THAT*.
BUT I *KNOW* WHAT'S HAPPENING.
KARZA USES THE VIBRATIONAL CHARGE OF THE CRYSTALS, SHIFTING ENERGY TO MICROSPACE IN AN EFFORT TO HALT THE ENTROPY CLOUD'S PROGRESS.
WHAT *HE* SAID.
PROBLEM IS, THE CRYSTALS THAT *STAY HERE* LOOK LIKE THEY'RE GONNA *BLOW UP*.
ANY IDEA HOW TO REPROGRAM YOUR BRIDGE SO WE CAN *ENERCHANGE?*
IT BELONGS TO THIS *CITY*—THE BRIDGE IS BEYOND MY *CONTROL*.
BUT NOT *MINE*. YOU SAW IT RESONATE WITH MY ARMOR.
*YOU* SPEAK ANCIENT CYBERTRONIAN?
THAT IS A LONG STORY.
SO, WE'RE *GOOD?* WE CAN *WIN* THIS?
THE CRYSTALS HAVE *ALREADY* DESTABILIZED...
...A *COUNTER-FREQUENCY* WOULD STOP THEIR DECAY—AS I ONCE SHUT DOWN THE HUMAN'S VEHICLES.
I SENSE A PROBLEM.
THE FREQUENCY MODULATES *CHAOTICALLY*.
I AM UNABLE TO SIMULTANEOUSLY TRANSLATE *AND* PROJECT THE APPROPRIATE *RESONANCE*.
HEY, BIG BLUE—
—DON'T COUNT US *HUMANS* OUT YET!
I *TOLD* YOU I HAVE A *PLAN*.

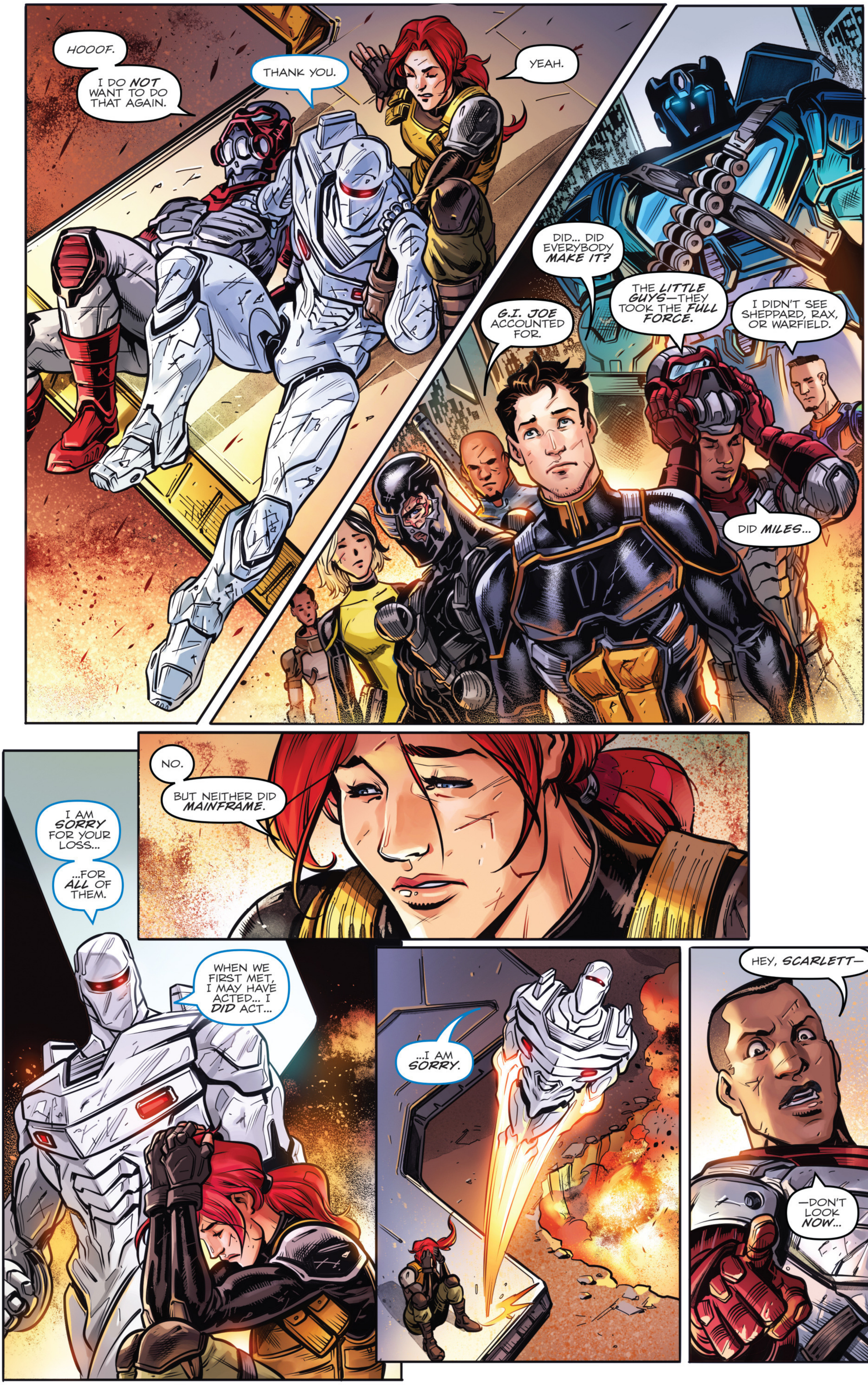

WE NEED AN *EVACUATION ROUTE*.
YEAH... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.
I *BELIEVED* AUTOBOT CITY WHEN HE TOLD ME MICROSPACE WAS *WORTH* SAVING.
MAYBE NOW HE'LL BELIEVE *ME*.
*METROTITAN*. IT'S *WINDBLADE*. ARE YOU HURT?
YES... YOU *HAVE* WAITED SO PATIENTLY.
I'M SORRY IT'S TAKEN UNTIL *NOW*...
...BUT WE *NEED* YOU, METROTITAN.
PLEASE...
*...ARISE.*
WINDBLADE— YOU NEVER FAIL TO *ASTONISH* ME.
UH, *THANKS?*
*MOVE*, PEOPLE— THIS IS OUR WAY *CLEAR!*
**ARCEE.** WARRIOR.
COME *ON*, EVERYBODY!
IT'S TIME TO *ROLL OUT!*

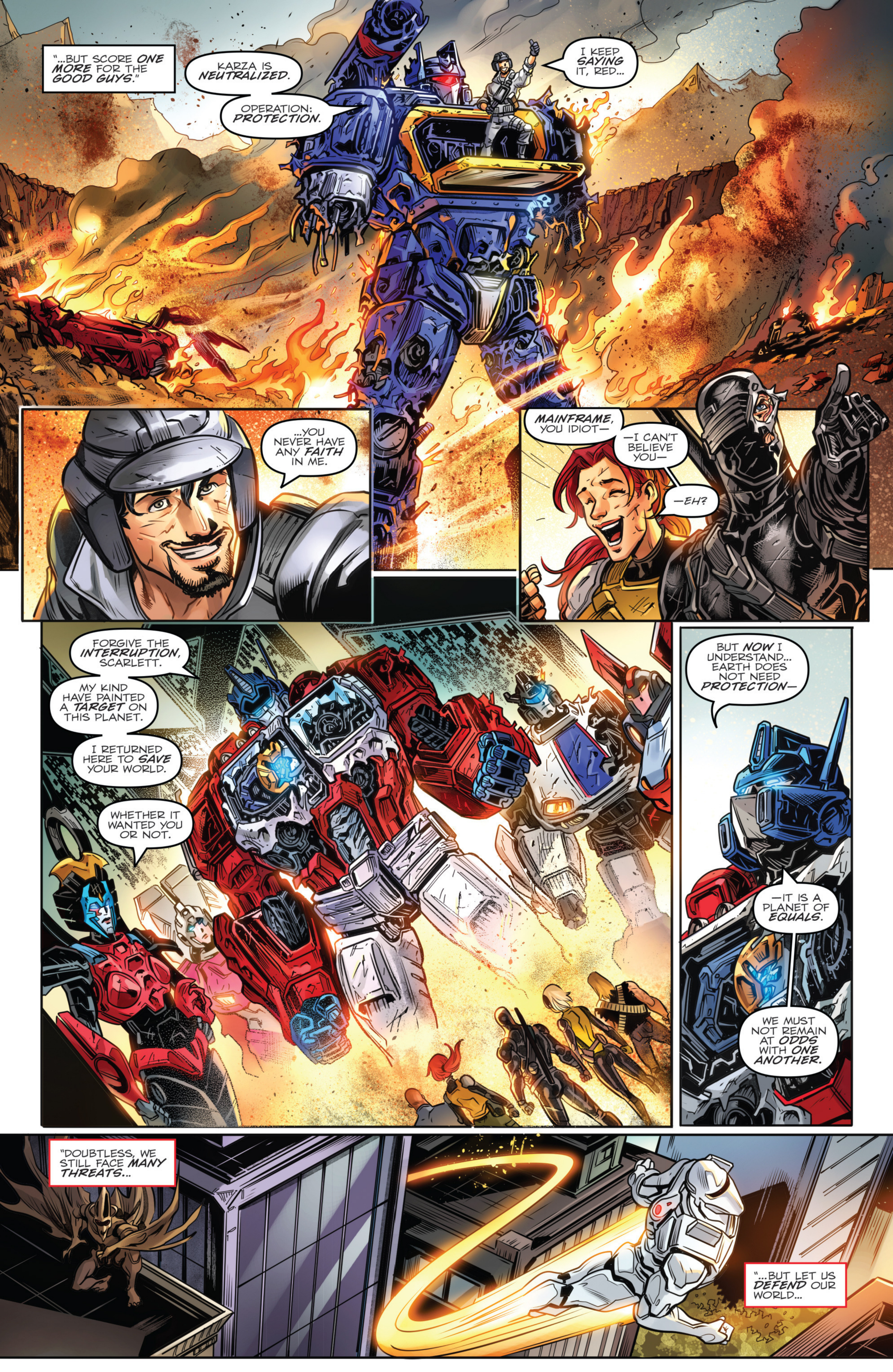

WE HAVE *SECONDS* BEFORE KARZA TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO *US*.
THIS WILL DESTROY OUR WAY *HOME*.
BUT IT MIGHT SAVE *THIS* PLANET.
I *NEVER* EXPECTED TO MAKE IT BACK, ANYWAY.
I *TOLD* YOU I KNEW HOW TO *CONNECT*.
QUICKLY, FRIENDS— THE BRIDGE RESONATES.
OUR ACTIONS MAY *DOOM* OUR UNIVERSE.
THE MICROVERSE ISN'T DYING *TODAY*. WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE.
WHAT DID YOU VOLUNTEER US FOR *THIS* TIME, OZ?
MORE NOBLE *SELF-SACRIFICE?*
INDEED, LARISSA, MASKED BY *FEIGNED CYNICISM*...
IT IS *NOW* OR *NEVER*.
**PHENOLO-PHI.** SPACE GLIDER.
WE *WILL* FIND ANOTHER WAY TO SAVE THE MICROVERSE.
ONE THAT DOESN'T TEAM US WITH KARZA.
VIBRATIONAL FREQUENCY CALCULATED.
OPERATION: *REVOLUTION*.
COPYING ROM'S *DATA* TO THE *HELIOPOLIS'* NETWORK...
**MICROTRON.** PILOTING THE HELIOPOLIS.

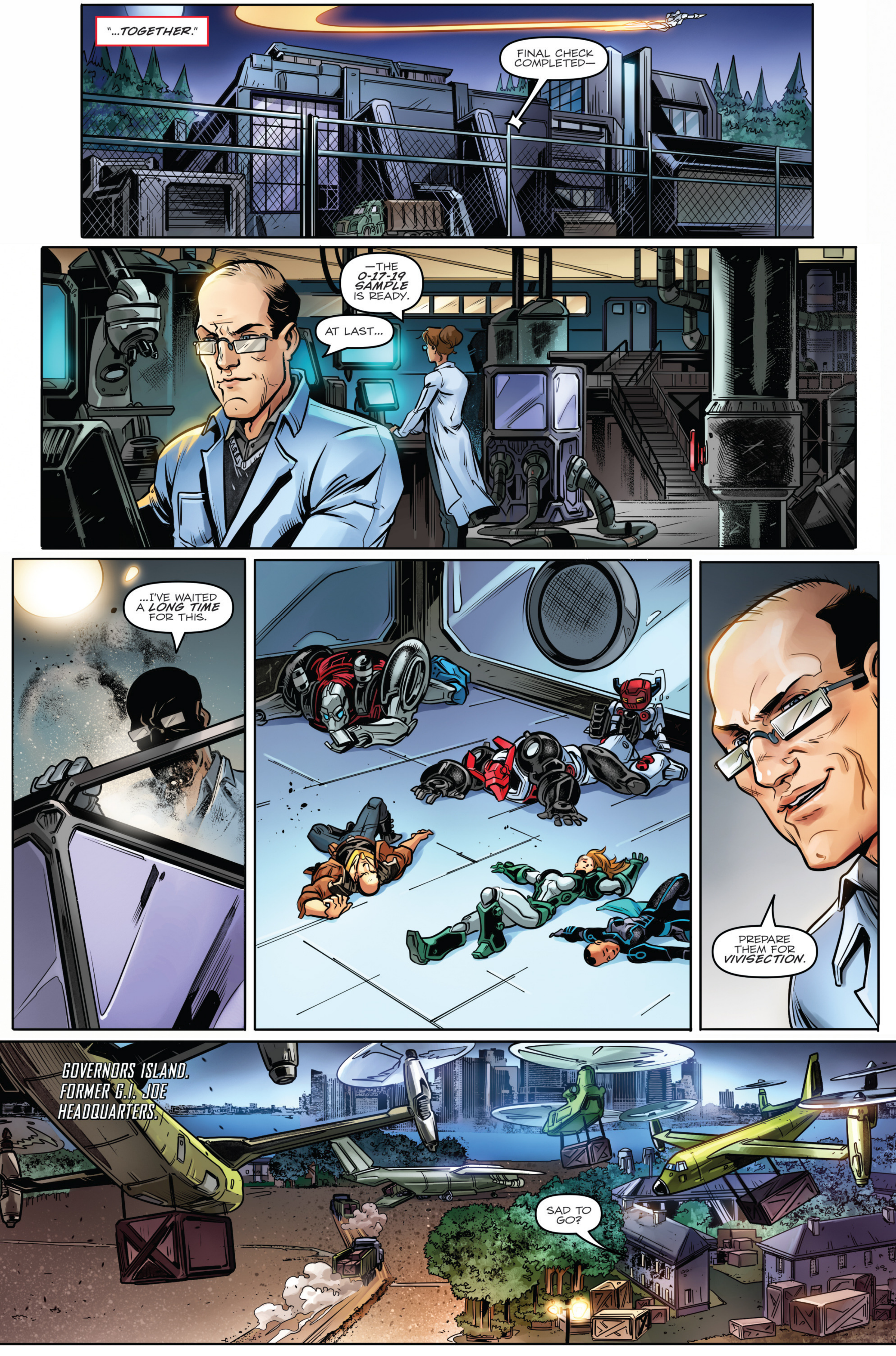

GOT IT.
ENERCHANGE.
YOU HAVE THE COUNTER-RESONANCE, MATT TRAKKER...
I SURE DO.
SPECTRUM—FIRE!
YOW!
HEY, METAL-MAN.
PROMISE YOU'LL FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF THOSE SHAPE-CHANGERS THAT KILLED MY FRIENDS...
I... WILL DO ALL I CAN.
GUYS... I'VE NEVER KNOWN A FINER CREW.
I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU ALL—
SHUT UP, OZ. LET THE MOMENT PLAY.
PRIMUS, THAT'S SOMETHIN'. REMINDS ME O' WHEN...
...AW, NOW'S NOT THE TIME.
HEY—FROM THE FLAMES—
—LOOK OUT!
KARZA WILL NOT FALL ALONE!

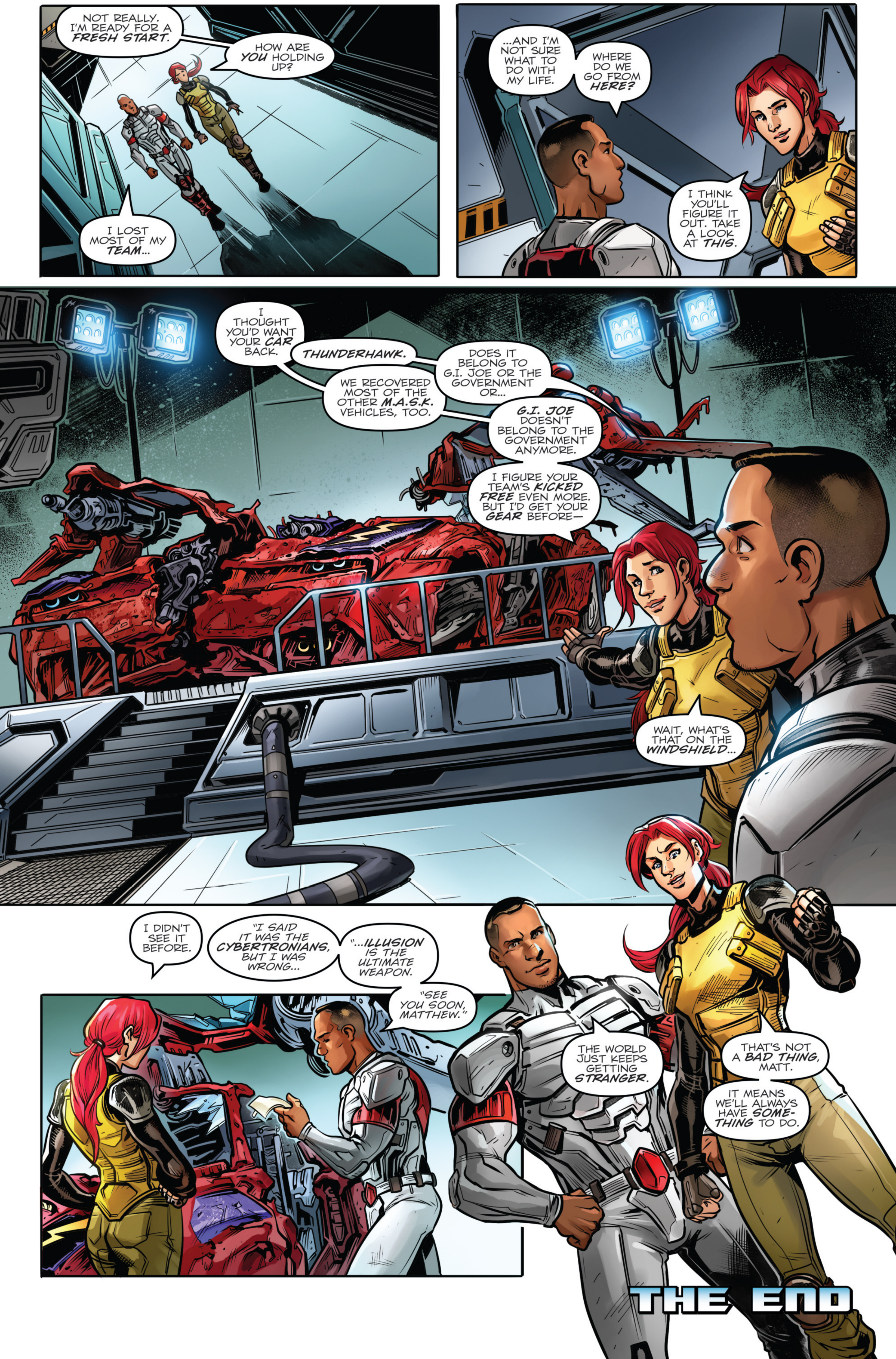

I'M AFRAID *NOT*, BARON KARZA.
YOU'VE OVER-STEPPED YOUR *BOUNDS*.
LET HISTORY REMEMBER *MILES MAYHEM*—
CHOOM
—FOR THE *HERO* HE—
I'VE *GOT* YOU, OPTIMUS.
I NEVER DOUBTED IT FOR A *SECOND*.
NO!
SOUNDWAVE, ROM—
*—ACTIVATE THE SPACE BRIDGE!*


DAMN YOU, MAYHEM!
YOU HAVE KILLED A UNIVERSE!
NO—WE SAVED A PLANET!
AND WE WILL RESTORE MICROSPACE—
"—BUT NONE NEED DIE THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE!"
FOLLOW ME OUT, JOES!
YES, MA'AM!
REACH! YOU CAN MAKE IT!


HOOOF.
I DO NOT WANT TO DO THAT AGAIN.
THANK YOU.
YEAH.
DID... DID EVERYBODY MAKE IT?
THE LITTLE GUYS—THEY TOOK THE FULL FORCE.
I DIDN'T SEE SHEPPARD, RAX, OR WARFIELD.
G.I. JOE ACCOUNTED FOR.
DID MILES...
NO.
BUT NEITHER DID MAINFRAME.
I AM SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS...
...FOR ALL OF THEM.
WHEN WE FIRST MET, I MAY HAVE ACTED... I DID ACT...
...I AM SORRY.
HEY, SCARLETT—
—DON'T LOOK NOW...


"...BUT SCORE *ONE MORE* FOR THE *GOOD GUYS*."
KARZA IS *NEUTRALIZED*.
OPERATION: *PROTECTION*.
I KEEP *SAYING* IT, RED...
...YOU NEVER HAVE ANY *FAITH* IN ME.
*MAINFRAME*, YOU IDIOT—
—I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU—
—EH?
FORGIVE THE *INTERRUPTION*, SCARLETT.
MY KIND HAVE PAINTED A *TARGET* ON THIS PLANET.
I RETURNED HERE TO *SAVE* YOUR WORLD.
WHETHER IT WANTED YOU OR NOT.
BUT *NOW* I UNDERSTAND... EARTH DOES NOT NEED *PROTECTION*—
—IT IS A PLANET OF *EQUALS*.
WE MUST NOT REMAIN AT *ODDS* WITH *ONE ANOTHER*.
"DOUBTLESS, WE STILL FACE *MANY THREATS*...
"...BUT LET US *DEFEND* OUR WORLD...


"...TOGETHER."
FINAL CHECK COMPLETED—
—THE 0-17-19 SAMPLE IS READY.
AT LAST...
...I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS.
PREPARE THEM FOR VIVISECTION.
GOVERNORS ISLAND. FORMER G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS.
SAD TO GO?


NOT REALLY. I'M READY FOR A *FRESH START*.
HOW ARE *YOU* HOLDING UP?
I LOST MOST OF MY *TEAM*...
...AND I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE.
WHERE DO WE GO FROM *HERE?*
I THINK YOU'LL FIGURE IT OUT. TAKE A LOOK AT *THIS*.
I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT YOUR *CAR* BACK.
*THUNDERHAWK*.
WE RECOVERED MOST OF THE OTHER *M.A.S.K.* VEHICLES, TOO.
DOES IT BELONG TO G.I. JOE OR THE GOVERNMENT OR...
*G.I. JOE* DOESN'T BELONG TO THE GOVERNMENT ANYMORE.
I FIGURE YOUR TEAM'S *KICKED FREE* EVEN MORE. BUT I'D GET YOUR *GEAR* BEFORE—
WAIT, WHAT'S THAT ON THE *WINDSHIELD*...
I DIDN'T SEE IT BEFORE.
"I SAID IT WAS THE *CYBERTRONIANS*, BUT I WAS WRONG...
"...*ILLUSION* IS THE ULTIMATE WEAPON.
"SEE YOU SOON, MATTHEW."
THE WORLD JUST KEEPS GETTING *STRANGER*.
THAT'S NOT A *BAD THING*, MATT.
IT MEANS WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE *SOMETHING* TO DO.
THE END

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# OPTIMUS PRIME

**Real name:** Orion Pax
**Occupation:** Autobot leader
**Legal status:** Citizen of Cybertron
**Place of birth:** Iacon, Cybertron
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None
**Group affiliation:** Autobot, one of the Thirteen Primes
**Current base of operations:** Autobot City, Earth.
**First appearance (historical):** *Transformers* (1984) #1
**First appearance (this continuity):** *Transformers: Infiltration* #6

**History:** After graduating from the Institute for Higher Programming and the Academy of Science and Technology, Orion Pax of Iacon became a police officer in the city-state of Rodion. There he learned of a miner named Megatron who, having been arrested, wrote a treatise on non-violent resistance. This led Orion to consider the poor treatment of many Cybertronians due to mode-based classism.

After decrying the Cybertronian Senate's corruption, Orion was befriended by Senator Shockwave, who (after Orion was injured) had a cavity built into his body—designed to hold the legendary Matrix of Leadership, held by the rulers of Cybertron, the Primes. But when Nominus Prime died, Orion learned it was murder—at the hands of the Senate, who replaced the Matrix with a bomb—all in an effort to blame Decepticons for the destruction. Orion helped remove the bomb—learning in the process that the "actual" Matrix was a fake, as well—but Shockwave was captured by the Senate and had his hands, face, and emotions removed.

Losing his ally and on the run from the Senate, Orion befriended one of Shockwave's allies, Zeta. After Megatron (now no longer preaching non-violence) and his Decepticons killed the corrupt Senate and the authoritarian Sentinel Prime, Zeta was named Prime and Orion aided him, believing Zeta to be a force for progressive change. Unfortunately, Zeta proved as evil and dangerous as his predecessors.

Orion forged an alliance with Megatron to overthrow Zeta. But after killing Zeta, Megatron turned on Orion and blasted him with a fusion cannon. Left for dead, Orion discovered—or was discovered by—the actual Matrix of Leadership, which re-energized him. Orion took the name Optimus Prime.

All-out war erupted between Optimus' Autobots and Megatron's Decepticons. The conflict spread across the galaxy, and much of Cybertron's population fled the war, even before Cybertron itself was rendered uninhabitable.

Eventually, the war came to a head on Earth, as the Decepticons launched an all-or-nothing blitzkrieg against the Autobots—and lost, leaving the Earth devastated. Megatron returned to Cybertron, seemingly dying a hero as he and Optimus defeated an other-dimensional menace. In the process, the Matrix was broken in half—and Cybertron was reborn. Cybertronian civilians returned—and saw Optimus as a war leader, whose ways had destroyed their planet. Optimus gave up the name Prime—returning to Orion Pax—and traveled through space, tracking the movements of his old friend, Shockwave, who he realized was instigating a mad scheme that would cause the end of all space and time.

With Megatron back from the "dead," he and Orion joined forces and defeated Shockwave. Orion once again became Optimus Prime—and Megatron joined the Autobots. Optimus traveled back to Earth, seeking his mentor Alpha Trion—rescuing him from humans who had allied themselves with a new Decepticon army led by Galvatron and Soundwave.

Meanwhile, Cybertron made contact with several long-lost colony worlds—and the population of many viewed Optimus as the mysterious Thirteenth Prime—called "The Arisen" in some traditions—who was one of the original Primes, from whom the corrupt lineage of more recent history had taken their names. Optimus denied this, but seeing Earth threatened by Galvatron, he began to lean on others' faith, gaining followers as he annexed Earth into Cybertron's Council of Worlds for, he said, Earth's ultimate protection.

This action was controversial on Earth and Cybertron—but the latter sided with Optimus when he unexpectedly raised a Titan—a massive, city-sized Cybertronian—from the surface of the Earth. It was reasoned that only a true Prime could perform such an act. Forging an unwilling alliance with Soundwave—who Optimus knows is responsible for the murder of a Decepticon—Optimus and his forces killed Galvatron and fought off a resurrected Sentinel Prime, clearing the deck to concentrate on bringing Earth into the cosmic community—or so Optimus hoped.

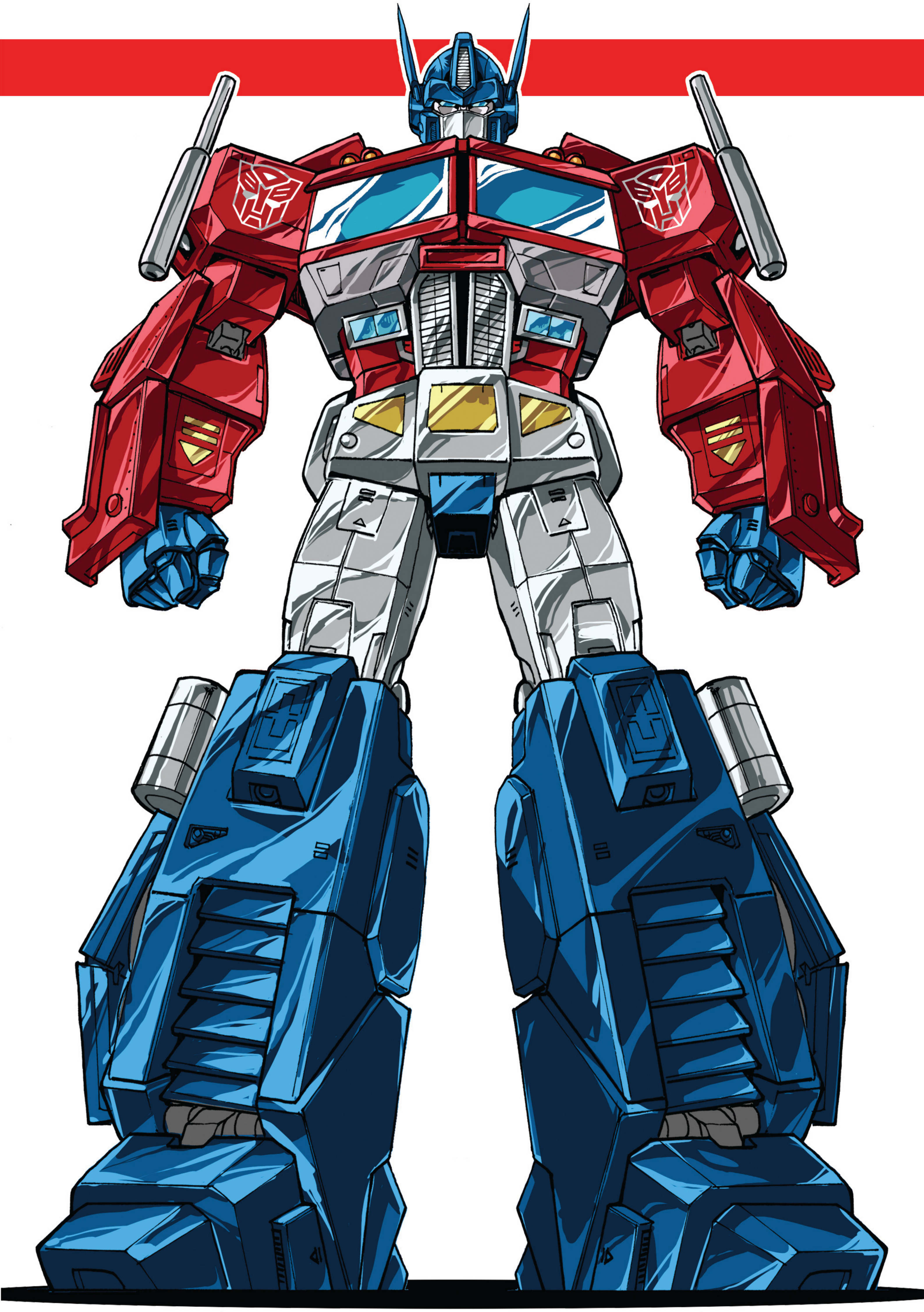
**Height:** 38'
**Weight:** 22 tons
**Eyes:** Blue
**Hair:** None

**Strength level:** Optimus Prime possesses extremely high levels of strength and endurance compared to other Cybertronians of his stature.

**Unusual powers:** Like all Cybertronians, Optimus Prime is able to change modes, usually into a truck. Thanks to Shockwave's actions, he has a chest cavity that currently holds half of the seemingly-inactive Matrix of Leadership, though the Matrix mysteriously glowed on the colony of Caminus, helping galvanize its people to his side.

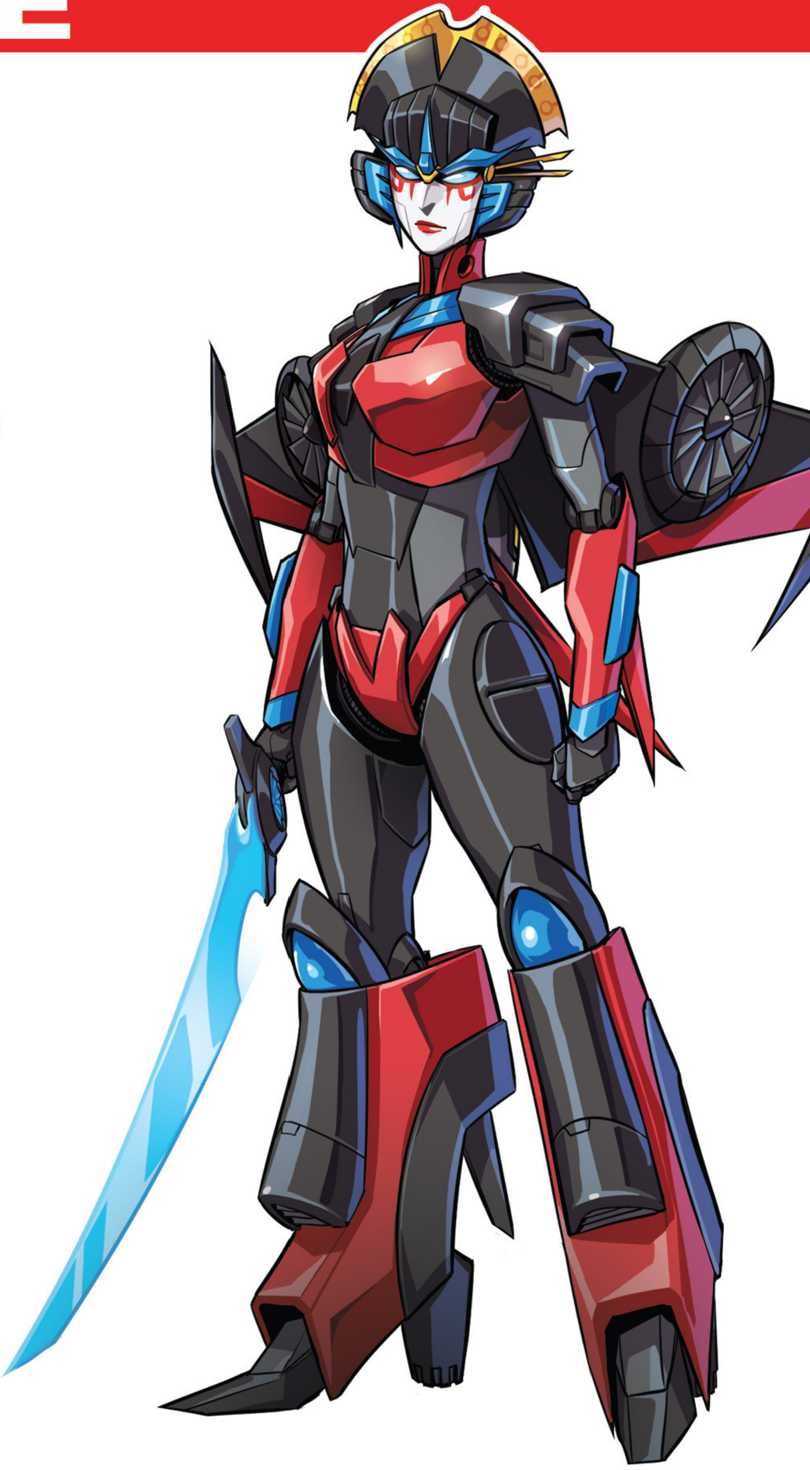
**Weapons:** Optimus Prime is very well-versed in Cybertronian weaponry, usually carrying an ion blaster. He has also been known to use melee energy weapons in close-quarters combat.

Text: **John Barber** • Art: **Guido Guidi**



# WINDBLADE

**Real name:** Windblade
**Occupation:** CitySpeaker / Ambassador
**Legal status:** Citizen of Caminus
**Place of birth:** Cybertronian colony Caminus
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None
**Group affiliation:** Council of Worlds, CitySpeakers
**Current base of operations:** New Iacon, Cybertron
**First appearance (historical):** *More Than Meets The Eye* #26
**First appearance (this continuity):** *More Than Meets The Eye* #26



**History:** It's not Windblade's skill with a sword or her amazing flight that makes her stand out from the crowd, it's her ability to inspire, negotiate, and lead. In a world nearly destroyed by war, Windblade knows the hardest thing to win is peace.

An ambassador from the lost colony of Caminus, Windblade set off to rediscover her people's planet of origin, Cybertron, in hopes of getting aid back to her home planet. She believed that Cybertron would be a grand utopia that could help her struggling and resource-deprived world. But Windblade discovered a Cybertron that had barely recovering from its bloody civil war and was under the rule of the cruel and manipulative Starscream.

She also found the badly damaged titan, Metroplex, who was in dire need of her help. Windblade is a CitySpeaker, a type of Camien trained to aid and repair titans (who her people see as sacred) and Windblade dedicated herself to not only helping Cybertron and Caminus forge an alliance, but to also help Metroplex heal from the terrible events of *Dark Cybertron.*

Aiding three worlds and a living city has been tremendously difficult, but if anyone can do it, it's fiercely optimistic Windblade. She's supported by her best friend and bodyguard, Chromia. With Chromia's help, Windblade managed to thwart Starscream's attempts at imperial expansion, stop the near-apocalyptic *Combiner Wars* and form the Council of Worlds, a joint government made up of Cybertron and several of its lost colonies.

But when Starscream rules your planet, nothing is simple. Windblade has had to make hard choices and the manipulative Starscream has, more than once, forced her to compromise her own morality in order to hold onto Cybertron's fragile peace. But she's also gained powerful allies in the form of Ironhide, Blurr, Optimus Prime, Obsidian, and Metroplex. In her deadly dance with Starscream, Windblade has proven time and time again that unity is greater than division, that forgiveness is stronger than vengeance and that evil only triumphs if good Bots do nothing.

**Height:** 33'
**Weight:** 8 tons
**Eyes:** Blue
**Hair:** None

**Strength level:** Windblade possesses average strength and endurance compared to other Cybertronians of her stature, but above-average fighting ability and superior diplomatic skill.

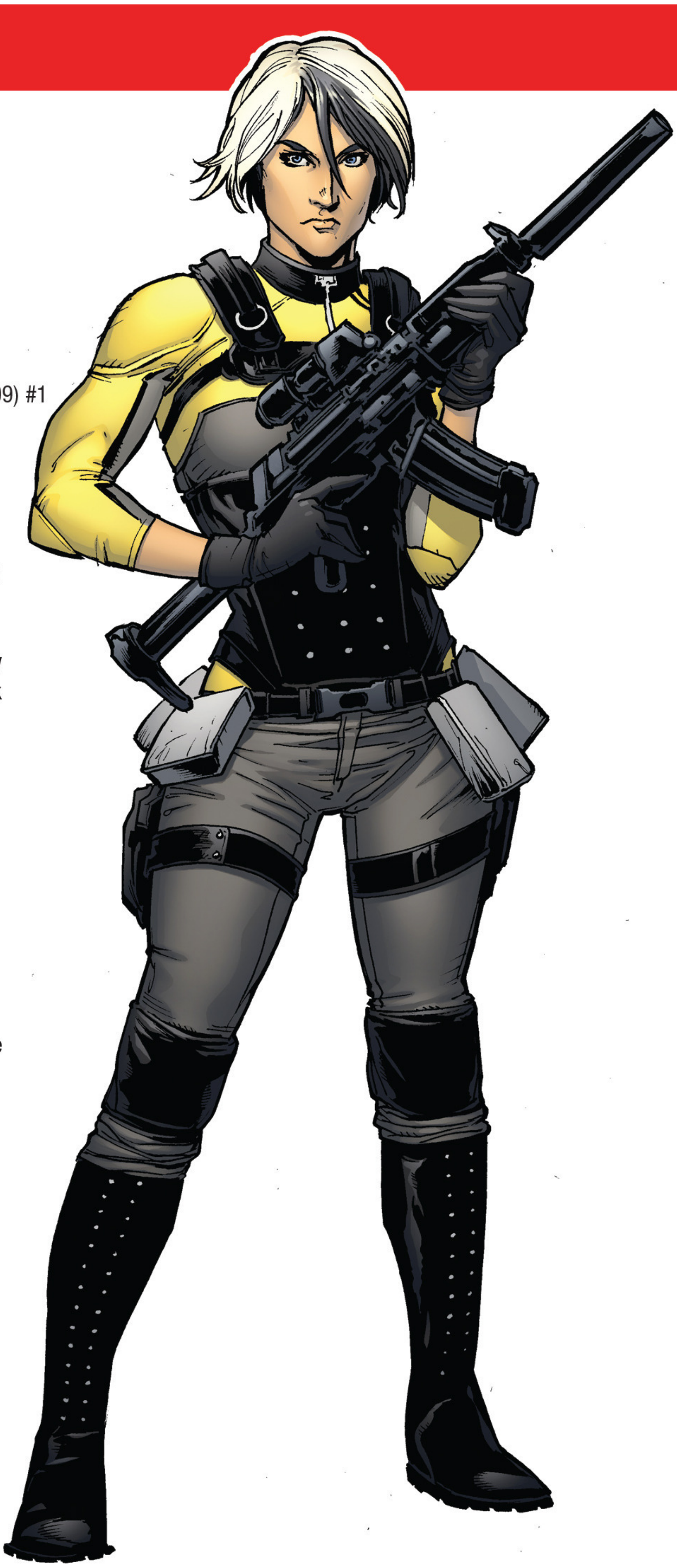
**Unusual powers:** Windblade is a CitySpeaker–a Cybertronian trained to read, and connect with, the minds of the massive city-sized Transformers called Titans. While strong on her own, when Windblade can connect with a titan, she is a nearly unstoppable force.

**Weapons:** A highly regarded swordswoman, Windblade (like most Camiens) prefers melee weapons to long-ranged weapons or blasters.

Text: **Mairghread Scott** • Art: **Sara Pitre-Durocher**

# HELIX

**Real name:** Classified
**Occupation:** Alpha Level G.I. Joe operative
**Legal status:** Citizen of the United States of America
**Place of birth:** Classified
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** Classified
**Group affiliation:** G.I. Joe
**Current base of operations:** Governor's Island
**First appearance (historical):** *G.I. Joe: Rise of Cobra: Helix Special* (2009) #1
**First appearance (this continuity):** *G.I. Joe: Rise of Cobra: Helix Special* (2009) #1



**History:** Unlike the rest of the G.I. Joe team, Helix is not and has never been a member of the military. She is a civilian, brought into the organization by General Hawk, who has kept the vast majority of her past and background under lock and key.

Helix was specifically targeted and recruited by Hawk due to a rare ability known as "Total Organic Battlefield Awareness," which allows her to look at combat situations with an uncanny clarity of vision.

Though the specifics of her background remain classified, it is clear that Helix's life prior to joining G.I. Joe was a fascinating one. We can make this assumption based on her Olympic-level gymnastic ability, as well as her mastery of multiple martial arts. But while in any other combatant, these skills would take years, decades even to hone, Helix's T.O.B.A. means that she could have very well achieved her profound level of expertise in a matter of weeks.

Initially, her G.I. Joe teammates kept Helix at a remove, due not only to her impressive, disconcerting abilities, but also to the fact that she, unlike them, was a civilian. Over time, however, and after numerous exemplary performances in the field, Helix was welcomed into the G.I. Joe team as an indispensable asset.

**Height:** 5'7"
**Weight:** 135 lbs
**Eyes:** Blue
**Hair:** Black with blonde streaks

**Strength level:** Helix possesses the strength and endurance of an adult woman who engages in regular, intensive exercise and personal training.

**Unusual powers:** Helix is unique among all of the members of G.I. Joe due to her "Total Organic Battlefield Awareness." This peculiar skill manifests itself in Helix's ability to read situations as data sets and instantly analyze them, giving her a perpetual upper hand in any combat situation. Not only can she use her T.O.B.A. to make flawless tactical decisions, but it has also rendered her able to pick up and master various martial arts styles in shockingly short amounts of time.

**Weapons:** While Helix's most impressive combat abilities center around her T.O.B.A. and mastery of multiple martial arts, she is also proficient in handguns, specifically her dual 10mm autopistols.

Text: **Aubrey Sitterson** • Art: **Robert Atkins** & **Simon Gough**

# PHENOLO-PHI

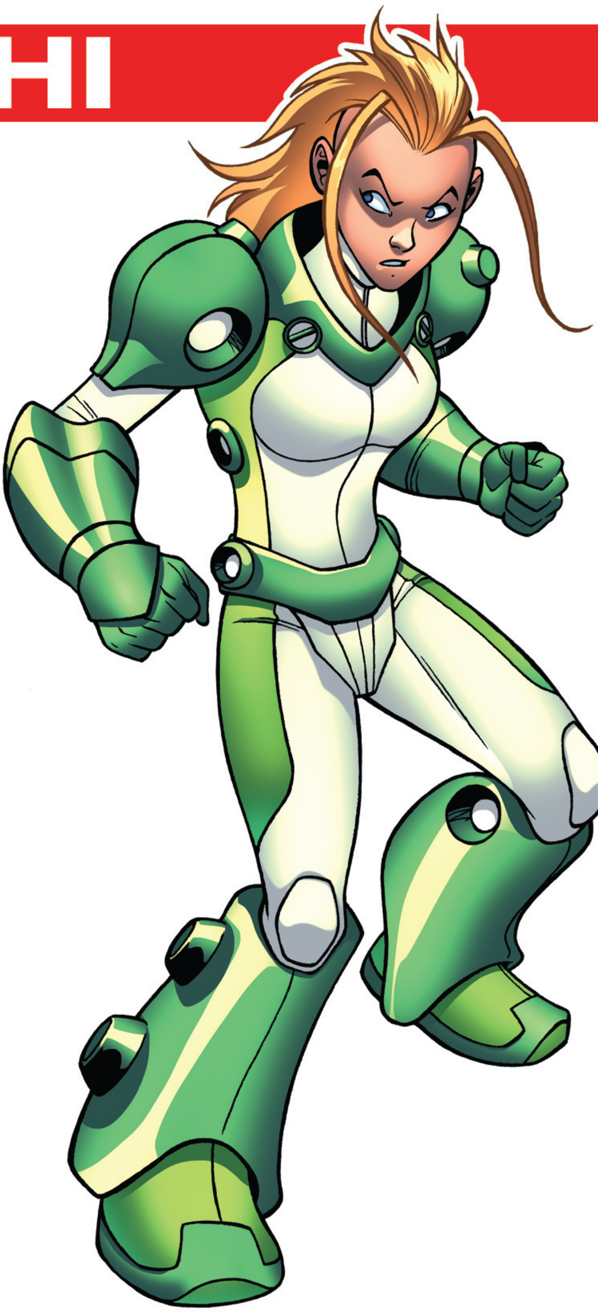
**Real name:** Phenolo-Phi
**Occupation:** Mercenary, smuggler
**Legal status:** Citizen of Microspace
**Place of birth:** Qwin Primary, Qwin System
**Marital status:** Single
**Known relatives:** None known
**Group affiliation:** Micronauts
**Current base of operations:** The Heliopolis, warpcore starship
**First appearance:** *Micronauts* #1 2016

**History:** Phenolo-Phi grew up in a life of leisure before the civil war started. Her mother was a famous painter on Qwin Primary. Her paintings of celestial bodies and star systems were highly sought after on her home planet. Her father had been head of a group of scientists working on ways to improve the glider suits in the fight against the Ministry of Defense.

While her father instilled her with an inquisitive mind and the skills to tackle advanced technology projects, Phen's mother taught her that there were many things in life worth living for. War was not one of them.

The day the Ministry of Defense attacked Qwin, Phen and her parents were at her father's research station. They were being shown the latest prototype glider suit when the first explosions erupted. Phenolo watched, helpless, as the building came down. Her parents were caught in the downfall but Phen grabbed the glider and escaped moments before the entire building collapsed.

There is no love lost for her with either of the Ministries. Their petty squabbling at a time when Microspace needed unity cost her everything. She managed to get away from the Qwin System and had been living on the Lomaari Station when she met Oz, Acroyear, and Microtron. Oz tried to charm her into the group insisting that she was the final piece their group needed. Luckily for him, she had no other plans and had been wanting to leave Lomaari anyway, because his charm needed a lot of work back then. And still does.



**Height:** 5'8" (Microspace Comparative)
**Weight:** 115 pounds (Microspace Comparative)
**Eyes:** Green
**Hair:** Light Brown and worn in a Mohawk with the sides shaved

**Strength level:** Phenolo possesses the average strength of a humanoid who engages in a rigorous amount of physical exercise. She is obsessed with staying fit at all times.

**Unusual powers:** The prototype glider suit she stole has many functions and abilities. It has the capability of limited life support allowing her to survive for a short period of time in space. The suit did not come with an instruction manual, so she periodically discovers a new ability with the suit she had not known about previously.

Text: **Cullen Bunn** • Art: **Jack Lawrence** & **Ander Zarate**